

Wm. Fuller

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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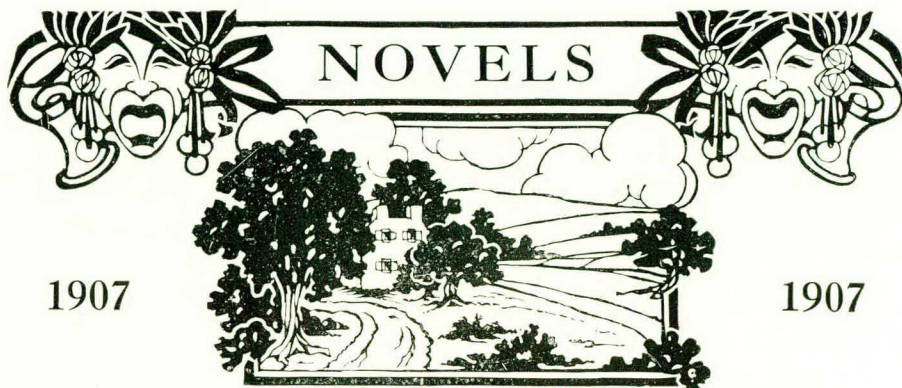
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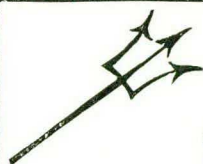
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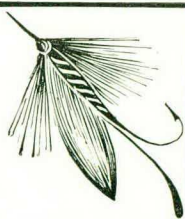
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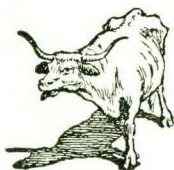


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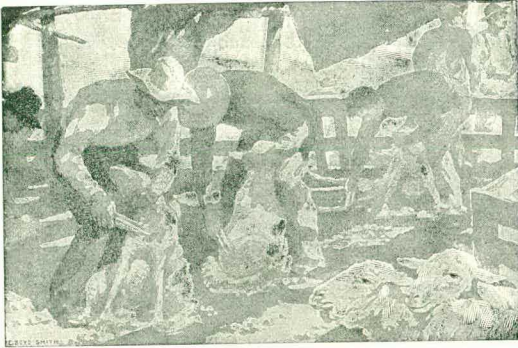
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In the two months of its short experience the story has bumped the opposite poles of criticism and brought up breathless, with fingers in its ears, wondering if it is a "problem story of intense dramatic power" or just a very, very naughty book, as the Louisville *Courier-Journal* hints when it says: "It is not a book to be placed unreservedly in the hands of the young person; although," the *Courier-Journal* confesses in a discreet aside, "it has merits that will cause it to be read with avidity."

And there must be something in that, for the Philadelphia *Church Standard* remarks genially: "The story is one of absorbing interest and undeniable power;" and the Indianapolis *News* adds thoughtfully, "it is a story to make one think, if one never thought before," and was going on to say more, but the Chicago *Advance* cut in with "a poor attempt at fiction . . . a novel not worth reading." Ah? inquired the Newark *Star*, with a rising inflection, you have read it, then? We thought it "a story developed with continuous interest to a strongly emotional climax." And we were also quite positive, modestly hinted the Boston *Budget and Beacon*, that "it is a love drama of remarkably original character." Yes, indeed, murmured the *American Cultivator* from the background, "with a keenness and brightness of text constantly enticing." "It has abundance of interest, and in its entirety the book will bring delight," declared the Philadelphia *Press*, decidedly, "but it is fogged in the writing." "The style is simple," contradicted the Chicago *Record-Herald*, "and fits the subject-matter like a well-tailored garment." "But the women," objected the Hartford *Courant*, with a curl of his lip, "are all more or less vulgar." Dear, dear, sighed the Boston *Budget and Beacon*, how times have changed since I was young! Now I think "the heroine bears the stamp of freshness and vitality." "She's a charming girl," declared the Newark *Star*, take my word for it. But "the love story is not appealing," insisted the Hartford *Courant*, who likes for his story to coddle him. Ah, but wait until it is dramatized! exclaimed the Springfield *Union*, earnestly, "it is possible to dramatize this novel into a play of strong emotional appeal."

Never mind about its "appeal," broke in the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, enthusiastically, "it is the most unique, original, and interesting love story of the season." Right you are! cried the Detroit *Free Press*, and clapped the *Pioneer* on the back, "with a complex plot capably handled" into the bargain.

And as to the women, hinted the Richmond *Dispatch*, courteously, I, ahem, I think I know a refined woman when I meet one, and "Miss Caruth is a finished product of the high-class American type . . . the book has little or no plot."

No plot! gasped the New York *Times* and the New York *Evening Post* in a breath. Why, man, it is all plot! "Ingenious and intricate and cleverly worked out," declared the *Times*; and "alarmingly intricate!" groaned the *Post*, "the author has imagination to excess." "Oh, Norah Davis knows how to tell a story," put in the Birmingham *Ledger*, "the trouble with her is, she will tell the truth about Southern men." Sure, said the *Post*, "her willingness to look out of her own eyes and not her grandmother's spectacles is encouraging."

"The situations are strained," lisped the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*. No, my dear, corrected the Philadelphia *North American*, you are quite wrong; "no wrenching of probabilities has been attempted by the author . . . the end is . . . almost prosaic, but none the less forceful and artistic."

Well, summed up the Atlanta *Constitution*, heartily, I've always stuck to it that blood is thicker than printer's ink, and "Miss Norah Davis is a true-hearted Southern girl who has leaped into enviable fame," and she hails from down my way, and the Atlanta *Georgian* says we're proud of her, and I reckon we are.



Book Gossip



When recently in Edinburgh, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin received pleasant evidence of the widespread circulation and appreciation of her various books. She was told by one of the members of the Congress of Colonial Premiers, who were visiting Edinburgh, that her books were known and loved in every one of the countries which the Congress represented. A lady from Australia said that when she was starting on her journey, a tearful parting with her children was cheered up by the promise of their governess to read to them one of their favorite books, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." As for the "Penelope" books, it seems incredible that an American author could write books about England, Scotland, and Ireland that would so please and satisfy British readers. Mrs. Wiggin is now at her summer home in Hollis, Maine. Her latest book, "New Chronicles of Rebecca," is one of the two best selling books in the United States, according to the last reports from the bookstores. The Gloucester *Times* considers that "it does for the growing girl what Aldrich's 'The Story of a Bad Boy' did for the growing boy."

The large number of letters of sincere congratulation which have been received by Dr. Edward H. Magill from his former pupils who have read his recently published book, "Sixty-Five Years in the Life of a Teacher," form a touching evidence of the deep appreciation of the character and achievements of this great schoolmaster and college president. The rare integrity, industry, unselfishness, persistence, and usefulness of Dr. Magill's life has been a constant inspiration to all of the thousands who have come in contact with him.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce for Fall publication Vol. III of the Harvard Economic Studies, entitled "The Stanneries," a story of the English tin miner, by George Randall Lewis, Ph.D. This was awarded the D. A. Wells prize for 1906-07. The volumes in this series, already published, are: "The English Patents of Monopoly," by W. H. Price, and "The Lodging-House Question in Boston," by A. B. Wolfe.

Of the eighty-four books chosen from the publications of 1906 by the New York State Librarians as the best for a village library, the following ten were issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: "Moral Overstrain," by George W. Alger; "The Subconscious," by Prof. Joseph Jastrow; "Through Man to God," by Dr. George A. Gordon; "The College Man and the College Woman," by President Hyde; "The Practice of Diplomacy," by Hon. John W. Foster; "Bird and Bough," by John Burroughs; "Books, Culture and Character," by J. N. Larned; "Lincoln: Master of Men," by Alonzo Rothchild; "Walt Whitman," by Bliss Perry; and "Harding of St. Timothy's," by Arthur S. Pier.

The Autumn Announcements of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in their September RIVERSIDE BULLETIN will be contained in the next number of the *Atlantic*, and will be sent separately to any address after September 1. The list of new biographies and holiday and juvenile books is exceptionally promising.

The following new printings by the presses of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. show books which are in steady demand: 200th thousand of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; 20th impression of "Jewel," by Clara Louise Burnham; 14th impression of "John Percyfield," by C. Hanford Henderson; 5th impression of "The Clammer," by William J. Hopkins; 4th impression of "The Price of Silence," by Mrs. M. E. M. Davis; and 3d impression of "The World's Warrant," by Miss Norah Davis. Prof. Francis B. Gummere's new volume on "The Popular Ballad" is to be brought out in England by Archibald Constable & Co., Ltd.

The special limited edition of 220 numbered sets in four volumes of "The Familiar Letters of James Howell," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. issued last spring, is entirely subscribed for.

From the *China Times*, Peking, comes an interesting review of Elizabeth Bisland's "Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn," in part as follows: "None of the fast selling novels of any season is fraught with a more thrilling interest than this Life of Hearn. From the time the book came into our possession until we had read the last word, we never put it aside for a moment except for duties which would not wait. . . . Not the least interesting part are the quaint sayings of his wife, which Miss Bisland has wisely allowed to go in uncorrected, as, for example, the following conversation about a picture:

"'What do you think of that?' my husband says.

"'It is too much high price,' I say, lest he should immediately buy it indifferent of prices.

"'No, I don't mean about prices, I mean about the picture. Do you think it is very good?'

"Then I answer: 'Yes, a pretty picture indeed, I think.'

"'We shall then buy that picture,' he says.

"As to our financial matter, he was entirely trusting to me. Thus, I, the little treasurer, sometimes suffered on such occasions."

Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham, the well-known author of "The Opened Shutters," "The Right Princess," etc., is spending the summer at her cottage at Bailey Island, Maine. This island is well known as the scene of three of her books, — "The Opened Shutters," "Miss Archer Archer," and "Dr. Latimer."



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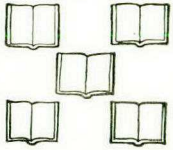
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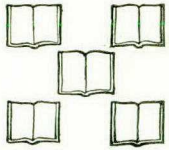
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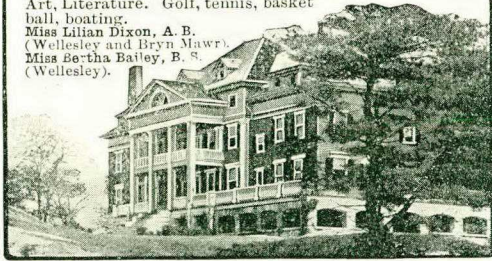
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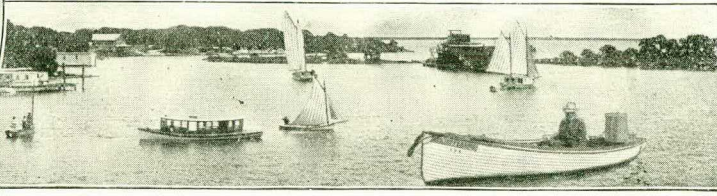


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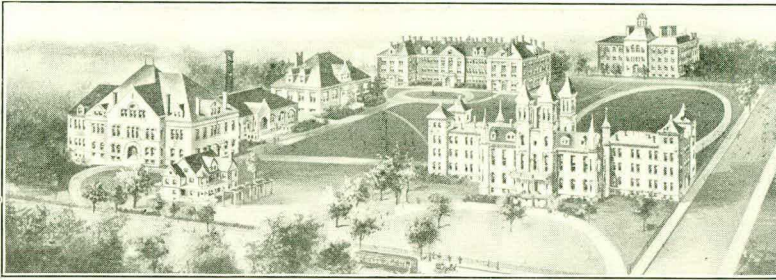
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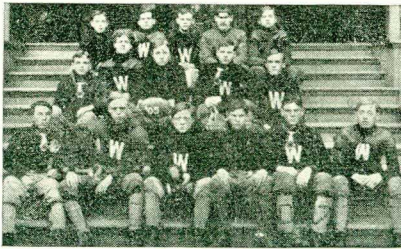
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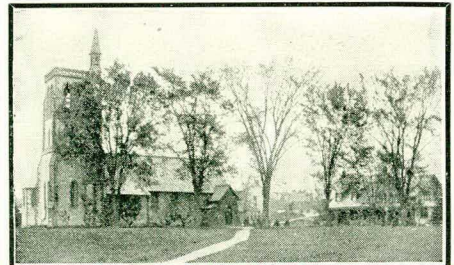
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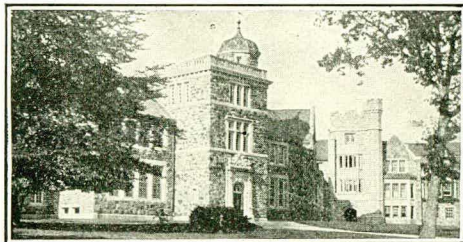
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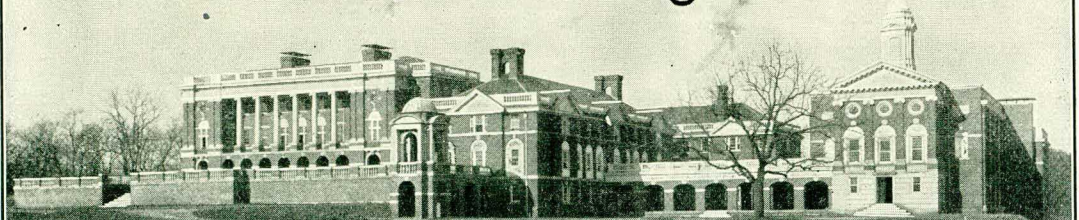
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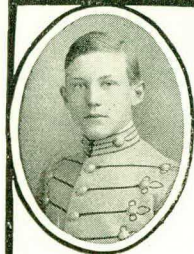
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Of the English Department, Harvard University

THIS is the first attempt to trace the complete history of the Arthurian Legend from its beginning in a dim past, through its mediæval developments, to its use by modern English writers. It is a very thorough, well written, and readable book, which gives an account of the historical Arthur, the Arthur of popular story, the sources of the principal legends connected with him, and the use made of them in English literature, from Layamon's "Brut" to Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

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Contributors to the August Atlantic

Articles

Rt. Hon. James Bryce ("What is Progress?" — an Address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Mass., on June 26), author, diplomat, statesman, Chief Secretary for Ireland since 1905, now English Ambassador to the United States. As a public man of international fame, Mr. Bryce needs no further introduction.

Ray Morris ("Tendencies of American Railroad Development") has appeared many times in the columns of the Atlantic. He is the editor of the Railroad Gazette. His last paper in the Atlantic was in July, 1906, on "An American View of British Railways."

James Huneker ("The Evolution of an Egotist") is a well-known New York musical and dramatic critic who has written frequently for the Atlantic. He has contributed an article on Music to the New International Encyclopedia.

John Burroughs ("Nature and Animal Life") is too well known to the American public to need any introduction. He is one of the oldest contributors to the Atlantic.

Albert Phelps ("The Value of Aldrich's Verse") is a Southerner who contributes from time to time to the Atlantic. An important article by him on "Reconstruction" appeared in 1901.

Hollis Godfrey ("The City Milk Problem") has made a long study of the scientific solution of the problems with which his article deals. "City Water and City Waste," also by him, appeared in the Atlantic for September, 1906.

E. T. Brewster ("The Earth and the Heavens") has for several years been a regular reviewer of scientific publications for the Atlantic.

Stoddard Dewey ("The Year in France") is the regular Paris correspondent of the Atlantic.

H. D. Sedgwick ("Charles Russell Lowell") is a well-known American essayist and man of letters, whose writings appear frequently in this magazine.

Serial Features

The appearance of *The Divine Fire* early in 1905 won for **May Sinclair** instantaneous recognition as one of the ablest novelists of the day. The unusual success of this work, which won at the same time wide popularity and an enthusiastic reception from discerning critics, has warranted the publication in this country of two earlier novels from her pen, *Superseded* and *Audrey Craven*. The appearance of *The Helpmate*, representing, as it does, the maturing genius of its author, is indubitably a literary event of the first importance.

Contributors to the August Atlantic

General Morris Schaff ("The Spirit of Old West Point") was born in Kirkersville, Ohio, in the year 1840. A delightful and vivid account of his early years and of the varied life of the community in which they were spent has recently been published by him under the title, *Etna and Kirkersville*. In 1862, immediately upon his graduation from West Point in the Ordnance Corps, he entered the Army of the Potomac. In his capacity as Assistant to the Chief of Ordnance he came into unusually close relations with such leading figures of the war as General Meade, General Grant, and General Hooker. After the Battle of the Wilderness, he was brevetted captain for gallant and meritorious conduct. From the close of the war until his resignation in 1872, General Schaff held appointments at various arsenals throughout the country.

Stories and Poems

Eden Phillpotts ("The Bankruptcy of Bannister") is an English writer, best known, perhaps, as the author of *Children of the Mist*, and *The Good Red Earth*. His work has been published often in the Atlantic. "Hyacinthe and Honoring" appeared in the issue of this magazine for September, 1906.

Mary Austin ("The Walking Woman") is a California writer known to magazine and novel readers all over the country. Her novel *Isidro* appeared in the Atlantic in 1905 in serial form.

Mary Heaton Vorse ("The Cruise of the Quinze Mille Vierges") is a successful modern story writer. Her series of yachting papers, of which the present is one, has appeared in the Atlantic: "The Adventures of a Yachtsman's Wife" in August, 1905, and "Some Further Adventures" in August, 1906. They will be issued in book form early this fall.

Benjamin Sharp ("A Captain of the Vanished Fleet") is a zoölogist and magazine writer of considerable note. This is his first appearance in the Atlantic.

Richard Burton ("Mother Magic") is a lecturer in the University of Chicago, and author of books of essays and verse, and a frequent contributor to the Atlantic.

John Vance Cheney ("To the Wind") is librarian of the Newberry Library, Chicago, the author of books of essays and poems, and a familiar contributor to the Atlantic.

John B. Tabb ("Animula Vaga") is a professor in St. Charles College, Maryland, the author of an English Grammar, and of several volumes of poetry.

James B. Kenyon ("Heimweh") is a clergyman and well-known writer of verses which have appeared both in magazine and book form.

The Silva of North America

A Description of the Trees which grow naturally in
North America, exclusive of Mexico

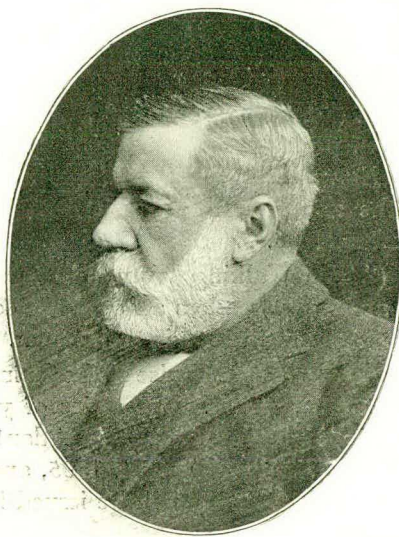
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Director of the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University

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In response to a demand for information concerning writers in the Atlantic, comment upon contributors to the August issue will be found on advertising pages 26, 27.

THE ATLANTIC FOR SEPTEMBER

Will contain among other notable articles

Why American Marriages Fail

By Anna A. Rogers

Fenimore Cooper

By Brander Matthews

Earl Percy's Dinner-Table

By Harold Murdock

The Anglo-American School of Polite Unlearning

By Samuel McChord Crothers

Shelley

By Arthur Symons

The Rules of the Game

By Edward Alsworth Ross

In the September issue, *May Sinclair's* striking serial, "The Helpmate," concludes, and will be immediately followed in October by "Rose MacLeod," by *Alice Brown*.

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Fifteen-Minute Meals for Midsummer

MARY JANE McCLURE

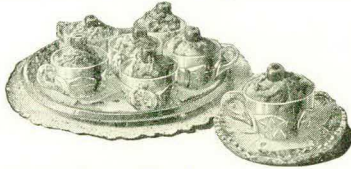


¶ When meal-time comes in midsummer, the housewife is seized with a langorous disinclination to go into the hot kitchen and cook. The mere thought of preparing the meal drives away the appetite. The up-to-date, commencement de siècle housewife is prepared for occasions of this sort. Her larder is stocked with materials which make it possible for her to prepare an appetizing meal on short notice, with never a thought of sweltering and broiling over a hot kitchen stove.



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¶ One of the greatest secrets of quick-meal cookery is hidden in the little jar of Armour's Extract of Beef. It has proved to be one of the most successful beauty remedies on the market, for it smooths away wrinkles of worry and care



more effectually than a massage roller, and replaces them with smiles of happiness which transform the woman before the stove into a laughing Hebe.

¶ American women do not place a proper value upon Extract of Beef. They consider it merely a part of invalid diet. They will cook a shin of beef for hours in an effort to secure the essence of it, when they could buy the soul of the shin ready to be transmuted into delicious dainties with the mere addition of hot water. Italian, German and French women give Extract of Beef the place of honor in their kitchen closet. They know that it doubles the resources of the woman who desires to have things taste a little better than "Mother used to make." A jar of Extract of Beef (if it is Armour's) is a necessary concomitant of things culinary—soups, entrees, roasts or vegetables. It is so concentrated from the richest and best of beef that it is spicy with the absolutely pure beef flavor. Just a bit of it on the tip of a spoon trans-

forms an insipid dish into a gastronomic delight.

¶ I have found that Armour's Extract of Beef solves the summer soup problem. On a hot day the stomach rebels at the very thought of steaming dishes. One eats more from a sense of duty than because of real hunger. Iced bouillon or consomme teases the flagging appetite into activity and satisfies that gnawing feeling in the pit of the stomach which is at the same time hunger and disgust. The bouillon may be made in the morning and set away until dinner time is at hand. Make it this way:



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Three teaspoonfuls of Armour's Extract of Beef.

Two quarts of hot water.

One sprig of parsley.

One tablespoonful of salt.

One-half bay leaf.

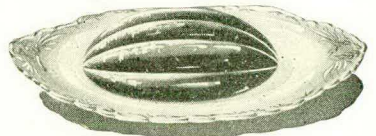
One-fourth tablespoonful of whole pepper.

One tablespoonful of butter.

One-fourth cup each of carrots, onions and celery cut in dice.

To the boiling water add the Extract, vegetables and seasonings;

cook 30 minutes. Strain, and when cool add a small quantity of sherry or Madeira wine. Chill and serve cold. If the wine is not desired it may be omitted without detracting materially from the palatability of the bouillon; but it will



be found to give a tantalizing flavor which will add greatly to its merits as a hot weather appetite-temper.

¶ Frozen Beef Tea is another novel mid-summer tit-bit. Make it in the proportions of one-fourth teaspoon of Armour's Extract of Beef to each cupful of hot water. Season it with salt and pepper to taste. Add to it a small quantity of gelatine previously dissolved in water, and set the mixture on ice until it is jellied. Serve very cold in place of soup.

¶ Aspic Jelly seems peculiarly a part of hot weather cookery. To make it, take:

One teaspoonful of Armour's Extract of Beef.

One-half package of acidulated gelatine.

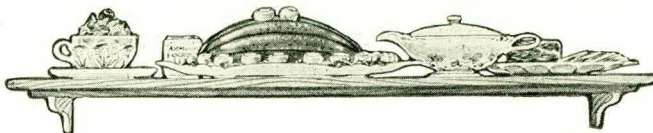
One pint of hot water.

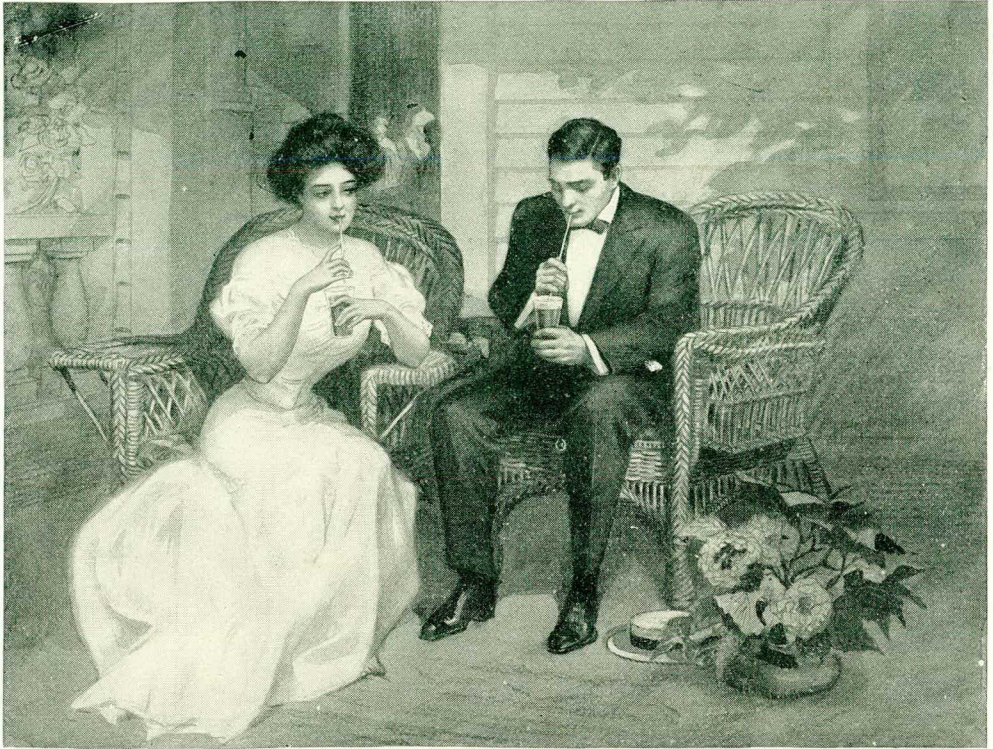
One cup of cold water.

One-half cup of sherry wine.

Two teaspoonfuls of sugar.

Cover the gelatine with cold water; let it stand for five minutes, then add the hot water, sugar and wine. Strain and put into a mold until cold. Use as a garnish for salads or entrees.





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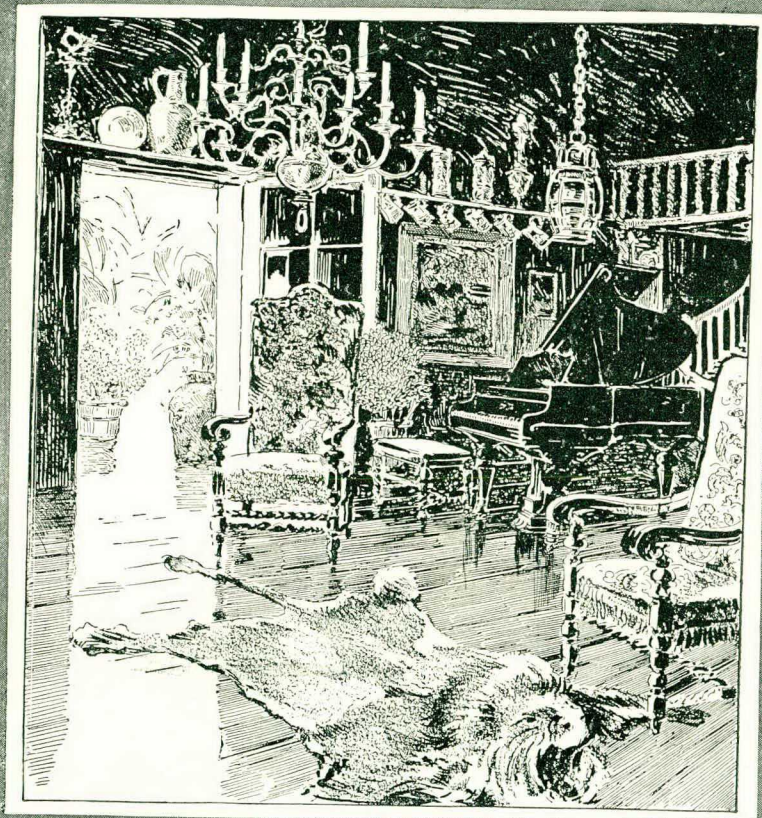
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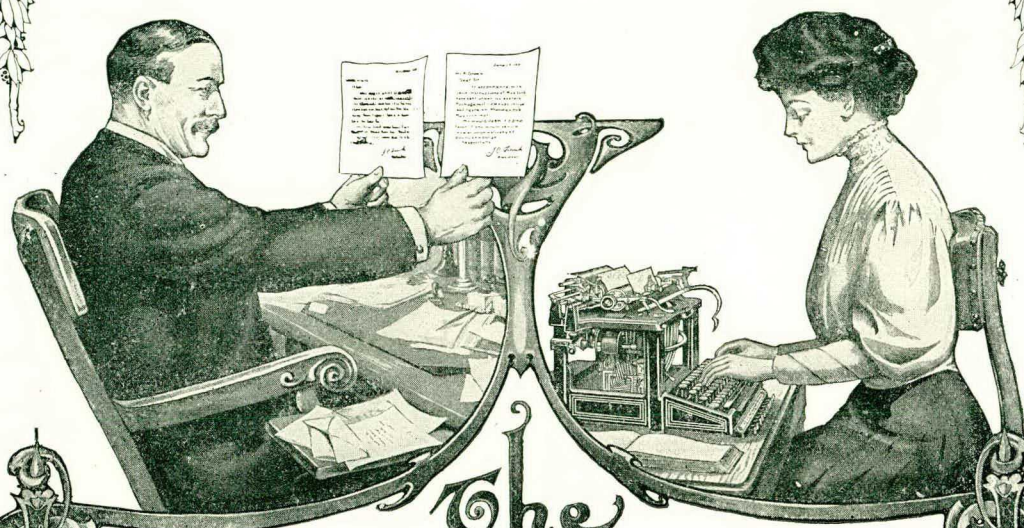
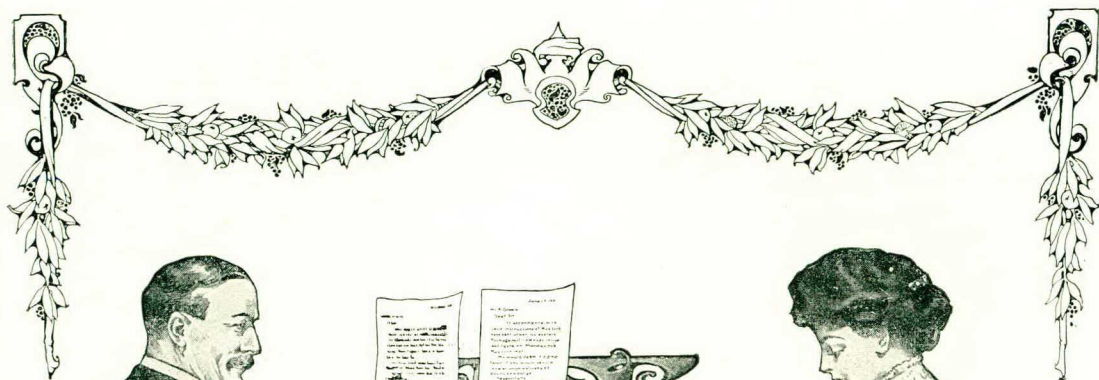
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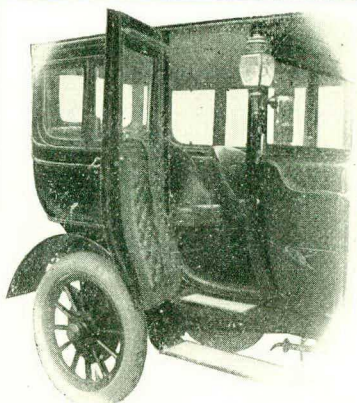
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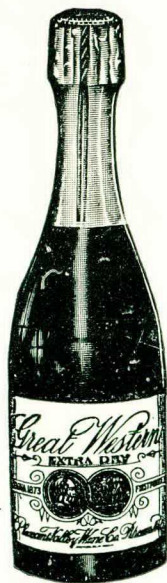
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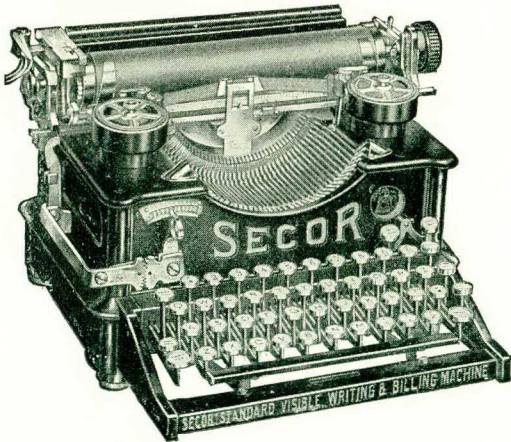
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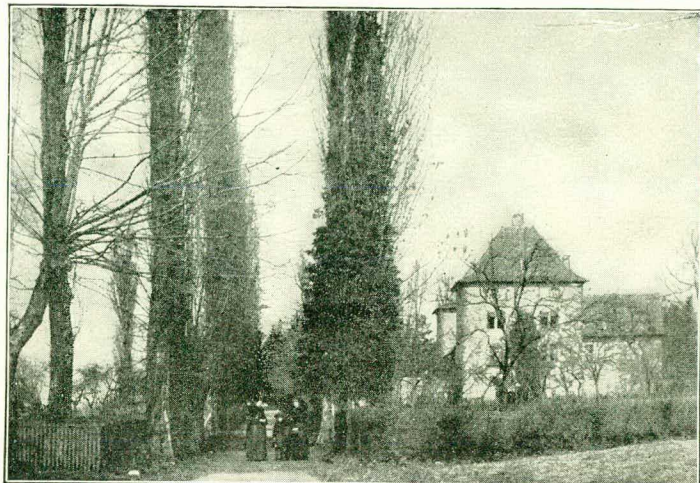
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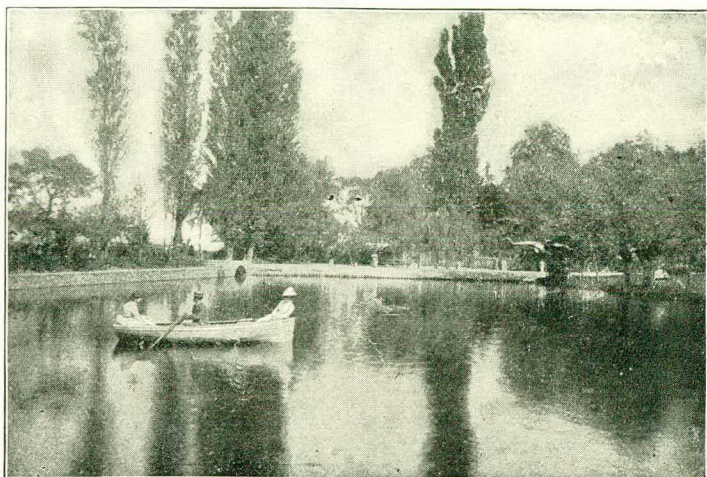
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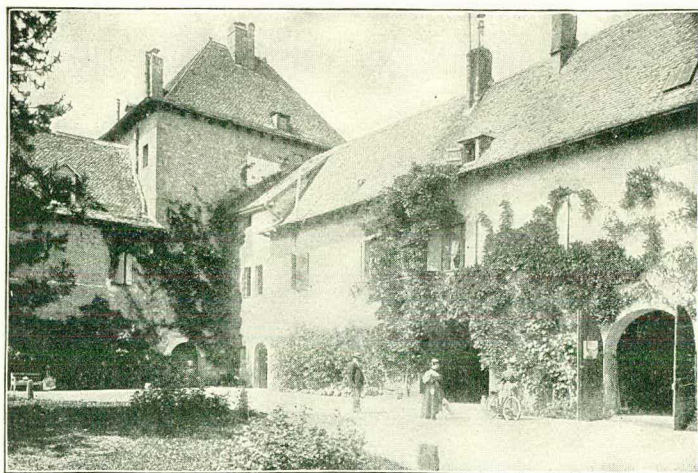
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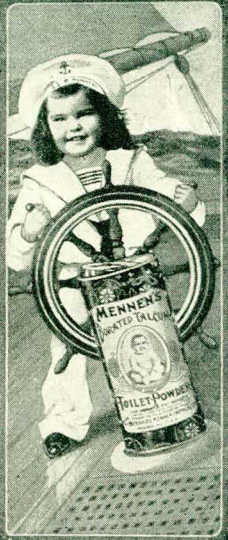
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THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1907

WHAT IS PROGRESS? ¹

BY JAMES BRYCE

EVER since man disengaged himself from nature and began to reflect upon his place in the Universe, men's minds have been occupied with the question whether the human race as a whole is advancing, and towards what possible future. When first we catch sight of the subject in literature, the idea prevails that mankind had fallen back from an earlier state in which his life was simpler, easier, and more innocent. Hesiod describes his own iron age as below the level of the heroic age, and of the bronze and golden ages which had preceded it. The same idea recurs at intervals through Greek and Roman literature. You all remember the splendor which Virgil threw round it, suggesting, however, a series of successive periods of retrogression and improvement which reminds one of those gigantic cycles in which Eastern thought makes mankind move and of which we catch an echo in the Norse mythology.

With Christianity, a new element of hope was introduced, and during some centuries the notion of a Golden Age was transferred from a heathen past, a world lying in wickedness, to that better time in the future when the New Religion should have overspread and transformed the whole world, and created on it a Kingdom of Heaven. Presently, however, the clouds began again to gather, as the old civilization dissolved and ignorance settled down on Europe. During the Dark Ages, and indeed down to the middle or end of the fourteenth century, men looked

regretfully back to a time when Christendom had been more peaceful and better ordered than they saw it, and when knowledge, wisdom, and the power of literary creation stood on a level far higher than their own.

The Renaissance and the discovery of America changed all this. Hope revived as knowledge and learning revived, and the strong races spread themselves out, conquering and to conquer. Within the last century the belief in human progress has become almost an article of faith. Many causes have gone to this. The rapid growth of population, the establishment of free governments, by which many old evils due to tyranny or the ascendancy of a class have been removed, and, above all, the unprecedentedly swift march of scientific discovery, bringing with it a mastery over nature heretofore undreamed of, have filled men with a confidence that they are going to be not only far more numerous than ever before, but also stronger, freer, happier, and altogether better off than they were at any moment in the past. The Darwinian doctrine of advance through the survival of the fittest (whereof more anon) is deemed to have given a scientific basis for the belief, and our fuller knowledge of primitive man, as he was many thousands of years ago, suggests that a movement which has brought us so far up from the Stone Age must be a continuous movement. That touching confidence in the power of freedom and equality to produce fraternity and universal goodwill, which inspired Frenchmen in the days of the Revolution and was preached by Jefferson to your

¹ An address delivered before the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, June 27, 1907.

forefathers, has no doubt been frequently set back and discouraged by events. But the persuasion that either an equal division of property, or the extinction of private property and the placing of all the means of production and distribution in the hands of the whole community, will remove the ingrained evils of society, and make everybody happy, has many adherents in all civilized countries, and is indeed a potent factor in practical politics as well as in economic thought.

It would take too long to analyze the causes which have from time to time changed the attitude of the human mind upon this supreme question. All we need to remember is this, that though the so-called law of progress is now commonly held to be axiomatic, there have been many alternations of opinion in the past. The pessimists are for the moment a dispirited minority. But their chance may come again in the future; and the main issue is not so free from doubt as to disentitle them to a fair hearing.

It may be thought that there is one cause powerfully operative to create a belief in the progress of the race, which ought here to be specially mentioned. Pious minds who are filled with reverence for an overruling Providence, and other minds, not so pious, whose loss of faith in a future life has made them concentrate their interest on the development of humanity on the planet it occupies, have by different roads brought themselves, altogether irrespective of facts, to the same belief that all things either have been ordered, or are of themselves working, for the best in this present world, the best of all possible worlds. Thus a philosophy of history has arisen, which insists on regarding all events as tending by a constant law, almost like a law of nature, to bring good out of evil and a higher good out of a lower good.

In this view all the calamities and catastrophes of history are the means by which some blessing otherwise unattainable has been secured. The Norman Con-

quest, which brought misery on England for a century, was needed in order to re-invigorate the Saxon stock and bring into a backward country the more advanced civilization of the continent. The French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars, great as was the suffering they directly involved, were needed to break down the old régime and the relics of feudalism in Europe. The African slave trade gave the millions of negroes who were sent under hatches to the New World the opportunity of hearing the truths of Christianity. It may be admitted that there never was any evil which was not attended by a certain amount of good. Even a paroxysm of toothache provides an opportunity for the exercise of fortitude and self-control. But in many cases the good will seem to an unbiased mind to have been much less than the evil. The extinction of the Ostro-Gothic nation in Italy, and the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, and the rise of the Inquisition in Spain, come pretty near to being unqualified calamities. This faith in progress based on the doctrine that all things are for the best has no scientific character. It is a mere *a priori* assumption. Hornets and rattlesnakes may have their use and value in the general scheme of things, but why suppose that nature could not have got on equally well without venomous creatures? Whoever desires to examine fairly the question, whether the course of human history is really onward and upward, must rid himself of all these optimistic fancies and be content to take the facts as he finds them. The intrusion of a theory of final causes is as unprofitable and, indeed, misleading, in the interpretation of history as Bacon long ago pointed out that it was barren in philosophy.

I will not venture to-day to examine into this general law of progress, that is, to inquire whether Man is advancing at that steady and constant pace which entitles us to hope that he will some day become, if not a perfect being, yet one incomparably nearer to perfection than he is to-day. That would be indeed an arduous

and intricate inquiry. What I propose is the humbler and more limited investigation of the meaning and contents of the idea of Progress itself, and of the relations of each kind of Progress to other kinds. When we say that man has advanced or is advancing, of what lines of advance are we thinking? The lines of movement are really as numerous as are the aspects of man's nature and the activities which he puts forth. Taking his physical structure, is mankind as a whole becoming stronger, healthier, less injured by habits which depress nervous or muscular force, and are the better stocks of man increasing faster than the inferior stocks? Considered as an acquisitive being, has man more of the things that make for comfort, more food and clothing, better dwellings, more leisure? Intellectually regarded, has he a higher intelligence, more knowledge and opportunities for acquiring knowledge, more creative capacity, more perception of beauty and susceptibility to æsthetic pleasures? Considered in his social relations, has he more personal freedom, is he less exposed to political oppression, has he fuller security for life and property, is there more or less order and concord within each community, more or less peace between nations? Lastly, is man improving as a moral being? Is there more virtue in the world, more sense of justice, more sympathy, kindness, tenderness, more of a disposition to regard the feelings and interests of others and to deal gently with the weak? In each and all of these departments there may be progress, but not necessarily the same rate of progress; and we can perfectly well imagine a progress in some points only, accompanied by a stagnation or even a decline in other points.

When we talk of the progress of the world, do we mean an advance in all these respects, or only in some, and if so, in which of them? If in all of them, which are the most typical and the most significant? Suppose there has been an advance in some, and in others stagnation or retrogression, how shall we determine

which are the most important, the most fraught with promise or discouragement? An examination of the language of popular writers indicates that the current conception has been seldom analyzed. Such writers would seem to have assumed that an improvement in some aspects of human life means an improvement in all, perhaps even an improvement to something like the same extent. Another question suggests itself. Is the so-called Law of Progress a constant one? Supposing its action in the past to have been proved, can we count upon its continuing in the future, or may the causes to which its action has been due sometime or other come to an end? I pass over other points that might be raised. It is enough to have shown in how vague a sense the current term has been used.

There seem to be two ways in which an inquiry into the supposed forward movement of mankind might be conducted. One way is to take Progress in its widest sense as meaning the sum total of human advance in all its forms, and to examine each form in succession. The other way is to select some few of those forms, in which it is comparatively easy to determine whether there has been an advance, and to measure the amount of such advance, and then to see whether the result in those cases can be made a basis for general conclusions as regards other forms. It may be that progress in some directions can be shown to be fairly typical of the general movement of humanity. It may be that such progress involves, or at any rate raises a strong presumption of, other kinds of advance.

Let us take two comparatively easy lines of inquiry: the physical characteristics of the human species, and the conditions under which the species has to live; and let us see what conclusions can be reached by examining these.

Additions to the number of the human race are popularly treated as if they were an undoubted benefit. We see every nation and every community within a nation, down to a village just planted on a

prairie, regarding its own increase as something to be proud of. The eagerness with which cities watch each successive census return for a record of their population is familiar, and nowhere so familiar as in this country. But is the increase of the race any gain to the race? The population of Europe is probably three or four times, that of North America probably twenty times, as large as it was two centuries ago. This proves that there is much more food available for the support of life, much more production of all sorts of commodities, and in particular an immense increase in the area of land used for producing food, with an improvement in the methods of extracting food from the land. So the growth of a city like Boston or Chicago proves that there has been an immense increase in industry. Men work harder, or at any rate more efficiently, and have far more appliances for production at their command. Whether they lead happier lives is another matter. It used to be said that he who made two ears of corn grow where only one ear had grown before was a benefactor to the race. Is that necessarily so? The number of men who can live off the soil is larger, but the men need not be better off. If there is more food there are also more mouths. Their lives may be just as hard, their enjoyments just as limited. Some parts of the earth are already too crowded for comfort. I find many persons rejoicing to think that the use of the power in the falls of Niagara will enable industries to be established there which will treble the population of the surrounding country. The Falls may be gone, but the pool into which they used to plunge will have become the centre of a smoky city. The notion that population is *per se* a benefit and a mark of progress seems to be largely a survival from the ages when each tribe or city needed all the arms it could maintain, to wield sword and spear against its enemies.

"As arrows in the hands of a giant, even so are the young children," says

the Psalmist; and when men were needed to fight against Hittites and Hivites, this was a natural reflection.

It may also be partly due to an unthinking association between growth and prosperity, created by the fact that the establishment of new industries in a community usually brings wealth as well as population. There are people heedless enough to be pleased at hearing that our greatest cities are adding many tens of thousands a year to their inhabitants, as if it were not already a grave problem how to arrest the growth of these huge centres of population, and divert industries to smaller places.

Let us pass from mere numbers to quality. The most remarkable feature of the last few centuries has been the relatively more rapid growth of those whom we call the more advanced races, such as the Teutonic, Celtic, and Slavonic. Nineteen centuries ago there may have been less, perhaps much less, than ten millions of persons on the globe belonging to these three races. There are now probably over three hundred and fifty millions, while the so-called backward races, though some of them increase, have increased more slowly and are now everywhere under the control of the more advanced races. (I do not include in this comparison either the Chinese or the Japanese, the cases of both being peculiar.) This fact represents an undoubted advance.

The question follows: Are these higher stocks (Italo-Iberic, Teutonic, Celtic, Slavonic), wherever found, themselves improving in physical and intellectual quality? This is a very important part of the inquiry. An improvement in this direction would give ground for expecting progress in other directions also.

In duration of life there is (at least in Western Europe and in the United States) unquestionably an improvement. Whether the average of muscular strength is also increasing it may be more hard to say, but certainly it does not seem to be declining.

Through advances in surgical and medical science, more and more diseases are found to be preventable, while more and more of those which used to be thought incurable are shown to be capable of treatment, so that the average of health rises with that of the duration of life. One drawback, however, is serious enough to be specially mentioned. Lunacy is increasing in all countries which keep a statistical record of mental maladies, and the increase is too large to be explained merely by the fact that records are now more accurate. Unless this fact can be accounted for by the abuse of intoxicants, an abuse which seems to be rather decreasing than increasing, it is ominous, because it seems to imply that there are factors in modern life which tend to breed disorders in the brain. But we have not sufficient data for positive conclusions. In this connection a still more serious question arises.

The law of differentiation and improvement by means of natural selection, and the survival of the fittest, which, according to the Darwinian theory, has been a principal cause in the production of more and more perfect types of animal life, may reasonably be thought to have continued to work during the earlier period of the history of mankind. The races which have survived and multiplied and have come to dominate the earth have been the stronger races; and while strife lasted there was always a tendency for physical strength and intelligence to go on increasing. The upper class in every community — and this was equally true of Germany and France in the thirteenth century, and of the Hawaiians when Captain Cook found them — were physically stronger and handsomer than the classes at the bottom of the social scale. The birth rate was probably higher among these aristocratic sections, and the chance of the survival of infants also better. But in modern society the case is quite otherwise. The richer and more educated class marry later and as a rule have smaller families than the poorer class, whose

physique is generally weaker and whose intelligence is generally, though of course not universally, on a somewhat lower level. This is especially the case in great cities, and great cities contain a rapidly increasing proportion of the whole population of every country. The phenomenon seems to be widespread. It is conspicuous in Australia and in your own Eastern States. The result is that the class in which physical strength and a cultivated intelligence are hereditary increases more slowly, if it increases at all, than do the classes inferior in these qualities. Fortunately, the lines of class distinction are much less sharply drawn than they were some centuries ago. The upper class is always being recruited by persons of energy and intellect from the poorer classes. Still, we have here a new cause which may tend to depress the average level of human capacity, though it may be some time before the results have become apparent.

The improvement, so far as attained, in the physical quality of the civilized part of mankind is largely due to such changes in its environment as the greater abundance of food and clothing, the better conditions of housing, the diffusion of property through all classes of the community. Along these lines the improvement has been extraordinary. The luxury of the rich, the comfort of the middle classes, the comparative immunity of the poorer classes from famine and pestilence, have increased within the last two centuries more than they had done during many preceding centuries. Most remarkable of all has been the cause of these improvements, namely, the increase in our knowledge of natural laws and the power over natural forces which has been thereby acquired. Man has now, by comprehending Nature, become her master. These are the things which are commonly in our mind when we talk of Progress. It is the wonderful gains made in those things which are visible and tangible and which affect our daily life at every turn that have struck the popular mind and

have been taken to mark, not only a long onward step, but the certainty of further advance. Material progress has seemed in its triumphant march to sweep everything else along with it. Whether this be really so, is the very question we have to consider. Does our increased knowledge and command of nature, do all those benefits and comforts which that mastery of nature has secured, so greatly facilitate intellectual and moral progress that we may safely assume that there will be an increase in intelligence, in virtue, and in all that is covered by the word Happiness. It seems hard not to believe that, with the world so much more at man's disposal, man is destined to be a being altogether superior to what he has been in the past. Material progress seems to us moderns, when it has gone so far in the course of another century or two that everybody shall have all the comforts and all the opportunities for enjoyment that he can desire, to constitute that Golden Age for which mankind have so often sighed. It is a comparatively new conception of the Golden Age. Those happier days to which Hesiod and Virgil looked back were primarily days of innocence and simplicity, when there was no crime, no violence, no strife.

Necdum enim audierant inflari classica, necdum

Impositos duris crepitare incudibus enses.

The Golden Age to which men's eyes turned back in the centuries of mediæval darkness was primarily an age of enlightenment and learning, an age when the Church had not yet become corrupted by the pursuit of wealth and power. The ideals of both the ancients and the men of the Middle Ages were ethical or intellectual. In neither case did their imagination dwell upon the things which applied science is giving us in such ample measure. This, however, is a digression. Let us return to consider how far the increase of wealth and comfort and opportunities for enjoyment, and of that sway of natural forces which promises more of such opportunities, betokens a like improvement

in political institutions, a like progress in the intellectual development of man and in the delights of living.

Of political institutions I will not attempt to speak to-day. The subject is too large; and one would have to qualify nearly every general statement by reference to particular countries. It is better to confine our present inquiry to the relation of material progress to intelligence and character.

We see under these new conditions less anxiety, less occupation with the hard necessities of finding food and clothing. Work itself is less laborious, because more largely done by machinery and not by mere strength. There is more leisure which can be used for the acquisition of knowledge and for setting thought free to play upon subjects other than practical. The opportunities for obtaining knowledge have been so extended and cheapened that in all civilized countries the elements of instruction can be obtained practically without cost, and higher instruction at a low price by all who are fitted to profit by it. Not only are books within every one's reach, but the daily instructors of the public proffer it at a trifling cost at least as much information as it can assimilate. Transportation has become easy and swift and cheap, so that every one's mind can be enriched and refreshed and stimulated by foreign travel. The dweller in great cities is no doubt more shut out from nature than were his forefathers, but on the other hand he has greater facilities for visiting spots of natural beauty and drawing pleasure from them. Works of art are produced more abundantly, and galleries are accessible in which those of the highest merit can be seen. That a large number of persons are engaged either in producing or in distributing objects believed to possess artistic merit would seem calculated to diffuse widely an appreciation of art and beauty. It may be further suggested that the mere increase of population and of purchasing power has a favoring influence upon intellect, because there is more demand for

the products of intellect and more persons employed in their production.

Thus, whether or no material progress involves and implies intellectual progress, it is clear that it provides unprecedented facilities and opportunities.

When we turn to examine the results, we shall find that the quantity of intellectual activity has enormously increased, increased even faster than the population, by so much as a larger proportion of the population has been raised out of a dull and sluggish brain life. The amount of reading, writing, and of what may be called formal talking, that is, speech-making, preaching, and lecturing, that goes on in all civilized countries, rapidly increases. Thomas Carlyle would have said that much of it could just as well be produced by those whom he described as "chattering Dead Sea apes;" nevertheless a great deal does represent the increased exertion of intellectual power. Think of the quantity of talent that goes into the investigation of natural phenomena by the thousands of researchers now at work, of all the ingenuity expended by lawyers, financiers and others in the contrivance of new methods of carrying on business by combinations, new devices for evading statutes, new ways of placing the capital of the many at the disposal of the few. Quality, however, must be considered as well as quantity. Plato hinted, though to be sure he put the hint into the mouth of an Egyptian sage, that the invention of writing had weakened the powers of the human mind. Without going so far, we may well doubt whether the intellectual excellence of an age can be measured by the number of speeches or the amount of printed matter it produces, and whether the incessant reading of newspapers and magazines tends on the whole to strengthen the faculty of thinking.

Remembering that our own minds have grown by and along with the acquisition of knowledge, we are apt to fancy that an increase of knowledge in the community must mean an increase in in-

tellectual vigor. Undoubtedly every boy in a Boston school to-day knows many things which the wisest man did not know five centuries ago; and the total number of items of information he possesses with regard to man in the past or to nature in the present may be far larger. But that tells us very little about the capacity of the schoolboy.

If we look simply at the facts of history we shall be struck by the impossibility of connecting the power and productiveness of the human intellect with any such external conditions of wealth, comfort, and opportunities for knowledge as we have been considering. The forms which intellectual activity takes, the lines of inquiry which it follows, the sorts of production it values and enjoys, do indeed differ from age to age and do bear a relation to the conditions of man's environment. Material progress has affected these forms and lines. But there is no evidence that it has done more to strengthen than to depress the intensity and originality and creative energy of intellect itself; nor have those qualities shown themselves more abundant as the population of the earth has increased. It does not seem possible, if we go back to the earliest literature which survives to us from Western Asia and Southeastern Europe, to say that the creative powers of the human mind in such subjects as poetry, philosophy, and historical narrative or portraiture, have either improved or deteriorated. The poetry of the early Hebrews and of the early Greeks has never been surpassed and hardly ever equaled. Neither has the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, nor the speeches of Demosthenes and Cicero. Geniuses like Dante, Chaucer, and Shakespeare appear without our being able to account for them, and for aught we know another may appear at any moment. It is just as difficult, if we look back five centuries, to assert either progress or decline in painting. Sculpture has never again risen to so high a level as it touched in the fifth century, B. C., nor within the last three centuries to so high a

level as it reached at the end of the fifteenth. But we can found no generalizations upon that fact. Music is the most inscrutable of the arts, and whether there is any progress to be expected other than that which may come from a further improvement in instruments constituting an orchestra, I will not attempt to conjecture, any more than I should dare to raise controversy by inquiring whether Beethoven represents progress from Mozart, Wagner progress from Beethoven.

On the whole, therefore, we may conclude that, although material progress furnishes new and varied opportunities for the acquisition of knowledge and for the use of intelligence upon an always increasing mass of facts, and although intelligence is thus enabled to accomplish more in certain directions than it was previously able to do, intellectual power itself in its higher creative forms has not grown stronger. The advance of modern science makes no more probable the appearance of an Archimedes, or an Isaac Newton, or a Leibnitz. What is stranger, there is no larger supply of Leibnizes or Newtons in Europe, which has more than doubled its population since their time. But the chance is increased that a man of great natural gifts may have an opportunity of obtaining the instruction and the opportunities of rising which will enable him to turn those gifts to full account. And it may be added that every generation adds something to the methods which previous generations have bequeathed to it. Such inventions as those of logarithms, of the differential calculus, of the microscope, and of spectrum analysis, place instruments in the hand of the scientific inquirer by which he can effect more. Critical methods in history, which men of exceptional genius like Thucydides were able to use, by dint of their own genius, have now become familiar and can be employed by persons of good average talent. Even in metaphysics, which is often taunted with being the least progressive of the higher branches of analytic or constructive thought, al-

though there is no sign that we have come nearer an explanation of the ultimate riddles, still the accumulation of new technical terms and categories and ways of approaching the main problems does represent a certain advance, albeit the power of abstract thought may not itself have become greater.

May there not be a limit to this kind of advance and may we not be approaching that limit? We cannot tell. Critical methods in philology and history are perhaps not susceptible of much further improvement; but as respects physical science, those who are entitled to speak say that they see stretching before them an infinite vista of discovery.

A larger and a still more intricate question arises. If it has proved difficult to say how far material progress and the extension and diffusion of knowledge have stimulated and are likely to stimulate intellectual progress, still harder is it to estimate their influence on the standard of moral excellence.

What is Moral Progress? The ancient philosophers — let us say the Stoics from Chrysippus to Epictetus — would have described its aim as being Harmony with Nature, that is, with those tendencies in man which lead him to his highest good by raising him above sense-temptations, making him love what is righteous, and find his highest joy in following it.

St. Augustine and St. Thomas of Aquinum would have placed it in conformity to God's Will, to which all thoughts and passions should be so attuned as to accept patiently and trustfully whatever He sends and to seek every occasion of glorifying and serving Him. Neither of these ideals has any relation to material progress, and both philosophers and saints would probably have thought such progress rather hurtful than helpful to the soul.

To estimate the degree in which some sins or vices have declined and others have developed, the extent to which some virtues have grown more common and others more rare, to calculate the

respective ethical values of the qualities in which there has been an improvement and a decline, and to strike a general balance after appraising the worth of all these assets,—this is a task on which few would care to enter. No analysis and no synthesis could make much of data so uncertain in quantity and so disputable in quality. Who will even assert that the love of truth and the courage to deliver the truth, a virtue which lies at the root of many other virtues, has grown stronger or more common. Socrates and some of his contemporaries were conspicuous examples of it. So were Darwin and Pasteur and your own Emerson. But among the contemporaries of Socrates there were Sophists, and the class is fully represented in our time also. Besides, the data are always changing. Human emotion, like the creative intelligence, finds from time to time one channel more easy to follow or more attractive than another. So different virtues rise and fall, bloom and wither, as they inspire joy or command admiration.

It may, however, be suggested that there is one thing whose relation to material progress must somehow be determined, seeing that it has always been deemed (so far as this life is concerned) the ultimate aim of all desire and effort, the ultimate test of every kind of advance. It is Happiness.

What is Happiness? Is it Pleasure? And if so, what is Pleasure? Aristotle gave a definition of Pleasure—or rather perhaps a description, for the logicians say that you cannot define a *summum genus*—which has not been much improved upon. It is not, however, psychological definitions that need concern us, but rather that question which occupied the English Utilitarian School seventy years ago: whether all the pleasures, taken in the aggregate as constituting Happiness, are to be subjected to a qualitative as well as a quantitative analysis. Shall we measure them by the intensity by which they are felt or by the fineness and elevation of the feeling to which they appeal? Is the

satisfaction which Pericles felt in watching the performance of a drama of Sophocles at an Athenian festival greater or less than the satisfaction which one of his slaves felt in draining a jar of wine?

The principle of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, which in the hands of Jeremy Bentham seemed capable of being practically applied to the more tangible and vulgar pleasures, became so sublimated and evanescent when applied by J. S. Mill to those moral sentiments which afford a pure and exquisite delight to persons capable of feeling them, as to lose its original value as a test of laws and institutions. Yet any attempt to reckon up pleasures as a whole must take account of both kinds.

Other questions may be raised which show the intricacy of the subject. Every addition to the sum of pleasures may bring some pain with it, for the enjoyment of each pleasure creates a desire to have more of it. Where new conditions have enabled men to acquire a taste for something, the want of it is felt as a deprivation which may become a hardship. So the new contrivances science has given to save our time and trouble have their drawbacks. Does the telephone add more to the convenience of life than it takes away from its repose? May not the very facility wherewith pleasures heretofore precious, because rare, are now attainable, induce a sort of satiety, and dull the edge of enjoyment? May not our feverish activity be followed by a period of lassitude? Such speculations might be pursued *ad infinitum*. Let us cut them short by saying that while it may be hard to measure Happiness itself, it is clear that the bettering of the external conditions of life has vastly reduced mechanical toil and vastly increased the opportunity of enjoying some pleasures, such as those which art and music furnish. Think of the facilities for travel. The delight in natural scenery, if not an absolutely novel pleasure, is at any rate enjoyed in a more constant way and by a

far larger number of persons than formerly. Quick and cheap transportation have made it incomparably more easy of enjoyment. Add to this the fact that many old sources of misery have been reduced. The use of anæsthetics has diminished suffering as well as prolonged life. Torture has been abolished in civilized countries. Prisoners are treated less harshly, though it may be doubted whether the result desired might not be equally well obtained with shorter sentences, for certainty is more effective than severity. Cruelty, though always liable to break out afresh when exceptional conditions rouse passion or race-hatred, is more and more condemned by public opinion. There is a far stronger sense that it is every one's duty, and ought to be every one's pleasure, to help others, and to smooth their path for the unfortunate. Timid or sensitive children have less to fear. Women have at any rate a far better legal protection against wrong, though we may well believe that they always fared far better than the harshness of the old laws would seem to imply. For most men, three fourths of the happiness or misery of life spring out of the domestic relations. Were it not for the increase of divorce, we should be disposed to hold that those relations stand now on a better footing than they ever did before.

All these isolated facts, however, do not solve the main problem. Neither does the comparison of our own age with preceding ages. Most of us probably rejoice that we did not live in the fifth or the tenth or even in the seventeenth century of the Christian era. When we think of those times we see their dark side and we feel how much we should miss in which we now take pleasure. But can we be sure that the individual man in those past centuries had on the average a worse time than the average man has now? He was in many points less sensitive to suffering than we are, and he may have enjoyed some things more intensely. The literature of the seven centuries that preceded our own is in many ways quite as buoy-

ant in spirit as our own. It is often thought that the fear of torment in a future life must have brooded like a dark cloud over the minds of past generations, and that the tendency of opinion which has attenuated this fear represents a great brightening in the sky. Lucretius held that the greatest service ever rendered to mankind was that rendered by Epicurus, when he dispelled those mists of ancient superstition which had produced human sacrifice. Other mists settled down not so long after the days of Lucretius; and, in direct violation of the teaching it professed to respect, superstition caused far more bloodshed and suffering after his time than it had ever caused before. Persecution has now vanished, and with it the terrors to which superstition appealed.

On the other hand, we all know many persons who look back to what they call the Ages of Faith as ages in which man's mind was far more full of peace and hope than it is in times when so many doubt what guide they shall follow. These are only a few of the questions that may be asked when we compare past and present; and no one can answer them.

Shall we take Happiness in its broadest sense — the sense in which it applies to every man, whether capable of the higher pleasures or only of the lower ones — to mean that general sense of contentment and satisfaction which makes life seem to have been and to be worth living? The test of human progress towards happiness would then be, — Does the average man to-day, at the end of each year or at the end of his life, feel more inclined than the average man would have done two hundred or four hundred or six hundred years ago, to say that he would like to live the same life over again, because his pleasures in it have on the whole exceeded his pains?

May we not suspect that this is a matter which depends less on the possession of any external goods, of comfort and of opportunities for pleasure, than it does

upon the human temperament itself? Thus the central point of the inquiry would be, — Are the physical causes and the moral causes which mould and color the human temperament making it more or less placid, cheerful, and serene? This is largely a question for the physiologist, who stands upon somewhat firmer ground than does the moralist. Some physiologists tell us that the conditions of modern life in the most highly civilized communities create a strain upon the nervous system which makes people fretful, capricious, restless, or perhaps despondent. They point to the increase of lunacy, to the increase of divorce, and to the increase of suicide as evidencing the results of this nervous strain. These ominous symptoms will not appear to most of us to outweigh the general impression we have that the sum of enjoyment and cheerfulness is slightly greater now than it was a century ago, or even in our own boyhood. Still, they are symptoms to be noted, and the fact that science puts its finger on phenomena in modern life which are new and which may, if they go on increasing, affect the physical and moral constitution of man, suggests the reflection that we may still have much to learn upon the subject. All the phenomena which belong to modern city life under severe and constant pressure are comparatively new. They may work prejudicially on the human organism. On the other hand the organism may adapt itself to them, may escape physical mischief, and reap mental benefit. A century's experience will help us to judge better.

As I said at the outset, I have not invited you to deal with the main question as to whether there really exists a general law of human progress. Instead of making a front attack on the centre of the position we have been content to execute a sort of skirmishing reconnaissance all round it, and have followed devious paths in trying to ascertain where it can best be assailed, beating up a good many pickets by the way. My aim has been to define

the problem, to examine the conditions that surround it, and thereby to clarify our own conception of the idea of Progress. Let me sum up the conclusions which we have reached.

The question whether there is a general law of human progress is a complicated one, because there are so many different lines along which advance may be made.

A philosophical conception of Progress must include all these lines and must endeavor to determine their relative significance.

The popular conception of Progress, and that which rises first to our minds, is of an increase in wealth, in comfort, in means of attaining knowledge, and all those forms in which an increased command of the forces of nature enables us to apply them for the service of men.

An advance in these things, the sum of which we may roughly call Material Progress, is easy to determine, and is in fact evident. Political progress is also evident, though it is subject to some deductions and to many reserves.

Progress in other things, including intellectual power and moral excellence, is far more difficult to determine. There is, however, an immense increase in knowledge and in the means of acquiring further knowledge, especially the knowledge of nature.

Many ways can be indicated in which material progress and the increase of knowledge may be expected to promote intellectual and moral improvement, but the time that has elapsed since that progress became rapid is hardly sufficient to enable us to say how far or how soon these results will follow. Material progress may create expectations of happiness which cannot, so far as we see, be realized. Thus an Age of Progress might be an Age of Discontent.

The broad general question, whether the sum of human happiness has increased and is increasing, is the most difficult of all to treat scientifically.

Happiness is so largely a matter of temperament, and temperament so largely

depends on physiological conditions, and the physiological conditions of life may be so much affected by economic and social changes now passing in the world, that it may be necessary to wait for some considerable time before attempting to determine whether the excitement and variety of modern life make for happiness.

We are really not so much better placed than were the ancients and the men of the Renaissance for solving these great problems. We do indeed know what they, who were nearer to the time, did not know, that there never was a Golden Age in the past. They guessed that the earth will one day cease to be habitable. Some of our scientific lights have suggested modes in which this may happen, possibly by immersion in the sun, possibly by the

exhaustion of our stock of oxygen. But the contingency is so doubtful, and in any event so distant, that it need not affect any such chances of perfectibility as man may enjoy.

We may seem to be better equipped for prophecy than they were, because we have come to know all the surface of the earth, and its resources, and the races that dwell thereon, and their respective gifts and capacities. But how these elements will combine and work together is a problem apparently as inscrutable as ever.

The bark that carries Man and his fortunes traverses an ocean where the winds are variable and the currents unknown. He can do little to direct its course, and the mists that shroud the horizon hang as thick and low as they did when the voyage began.

TENDENCIES OF AMERICAN RAILROAD DEVELOPMENT

BY RAY MORRIS

THE early history of the Baltimore & Ohio and Pennsylvania railroads serves as witness that the economic value of interior communications was early appreciated by the commonwealths; the building, later, of the first western lines testifies that the national government realized the strategic importance of tying the Pacific States to the region of the country already within reach of Washington. Yet, a decade after the government had given the Northern Pacific forty-eight million acres of land as a direct aid and incentive to the builders, and had allowed the Central Pacific and Union Pacific what may be described as a subsidy of some twenty-five thousand dollars a mile, together with a land grant of over thirty million acres, Wisconsin enacted the Potter Law (1874), fixing

rates within the state on a basis on which the railroads could not do business and pay their fixed charges. The original Interstate Commerce Act, amended and amplified last year, was passed in 1887, the Sherman Anti-Trust Act in 1890; and now, in 1907, state governments east and west are vying with one another in the enactment of restrictive railroad regulation.

Five critical periods in the history of railroads in the United States are indicated in this brief summary, and may be designated, respectively, as the periods of state aid, of national aid, of Granger hostility, of national restriction, and of general state hostility.

Between the building of the Union Pacific Railroad and the passage of the Anti-Trust Act and the Interstate Com-

merce Act, it might be said that railroad development passed through four interior phases, as distinct from the relations of railroad and government. First in importance was the tendency to build, north, south, east, and west, wisely and unwisely; then came the wreckers, headed by Jay Gould and Jim Fisk; then the time of reorganizations and consolidations; and finally the growth of commercial giants, knowing no law, or rather knowing far more law than their antagonists, who were one by one demolished. In its bearing on present-day tendencies, the effect of the mileage built was wholly good. Much of this mileage was flagrantly unjustifiable at the time, built for its "nuisance value," like the West Shore Railroad; but the growth of the country has since amply justified it, and the economic follies of twenty years ago, after being paid for, sometimes by the bondholders, almost always by the stockholders, are become indispensable parts of our transportation system. The reorganization and consolidation were also good; we cannot say wholly good, because they tended to burden the capital accounts with water. In defiance of the articles of faith existing in the Granger states and in many other parts of the country, however, let it be said at once that an inflated capital account does not work evil directly, by raising the rates on wheat so that interest and dividends may be paid, but by handicapping the railroad in securing much needed new capital for improvement work, which would enable wheat to be carried cheaper. A railroad in competitive territory cannot charge more than its neighbors and continue to do business.

The wrecking period of American railroad development has happily passed away. The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton has had bad contracts made for it; the Chicago and Alton has had improvement work, done from earnings for a series of years, suddenly capitalized, a process which benefited current stockholders but placed a heavy capital load

on the company. These two instances, however, represent perhaps the most prominent examples of a decade, and neither one of them is comparable, either in damage actually done to minority shareholders, or in criminal intent, with abuses of trusteeship quite common a generation ago. But the old abuses left seeds of distrust behind them, and this distrust has in recent years grown to alarming proportions, owing principally to the feeling, well enough justified, that a great corporation might be predatory and miscellaneously sinful to whatever extent it saw fit, because no man was strong enough or clever enough to call it to account. The distrust of corporations, especially railroad corporations, is, of course, one of the great controlling factors in the tendencies of development to-day, and it has principally centred about a phase in affairs infinitely better than that created by Gould and Fisk, but none the less dangerous and unwholesome, — the tendency to corporate selfishness. American railroads as a whole are strikingly free from two of the besetting evils shown in the insurance investigations, — nepotism and inefficiency in high places, — and can teach their European neighbors much in this respect. But in the misuse of corporate funds, in the "blind pool" school of finance, they have often been culpable, and they never before have had such opportunities as in these days of tremendous earnings and great accumulations of free cash. It has recently been shown how Mr. E. H. Harriman had more than fifty million dollars at his command in the Union Pacific finances, and that he was, to all intent, not answerable for the use he made of that sum between the annual public statements. How the executive committee of the Harriman lines increased dividends in the summer of 1906, without the knowledge of the majority of the directors, giving large profits to the shareholders, but infinitely larger profits to the few privileged persons possessed of

advance information, is also a matter of record. If Mr. Harriman had been content merely with the increments due to his remarkable management of his properties, his name would go down to posterity, unchallenged, as the greatest railroad financier, and probably the greatest railroad manager, that the country has ever known. But people cannot help feeling that he is serving his shareholders only incidentally,—himself, first of all; and that he has been a developer instead of a wrecker because, in his day and generation, development paid better than wrecking! This judgment is probably harsh and to a large extent unjust, but the feeling it expresses is widespread, embracing many more men and many more railroads than Mr. Harriman and the group of lines associated with his name.

Having these things in mind, what do we see as the tendencies of railroad development which stand out sharply at the beginning of the year 1907? We see traffic so immense and increasing so fast that it is a cause of despair, as well as of rejoicing. We see railroad prosperity widespread and almost universal, handicapped, however, by grave difficulty in securing capital fast enough to meet business requirements, and by increasing cost of all commodities, and of labor. We also see the railroads serving as targets for constant hostile or restrictive legislation, occupying the attention of every state legislature and of the President of the United States. Whither are these things tending?

Mr. Finley, president of the Southern Railway, recently addressed a circular to the people served by his road, in the same spirit that his predecessor, Mr. Samuel Spencer, was prone to exhibit. In this circular he showed that the number of tons of freight carried one mile in 1895 was 1,098,932,884; in 1906, 4,488,915,839. To provide for such increases, the group of poverty-stricken common carriers welded together some twelve years ago into the present system

have had to spend nearly one hundred million dollars. Meantime, during the last nine years, bridge timber has increased in cost from \$9.36 to \$20.52 per thousand feet, ties from 28 cents to 34.5 cents per tie, rails from \$17.75 per ton to \$28.00 per ton, and the average cost of labor from \$1,621.67 per mile of road to \$2,874.71 per mile of road. In addition to this, there are "excessive verdicts of juries in personal injury cases," and "a marked tendency on the part of many of the states to regard any failure of service as willful, and to impose on the carrier a heavy penalty therefor." Mr. Finley adds, "Inasmuch as adequate facilities for all are not in existence, the imposition of a penalty for failure to furnish cars under the above-mentioned circumstances, if it has any effect other than merely to deplete the treasury of the carrier and to deprive it to that extent of the power to improve its transportation and service, must result simply in the withdrawal of the carrier's facilities from the service in respect to which there is a penalty, in order to use them in the service where there is no penalty. The logical result of this would be a race between the states to see which could inflict the highest penalty so as to obtain a preference for its own citizens. The imposition of penalties will not build railroad tracks, supply equipment, or enlarge and simplify terminals."

It so chanced that at the very time one section of the country is saying to the railroads, in no uncertain voice, "You must provide facilities or pay the penalty!" another section is saying, "Your capital account is inflated; you must be restricted in fresh issues!"

There is no part of the country where new railroad building and extension of track facilities are more needed than in the Northwest, but at the time of writing it is not yet a month since the Great Northern was blocked by the Minnesota courts in its effort to issue sixty millions of new stock. Details of the present attempts to restrict new capitalization will

be dealt with in a subsequent paragraph; their basic contention, that capital should represent value, is certainly a sound one; but the people of Minnesota have carried their campaign considerably beyond this point, and at a moment when they have imperative need of new facilities, are disposed to hold that all their common carriers are grossly over-capitalized, until the contrary can be proved! It has already been pointed out that, in any case, rates are not based on capitalization; cannot be; yet it was freely alleged that the effect of the new stock issue would be an increase in freight and passenger tariffs within the state.

The arguments of the agitators against capital inflation were quite ludicrous as applied to the Great Northern, which stands as the most prominent example in the country of a great railroad system built with funds raised from the actual sale of stock—not from the sale of bonds with stock thrown in as a bonus for the underwriters. But even if the Great Northern were overcapitalized, the people of Minnesota would have nothing to fear from further capital issues. The difficulties in that case would lie between the railroad and its bankers, not between the railroad and its customers. It is notorious that the reckless cutters of rates, from time immemorial among railroad generations, have been the needy, financially top-heavy companies. On the other hand, the road that can secure abundant capital for its physical needs is the one best able to reduce grades, buy heavy locomotives, and make permanent voluntary reductions of advantage to shipper and carrier alike.

Distrust of corporations, therefore, in its spreading ramifications of attack, has caught the railroads between two lines of fire, the demands for new facilities being heightened and aggravated by the assaults upon earnings and the limitations which it is being sought to place upon capital. As might be expected, when the private citizen, wont to gnash his teeth in useless rage at the doings

of the tyrant corporation, finds himself a state legislator, sublimely powerful, with an eager constituency to applaud him, he sometimes fails to distinguish the finer shades of economic thought, and forgets whether he was elected to regulate railroads or to chastise them.

The original Interstate Commerce Act, of 1887, was, in the main, a conservative document, designed to prevent certain things rather than to regulate all things. The Sherman Anti-Trust Law, of 1890, had no especial significance in its bearing upon railroad development for a number of years after its passage; and only since the construction placed upon it by the courts in the Northern Securities case has it threatened consolidations with the peculiar menace that they cannot possibly tell whether certain absorbed lines under common management may or may not be declared to be naturally parallel and competing, and hence to constitute an unlawful combination in restraint of trade. The doctrine of enforced competition is such a vague and impossible one that the government frankly announced after the Northern Securities decision that it did not propose to "run amuck," leaving much uncertainty as to the results on almost any great American railroad system if it should push the "combination in restraint of trade" principle to the utmost limit.

The Roosevelt legislation has been much more drastic than the legislation of 1887, though less so than the Anti-Trust Act *in extenso*; but the most significant effect it has had, thus far, has been the incentive it has given to the state legislatures. The close surveillance of railroads by state authorities, which is a dominant feature in the situation to-day, after a lapse of some thirty years, finds its principal expression in three forms: direct legislation, such as that fixing passenger rates at two cents a mile; delegation of considerable powers to commissions, vested not only with police power but also with authority

to determine rates and oversee traffic arrangements; and taxation.

Leaving out of consideration a few eastern states, already in enjoyment of exceedingly low passenger rates, and older, both in years and in point of view, than the commonwealths farther west, it may be said that there is scarcely a state in the Union which has not enacted direct railroad legislation this spring. This legislation has been characteristically concerned with reduced passenger rates, and there has been a strong and widespread movement to declare two cents a mile as the legal maximum, whether or not such a reduction would be reasonable, in view of existing circumstances.

Ohio, Indiana, Minnesota, Nebraska, and a large group of central, southern, and western states have, in effect, been asking why their citizens should be obliged to pay three cents per mile or more for transportation, when the citizens of certain New England states can travel on main lines for two cents a mile; and they have not been disposed to give heed to the simple and correct reply of the railroads, that passenger transportation by itself is usually not profitable except in regions of dense population, and that density of population is practically the sole factor which enables low passenger rates to be made by a railroad manager, and certainly should not be disregarded in a schedule of passenger rates made by a legislature. The Wisconsin Commission, which may be characterized as radical but intelligent, listened to the railroad arguments to the extent that it modified its original intention to place a two-cent maximum, and made it two cents and a half; but the latter sum is considerably below existing rates in Wisconsin and other states similarly situated. Without attempting the exceedingly doubtful calculations as to the exact cost of carrying passengers, calculations which must of necessity pro-rate charges for maintenance, signaling, interest on funded debt, etc., on an arbitrary basis between passenger and freight traffic, it

may be safely hazarded that it costs a railroad twice as much for every passenger it carries in a thinly populated western state as it does in a densely populated eastern state, and that western rates should logically be fully twice as high as eastern rates, if the passenger department is not to be run at a loss. Therefore western state legislatures that insist on a two-cent maximum are inflicting a direct loss on the railroad companies, which will continue for an indefinite number of years, until the process of natural development shall build up a traffic that will place a larger divisor against the sums that have to be spent for stations, service, and equipment to handle this branch of the traffic. The most disquieting phase of the situation is that they are indifferent to this fact, and are not especially concerned in contemplation of such actual hardships as they are inflicting.

There has been less direct legislation by the states in fixing freight tariffs, for two reasons: first, because the number of schedules involved is so tremendous that no popular slogan, like that of the two-cent passenger fare, can be devised; second, because American freight traffic is characteristically a through business with which local authorities are not directly concerned. Indirect, or commission legislation is the medium through which such states as seek to restrict maximum freight tariffs usually wield their authority, and it may be accepted as an established principle that a commission, even a very bad one, will tend to be less radical than a legislature. But toward the close of the state sessions recently ended, two new objects of attack have come rather prominently into view: the proposal to make demurrage reciprocal by direct legislation, and the proposal to estimate the value of existing railroad properties as a basis by which transportation charges, new capital issues, and taxation may be adjudged. Both these proposals are thoroughly unsound, from an economic standpoint, but both have

the unfortunate merit of being brief and of being tangible to the legislative mind; hence there is real danger that they may be experimented with.

The term demurrage, originating in maritime law to describe the delay of a vessel by the shipper beyond the specified time necessary to place the cargo on board, is applied similarly to the detention of freight cars by shippers and consignees, and, specifically, to the charge made by the railroad on account of this detention. A reciprocal demurrage law would penalize the shipper or the consignee for failure to release a car after a specified period; it would also penalize a railroad company for delays in transit, and for failure to supply a shipper promptly with cars upon demand. But the latter proposal rests upon a set of conditions entirely unlike the former. Demurrage as applied to the shipper is a penalty for being slow with borrowed property actually in hand; demurrage as applied to a railroad that does not supply ordered cars is a penalty for failure to lend property which the company owns but cannot lay its hands on, usually because it is held by a connecting line, or because a considerable number of consignees are finding it convenient to use freight cars for warehouses. It is frequently to the interest of the shipper to hold cars instead of unloading them promptly; it is always to the interest of a railroad to supply cars for all the freight that offers; hence a penalty which is proper for one kind of delay is obviously improper for the other. Car supply and the machinery for effecting prompt return of cars which have left their home lines is perhaps the most important subject now under consideration by the American Railway Association, and by most of the railroads in the country acting in their individual capacities as well. The car supply is often inadequate; the machinery often defective, failing in crises when it is needed the most; but the remedy for these things lies in expert study and experiment, and the instiga-

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tion to apply this remedy comes whenever cars are scarce, because, from the nature of things, the companies cannot make profits without hauling freight, and cannot haul freight without cars. A series of penalties for failure to perform the impossible would have no useful result, and would bring about a chain of abuses and chances for extortion almost comic, as in North Carolina, at present. If Georgia should establish a reciprocal demurrage law, South Carolina, Florida, and Alabama would immediately be drained of equipment, in times of car shortage. Thereupon, South Carolina, Florida, and Alabama might naturally be expected to retaliate with worse laws than their neighbors — and so the process would move, at first slowly, then like a legislative race for the rapidly advancing goal of the highest penalty!

As regards the chances for extortion which reciprocal demurrage presents, it needs only to be kept in mind that this legislation, in its simplest form, enables the shipper to order as many cars from the railroad as he pleases, regardless of his actual requirements, and that the railroad must furnish them or pay penalty. Under existing conditions, with no penalty attaching, the railroad would not give him an unreasonable number; with reciprocal demurrage in force the decision would rest with the shipper, not with the railroad, and if he decided to ask for ten more cars than he needed, at a time when the railroad could not give them to him, he could simply apply the demurrage from these unsupplied cars to a reduction of his average freight bill. Similarly, a wicked railroad manager, desirous of discriminating in favor of a large shipper, could arrange delays in transit and shortages in delivery to suit his customer, keeping all the time on the windy side of the law!

The wrong-headedness of this particular kind of legislation is more apparent from a moment's study than are the economic fallacies in many of the present-day railroad regulative measures; yet

North Carolina has reciprocal demurrage already, and during the state sessions just closing, reciprocal demurrage bills have been given earnest attention in California, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas, Washington, and West Virginia! At the time of writing, five of these states, Minnesota, New Jersey, South Dakota, Texas, and Washington, have actually passed their bills, giving opportunity for discrimination perhaps unequaled since those early days when the Standard Oil Company collected rebates from the railroad companies upon its own and its competitors' shipments as well!

The proposal to obtain a physical valuation of the railroads of the country may be designated as the railroad-regulative topic of the hour. The idea of determining the value of railroad property as a basis for taxation is not new; many states have attempted it, notably Michigan and Wisconsin. But the idea of a physical valuation as a basis for rate regulation and the limitation of new capital, is essentially a new one, given tremendous impetus by the President's message, and immediately seized upon by commonwealths east and west. The objections to this plan may be summarized under two heads: first, that the valuations are in themselves meaningless; second, that an attempt is being made to correlate two matters having no connection with each other. It is usually possible, though difficult, to find out what the cuts, fills, trestles, and tunnels of a railroad cost, or what it would cost to replace them; it can also be determined that certain new work resulting in an abandonment of the old has been done, and that both old and new constitute a proper capital charge. Real estate and buildings can be appraised, and we can know, with tolerable accuracy, what it would cost to rebuild the transportation machine that is before us. But that cost bears no special relation to the value of the property. The

value of a railroad, viewed as a single asset, is its earning power capitalized, and nothing else whatever. Reduplicate the main lines of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, in the Rocky Mountains, and you will certainly double their so-called physical value if you measure that value by cost of construction. Against the tremendous asset representing the physical cost, place an equal amount of liabilities representing securities sold to pay the bill, and you will have a perfect balance sheet; also a company that cannot possibly remain solvent, for the earnings in the mountain country will be as much smaller than they are in New England as the construction cost will be greater! Yet this *reductio ad absurdum* is the valuation plan in a nutshell.

Of course the valuers must do more than estimate construction cost plus cost of property once used but now discarded. They must also reckon the intangible assets, that make a cheap railroad in New Jersey worth more than a dear one in Colorado. These intangible assets include the fact of possessing exclusive privileges, franchises, and territorial monopolies. To obtain a New York terminal, the Pennsylvania Railroad is spending, let us say, one hundred times as much as the New York & Harlem Railroad spent for the same purpose, because the New York & Harlem Railroad was first on the ground, and acquired a territorial monopoly. The possession of a favored mountain pass, or the bank of a river, is fought for by rival construction companies as if they were armies of occupation, yet these advantages do not appear in the balance sheet of the completed railroad. How is the valuer to appraise them? It is clear enough that he cannot do so by any process worthy of a title more dignified than guesswork. And so we are to measure earthwork, weigh rails, appraise real estate, and then add to this list of tolerable exactness a perfectly arbitrary sum, of more consequence than all the rest

together, representing the intangible assets; a process which may be likened to a computation of the circumference of a circle by pacing off the radius and carrying out the formula to four places of decimals.

Mr. Henry Fink has well said that the test for over-capitalization lies in the income account; if a road can pay interest on its debt and earn a fair surplus besides, it is not overcapitalized; if it cannot do so, it is overcapitalized. And the more we study this matter of valuation, the more surely does it appear, not only that earnings are the final test, but that they are the only test, both for consideration of capital issues and for purposes of taxation. Yet the national government and the state governments alike are in full cry after this valuation will-o'-the-wisp, comparable in its elusiveness to the "cost of transportation" so earnestly sought a generation ago. The danger lies in the fact that commissions paid to make valuations must report, right or wrong, and that the unscientific nature of the result is in no wise likely to prevent its being used as the basis of statutory rate-making and limitation of capital. Again, let it be emphasized that rates are not made on a basis of capitalization; a railroad, as a matter of fact, scarcely makes freight rates at all, but has to accept, ready made, the rates forced upon it by a set of conditions almost wholly beyond its control, and certainly independent of its fixed charges and desire to pay dividends.

The upshot of the whole matter is that we are passing through a severe fever of legislative vindictiveness and silliness, which must doubtless run its course. Just now, the way to win place in Minnesota or Kansas, or Nebraska, or Texas is to devise new restrictions for the railroads; but the objects of all this popular venom have learned some very important lessons, and it seems wholly likely that the net result of the legislation and the lessons together will be a good result. By the same gradual process of increas-

ing stability which has resulted in money being turned back into the property for permanent betterments, and has developed resources that enable transportation companies to weather hard times without bankruptcy, the moral turpitudes of railroad management are going to die away and be replaced by a better sense of trusteeship. The unparalleled searching of the past year into railroad operation and finance has developed no evils like those of a generation ago, when the Erie management, the New York Legislature, and the New York Judiciary alike revealed scarcely a foot of solid ground for an honest man to stand on. Actual legislation to prevent railroad presidents and directors from grossly manipulating the securities of their companies in Wall Street does not seem a promising method of safe-guarding the public interest; a dishonest railroad president will always be shrewder than a state legislature, and will work considerably faster. But a widespread public sentiment works all the time, whether legislatures are in session or not, and is a far more effective preventive of corporate malpractice than the law is, taken by itself alone. If the American people really want honest corporation management they will get it, just as the English people have got it. And there has never been a time in the history of American railroads when the average of management has been more efficient and more upright than it is to-day.

So much for the relations of the railroads with the people, — an aspect of development just now in a rather muddled condition. It is pleasant to turn from the sociological side to the physical, and glance at the tendencies of railroad development that exhibit themselves on the map.

Our high records for new railroad building were made just prior to the consolidation period. We built 12,876 miles in the year 1887, an amount considerably more than double that of any year since then; and this period of activity was followed by a gradual decline, almost

regular, to the low-water mark of 1654 miles in 1896. While the consolidations were being effected, as a characteristic of the time, and for several years after this special epoch ceased, the tendency was to husband resources and to better the existing communications, especially the existing passing-track, terminal, and rolling stock facilities. But meantime the growth of the country passed by the capacity of its transportation machine, and now we are face to face with a new and urgent necessity for more railroads in practically every part of the country hitherto neglected, or partially neglected, and in many parts of the country supposedly well supplied.

Mr. James J. Hill has presented the forceful figure that the trouble with the railroads, especially in the northwest, is that they are trying to force a three-inch stream through a two-inch pipe, and has held forth the requirement that the railroads of the country be reduplicated, mile for mile, within the next few years, adding that there is not money enough or labor enough in the world to do this thing. It has recently been shown how the legitimate requirements of a group of the strongest railroads to provide for systematic extension work served to depress values by millions of dollars, and yet traffic rolls in with ever increasing volume. Indeed, the exceedingly poor market for bonds and stocks alike, in these early months of 1907, has brought about a period of financing with short-term notes, carrying interest at a rate which, together with discount, costs the strongest companies perhaps seven per cent for their money, and places new capital frankly out of the weak companies' reach. In issuing these notes the railroads are, in effect, betting that when the time for payment comes around, they will be able to refund their obligations at a cheaper rate; if they are wrong in this position, the effects will be very serious. For the present, therefore, much urgent work, of the highest benefit to those suffering from the prevalent car shortages

and traffic delays, must be postponed. But this work has already been outlined, in considerable part, and it is interesting to observe its tendencies.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul has for years stood as a type of the great "local" railroad, occupying and reoccupying the territory between Lake Michigan and the Dakotas with a network of main and branch lines, and making a handsome profit from the business thus obtained. But it now finds it desirable to strike out for the northwestern Pacific coast, where the Hill system has for a long time been the American representative, competing with the Canadian Pacific, but with no other formidable rival. The Pacific extension of the Grand Trunk, building under an odd system of mingled governmental and private responsibility, is striking for the same quarter; and the Canadian Northern will doubtless push through to the coast as soon as it finds it possible to do so, with its line of light construction, cheap to build, and consequently easy to support.

These roads have several objects in view. The great staple of the Northwest is grain, and the grain-producing areas of the United States are now so nearly occupied that the constantly increasing demand must be met principally across the border. But the days of one-crop or one-commodity railroads in this country are nearly over. A poor harvest no longer threatens the dividends, and even the bond interest, of the Granger roads, as it did a generation ago. They have such resources of miscellaneous traffic that the fall grain movement often comes almost as an unwelcome demand on facilities already overtaxed, and it is certain that the companies now reaching out for the coast would not have been induced to undertake the task for the sole reward of grain traffic. The Canadian Northern, alone of the group, belongs in the single-crop classification, and is probing the Hudson Bay territory with grain as its principal object, and building a railroad for a sum the smallness of which, per

mile, is almost without parallel, to keep its charges down. But the St. Paul, the Grand Trunk, the Western Pacific, forming a coast connection for the Gould system, and the Denver, North Western & Pacific, building from Denver to Salt Lake City, have a much broader end in view. The growth of the Pacific Coast cities has been so phenomenal, not alone in the last decade or two, but, strikingly, in the last four years, that traffic demands are far ahead of traffic facilities. As a single illustration of this point, without enlargement, we may cite the bank clearings of some of these western points, indicative in a broad fashion of the trend of business.

For the five weeks ended March 30, bank clearings at San Francisco were \$141,023,051 in 1904 and \$237,276,202 in 1907, an increase of sixty-eight per cent. During the same periods compared, the clearings at Spokane increased over one hundred and fifty per cent, and the total clearings of San Francisco, Los Angeles, Spokane, Seattle, Portland, and Salt Lake City increased ninety-two per cent, while the total clearings of Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Buffalo, and Baltimore increased fifty-two per cent. The actual sums involved in the eastern clearings are naturally much greater than in the western, and New York makes incomparably the highest total of all; so much higher than the others that it could not fairly have been included in the average. But the Seattle clearings are now materially greater than those of Buffalo, Milwaukee, or Omaha, while in 1904 they ranked with Toledo and Hartford, a much lower class; the Tacoma clearings, formerly comparable with New Haven and Grand Rapids, are now about the same as those of Memphis, Atlanta, or Columbus. There are only twenty cities in the country that clear over ten millions a week, and three of these cities are in this newly prominent Pacific Coast group.

We in the east are prone to forget the amount of business, as measured in terms

of freight tons, which the railroads derive in certain intermediate states, such as Colorado and Utah. The gross earnings of the Denver & Rio Grande system for its 1906 fiscal year were over nineteen and one half millions, yet the Denver & Rio Grande is wholly contained in these two states, and some eighty per cent of its business originated or terminated on its own lines, — was "local" business, that is to say, in distinction to through traffic. The movement west and northwest is better explained by this reference and by the bank clearings of the coast cities than by any extended inquiry as to grain production or railroad strategy; it is simply a case of an unexpected and overwhelming traffic originating and terminating west of the continental Divide; a traffic insufficiently served by the present through routes, the Southern Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé in the south, the Central Pacific and Oregon Short Line west from Granger, Wyoming, and the Northern Pacific, Great Northern, and Canadian Pacific, in the north. Every one of these roads has been making a splendid showing, wholly unlooked for by Wall Street five years ago, and in large measure a surprise to the railroads themselves. By the time the new comers have completed their facilities there can be little doubt that there will be traffic enough for all, and traffic to spare.

Next in point of interest, so far as tendencies of physical extension are concerned, come the north-and-south trunk lines in the central part of the country. The American railroad system as it exists to-day was built to haul freight east and west. Properly speaking, there is no transcontinental railroad within the boundaries of the United States, but the movement is concentrated on certain great gathering grounds, such as Chicago and St. Louis, and then re-distributed to a group of eastern roads reaching these points. The rail lines to these terminal cities, and the actual yard and storage facilities, were provided many

years ago; they have been subject to constant and rapid increase, but by no means in the same proportion that traffic has increased. An hour-glass furnishes a good analogy; there is plenty of room above and below, but an exceedingly narrow passage in between. Mr. James J. Hill has been one of the first observers to emphasize this cardinal point of difficulty, and to suggest decentralization as a remedy for congestion. He is also author of the pungent simile that if you kick a barrel of flour at Minneapolis it will roll down hill to the Gulf of Mexico.

It is a rather curious fact that the practical working-out of decentralization through control of a north-and-south trunk line by one of the so-called trans-continental lines should have been deferred until the year 1906. Even now, it cannot be said with certainty, at the time of writing, that the Illinois Central belongs permanently in the Harriman group of roads, although Mr. Harriman claimed it, in his testimony at New York last February. Besides this line, there are two others which would fulfill the function: the Missouri, Kansas & Texas and the Kansas City Southern. Each of these two has gone through the last stages of rags and tatters; each has been kept alive in considerable part by foreign support, mainly in Holland; each has now been resurrected, placed in strong hands, and made to yield excellent operating and financial results. A prophecy may be hazarded that all three of these lines will sooner or later have an important part to play in through freight movement. They have as their inalienable heritage the down grade to the Gulf in the direction of traffic movement, with a back haul of cotton, fruits, and vegetables for the central markets, and of lumber, coal, and miscellaneous freight brought to the Gulf seaports by steamers calling there for grain and cotton. The Goulds already have a north-and-south trunk line in the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern, and Texas Pacific, but they have fared rather ill in the general competitive situa-

tion, partly from lack of facilities, partly from lack of management. The Gould and Rock Island lines now dominate this part of the southwest, but must surely look for the entry of new forces into their territory.

East of the Mississippi River, transportation phenomena naturally divide themselves into two important groups,—the trunk lines, and the southern roads. The New England States may be ignored for the purposes of the present paper; there is little room for new mileage there, and the development is merely the perfecting of the physical condition of a system built nearly in its present form a generation ago. It may be said of the trunk lines that they have neither time nor desire to explore new territory; their main traffic routes are established, probably for all time, but they are so overwhelmed with the exigencies of traffic that their development lies in the line of additional main tracks, of grade and curvature reduction, and of the enlargement of terminals. The Pennsylvania has built several whole new railroads between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, within the last decade, and has spent millions upon millions for grade reductions — new low grade lines — more low grade lines — more grade reductions.

South of the Delaware Capes, the Baltimore & Ohio, and what may be called the lesser trunk lines, the Chesapeake & Ohio, and Norfolk & Western, are finding great prosperity from the tremendous increases in bituminous coal traffic. Competitive conditions are such that this can only be handled economically in the largest train loads, and these roads pass through continuous successions of mountainous country, which offer every obstacle to the task they have to perform. In consequence, they are being boldly rebuilt, as witness the new main tracks of the Norfolk & Western that pass by the centres once deemed vital, such as Lynchburg, Va. But their general traffic is not abated thereby; on the contrary, it holds even with, and often exceeds, the relative

gains from coal tonnage, year by year.

As soon as the Virginia coal ports are passed, however, railroad development assumes a different phase. The characteristic railroad system of the South is a composite of a most heterogeneous collection of minor lines, twenty, thirty, fifty miles long; sometimes acquired because they lay in the direction of a through route somewhere; sometimes because they were on the remnant counter of railroad bargains, for sale so cheap that little was ventured in the purchase. It does not cost much to build a railroad in Georgia, and there are some fifty-four independent companies operating there to-day, awaiting absorption. The Southern Railway, the Seaboard Air Line, the Atlantic Coast Line, and the Central of Georgia, which is owned primarily by Southern Railway interests, all owe their origin and growth to this process of amalgamation of wretchedly poor lines, and it is much to the credit of the organizers that these systems now stand where they do, physically and financially. Broadly speaking, they have probably passed the worst of their hardships; the prosperity of the South exceeds that of any other part of the country except the far west, in its proportionate increases, and the transformation of the Southern States is going on apace, from a region with a historic past to a region with an economic future. The growth of Birmingham, Alabama, into a little Pittsburg, with iron ore and the materials for smelting it and turning the iron into steel, all gathered close together, if somewhat exaggerated by its admirers, has nevertheless given the South a new industry of the most far-reaching potentialities.

Nothing more can be hoped of this brief summary than that it may have

touched the high places in a chronicle of physical development throughout the country. It would be impossible in the limits of a single paper to outline the tendencies in detail, but the facts that only about twenty-two per cent of the mileage of the country is as yet worked by the block system, and that there is practically no double-track mileage west of the Mississippi River, are full of suggestiveness in their bearing upon the tasks before the next generation.

How far the present tendency towards socialistic corporation control will go in this country, no man can tell. I am inclined to believe that the present flurry of legislative regulation and restriction, while a matter of first-class annoyance to the railroads, does not, after all, extend very far beneath the surface. A few years of carefully applied corporate good manners, extending from the president right through to the station agent, will do much to smooth over the sources of popular clamor. Moreover, the most radical-appearing steps are not necessarily permanent; London has just withdrawn sharply from her own municipal socialism after a thorough experiment, and the Chicago voters set themselves against the local municipal street railway ownership before the Mueller purchase certificates were declared unconstitutional. The Granger legislation of the seventies was locally worse than the legislation of 1906 and 1907, but it had a very brief career of harmfulness; and even when we allow for the worst of all the effects of this indiscriminate state legislation,—the discouragement it offers capital for new development,—we must surely believe that those who see permanent trouble in store for the railroads are looking at the path too close to their feet, forgetful of the immense promise of the future.

THE BANKRUPTCY OF BANNISTER

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

I

I AM Bannister, and what happened to me was a very gradual thing at first; but it grew and grew until finally something had to be done; and that something was called "bankruptcy."

Curiously enough I had heard the word before at home. In fact, as I told Gideon, who kindly let me explain my position to him, my father had once been bankrupted, and when he was a bankrupt my mother cried a good deal, and my father talked about "everlasting disgrace and bloodthirsty creditors," and something in the pound. And then there came a day when my father told my mother gladly that he had been discharged, whatever that was, and my mother seemed much pleased. In fact, she said, "Thank God, Gerald;" and they had a bottle of champagne for lunch. It was in holidays and I heard it all, and tasted the champagne, and did n't like it.

So, remembering this, when Gideon talked of me being a bankrupt, I said, "All right, and the sooner the better."

As I say, one gets hard up very gradually, and the debts seem nothing in themselves; but when, owing to chaps bothering, you go into it all on paper, you may often be much surprised to find how serious things are, taken altogether.

What I found was that my pocket money was absolutely all owed for about three terms in advance; and that Steggles, who lent me a shilling upon a thing called a mortgage, the mortgage being my bat, was not going to give up the bat, which was a spliced bat and cost eight shillings and sixpence. He said, what with interest and one thing and another, his shilling had gained six shillings more, and that

if he did n't take the bat at once, he would be out of pocket. So he took it, and he played with it in a match, and got a duck's egg, and I was jolly glad. Then the tuck-woman, who is allowed to come up to the playground after school, with fruit and sweets and such like, was owed by me seven shillings and fourpence, and she would n't sell anything more to me and asked me rather often to pay the money. I told her that all would be paid sooner or later, and she seemed inclined not to believe it. Other debts were one and six owed to Corkey minimus for a mouse that he said was going to have young mice but it did n't; and he had consented to take ninepence owing to being mistaken. Tin Lin Chow, the Chinese boy, was owed four shillings and threepence for a charm. It was a good enough charm made of ivory and carved into a very hideous face. All the same, it never had done me much good, for here I was bankrupted six months after buying it, and the charm itself not even paid for.

There were a lot of other small debts — some merely a question of pens and pencils; but they all mounted up, and so I felt something must be done, because being in such a beastly mess made me ill and kept me awake a good deal at night thinking what to do.

Therefore I went to Gideon, who is a Jew and very rich and well known to lend money at interest. He is first in the whole school for arithmetic, and his father is a diamond merchant and a banker, and many other things that bring in enormous sums of money. Gideon has no side and he is known to be absolutely fair even to the smallest kids. So I went to him and I said, —

"Please, Gideon, if it won't be troubling you, I should like to speak to you

about my affairs. I am very hard up, in fact, and fellows are being rather beastly about money I owe them."

"I'm afraid I can't finance you, Bannister," said Gideon awfully kindly. "My money's all out at interest just now, and, as a matter of fact, I'm rather funky about some of it."

"I don't want you to finance me," I said; "and that would be jolly poor fun for you anyway, because I've got nothing and never shall have in this world as far as I can see. I only want you to advise me. I'm fourteen and three-quarters, and when I was twelve and a half, my father got into pretty much the same mess that I'm in now; and he got out again with ease, and even had champagne afterwards, by the simple plan of being bankrupt."

"It's not always an honorable thing—I warn you of that," said Gideon.

"I'm sure it was perfectly honorable in my father's case," I said, "because he's a frightfully honorable man. And I am honorable too, and want to do what is right and proper as soon as possible."

"Why don't you write to your father?" asked Gideon.

"Because he once warned me — when he was being bankrupted, in fact — that if ever I owed any man a farthing he would break my neck; and my mother said at the same time — blubbing into her handkerchief as she said it — that she would rather see me in my coffin than in the bankruptcy court. All the same, they both cheered up like anything after it was all over, and father said he should not hesitate to go through it all again if necessary; but still I would n't for the world tell them what I've done. In fact, they think that I have money in hand and subscribe to the chapel offertories and do all sorts of good with my ten bob a term; whereas the truth is that I have to pay it all away instantly on the first day of the term, and have had to ever since two terms after I first came."

"What you must do then is to go bankrupt," said Gideon thoughtfully.

"Yes," I said, "that's just the whole thing. How do you begin?"

"Generally other people begin," said Gideon. "Creditors as a rule do what they think will pay them best. Sometimes they will show great patience if they think it is worth while; and sometimes they won't. My father has told me about these things. He has had to bankrupt a few people in his time; though he is always very sorry to do it."

"In my case nobody will show patience because it's gone on too long," I said. "In fact, the only one who has got anything out of me for three terms is Steggles, who has taken my bat."

"He has foreclosed on a mortgage. He is quite within his rights for once," said Gideon, who rather hated Steggles because Steggles always called him Shylock junior.

"To begin," continued Gideon, "two things generally happen, I believe: there is a meeting of creditors, and soon afterwards the bailiffs come in."

"I remember my father mentioning bailiffs wildly to my mother," I said. "But I don't think they ever came in. If they did, I never saw them."

"Then no doubt the meeting of creditors decided against it; and a meeting of creditors is what you'd better have," declare Gideon. "Tell everybody you owe money to that there is to be a meeting in the gym, on Thursday evening, to go into the affair. I will be there if you like, as I understand these things pretty well."

I thanked Gideon very much indeed and asked him if he could tell what happened next after the meeting.

"The claims are put in against you," he explained, "and then you say what you've got to say and give a reason why you can't pay. And then your assets are stated."

"What are assets?" I asked.

"What you've got to pay with, or what you hope to have in course of time."

"I've got nothing at all," I said, "and never shall have until I'm old enough to go into an office and earn money."

"Then the assets will be nil," said Gideon. "But they can't be absolutely nil in your case. For instance, you have a watch, and you have that Chinese charm you bought from Tin Lin Chow, and various other things, including the green lizard you found on the common last Saturday, if it's still alive."

"I can't give up the watch," I said. "It is n't mine. It's only lent to me by my mother. The lizard died yesterday, I'm sorry to say."

"Well, at any rate, there's enough to declare something in the pound," Gideon told me.

"There may be," I said, "but first get your pound. You can't declare anything in the pound if you have n't got a pound. At least I don't see how."

He seemed doubtful about that and changed the subject.

"Anyway, I'll be at the meeting of creditors," he promised; and I knew he would be, because Gideon was never known to lie.

II

A good deal happened before the meeting of creditors. Among other things I went down three places in my form, owing to my mind being so much occupied with going bankrupt; and I also got into a beast of a row with the Doctor, which was serious and might have been still more serious if he had insisted on knowing the truth. It was at a very favorite lesson of the Doctor's, namely, the Scripture lesson; and as a rule he simply takes the top of the class and leaves the bottom pretty much alone, because at the top are Macmillan and Forbes and Prodgers — all flyers at Scripture; and their answers give the Doctor great pleasure; and at the bottom are me and Willson minor and West and others; and our answers don't give him any pleasure at all. But sometimes he pounces down upon us with a sudden question to see if we are attending; and he pounced down upon me to see if I was attending; and I was not, because my

mind was full of the meeting of creditors and other matters more important to me for the minute than the people in the Old Testament.

So when the Doctor suddenly said, "Tell us what you know of Gideon, Bannister, if you please," I clean forgot there was more than one Gideon and said, —

"Gideon is an awfully decent sort, and he has advised me to offer something in the pound."

Naturally the Doctor did not like this. In fact, he liked it so little that he made me go straight out of the class and wait for him in his study. Then he caned me for insolence combined with irreverence, and made me write out about Gideon and the dew upon the fleece twenty-four times, which I did.

I also asked our Gideon if he was by any chance related to the Bible Gideon, and he said that it was impossible to prove that he was not; and that it was also impossible to prove that he was. In any case, he said, such things did not trouble him, though a friend of his father, wanting to prove he was related to a man who died in the year 734 A.D., went to a place called the Herald's Office and gave them immense sums of money and they proved it easily. He said also that it was a jolly good thing the Doctor did not ask for particulars, because if he had known I was a bankrupt and going to offer something in the pound, he would probably have expelled me on the spot.

Gideon asked me if I had done anything about the bankruptcy, and I told him privately that I had. But I did not tell him what. I had, in fact, taken a desperate step and written a letter to my grandmother. I marked it "private" in three places, and begged her, on every page, not to tell my father, because my father was her son and he had often told me that if I wrote to her for money he would punish me in a very terrible manner. How, he never mentioned, but he meant it, and so I had to make my grandmother promise not to tell him. I wrote

the letter seven or eight times before I got it up to the mark; then I borrowed one of Foster's envelopes, already stamped with pink stamps for writing home, and sent it off. It was the best letter I ever wrote, or ever shall write, and this was how it went:—

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER, —

I write this line, though very busy, to hope that you are exceedingly well and enjoying the fine weather. I hope your lovely little clever dog, "Fido," is well also. I never see such a clever and beautiful dog anywhere else. My parents write to me that they are well. I am quite well. At least I am quite well in body, though I have grown rather thin lately through not being able to eat enough food. This is not the fault of the food. It is my mind. You will be very sorry to hear, dear Grandmother, that I am a bankrupt. I hope you may never know what it is to be one, for it is very terrible, especially if you are honorable and honest as I am, owing to the books you always give me so very kindly at Christmas. To be a bankrupt is to be called upon at any moment to have to pay something in the pound; and this is a dreadful position, but even more dreadful in my case than in some others. For instance, when dear father was bankrupted, he paid something in the pound and had something over; but in my case *I have not even got the pound.*

I don't mean, of course, dear grannie, that I want anybody to give me the necessary pound; but the terrible thing is I can't be a bankrupt without it, and so really I don't know what will happen to me if I don't get it. If by any wonderfully kind and lucky chance you could *lend* me a pound, my dreadful situation would improve at once and I should no doubt get fatter and cheerfuller in a few days; but as it is, I lie awake and sigh all night, and even wake chaps with the loudness of my sighs, which fling things at me for keeping them awake. But I cannot help it. I don't tell you these

things to worry you, dear grannie, as very likely you have worries of your own; but it would not be honest not to tell you how very badly I want a pound just now. There is to be a meeting of my creditors in the gymnasium in a few days, and how I am going to declare anything in the pound I don't know. It makes me feel terribly old and I have gone down several places in my class and been terribly caned by Dr. Dunstan. But nothing matters if I can honorably get that pound. It would change the whole course of my life in fact. My beautiful bat has gone. I have to borrow it now when I play cricket. But I am playing very badly this term, because you cannot be in good form if the brain is worrying about a pound. I shall lose my place in the second eleven, I expect. I have missed several catches lately and I fancy my eyes are growing dim and old, owing to being awake worrying so much at night about that pound.

Of course if you can give me any sort of idea where I can get that pound, I shall be very thankful. Unfortunately in this case five shillings would be no good, and even ten would be no good, strange though it may seem. Only a pound is any use. I must now conclude dear Grannie, with best love and good wishes from your affectionate

ARTHUR MORTIMER BANNISTER.

P. S. Though all this fearful brain worry has thrown me back a lot in class, still my Scripture is all right and I shall be able to say the Kings of Israel either backwards or forwards next holidays in a way that will surprise you. I have been a good deal interested in Gideon and the dew upon the fleece lately.

Well, I sent off this letter, which was far, far the longest and best I had ever written in my life; and before sending it I printed at the top of each page, "Don't tell father" — feeling that to be very important. Then I waited and hoped that my grandmother would read the letter as I meant her to; and great was my re-

lief when I found that she did. On the very morning of the meeting of the creditors she wrote a long letter and sent a postal order for a pound; and the letter I put aside for future reading, and the postal order I took to Mr. Browne who always changes postal orders into money for boys.

He seemed surprised at the great size of the postal order, but gave me a golden pound and told me to be careful of it. I was so excited that I very nearly got kept in at morning school; but I escaped, and when the time came I went to Gideon and he walked up to the gym with me to meet the creditors.

III

Ten chaps were assembled for the bankruptcy, but I jolly soon cleared out Browne, because the sixpence he said I owed him had been paid at the beginning of the term, and Westcott was able to prove it. So Browne went, but reluctantly. Steggles also went. He wanted me to take back my mortgaged bat and owe him about six shillings instead, but knowing Steggles, I felt sure that something must have gone wrong with the bat; and when I examined it, I found that it was so. In fact, the bat was badly sprung; and Gideon said it was like Steggles, and a beastly paltry thing to try to do. So Steggles also went, and that left eight fellows. These eight chaps were told to make their claims, and when they had, Gideon made me examine them to see they were all right. Only four claimed too much; and Mathers, who is an awfully kind-hearted and sporting chap, claimed too little.

So I said, "I'm afraid I owe you one and nine, not one and three, Mathers."

And he said, "That's all right. I knocked off a tanner when you won the house match against Browne a week ago." Which shows the sort of chap that Mathers was.

I said, "Does anybody else feel inclined to knock off anything owing to

my winning the house match against Browne's?"

But nobody did, and seeing that five of the creditors actually belonged to Browne's house, I could n't expect that they would.

"When you've admitted the claims," said Gideon, "I'll add them up myself."

So I went through the claims and had to admit them all.

Then Gideon added them up and said, "The claims lodged against you, Bannister, amount to exactly one pound, twelve shillings, and eightpence; but I think you told me that the tuck-woman was also a creditor. If so, she ought to be here."

"I have spoken to her," I said, "and she says that I owe her seven shillings and fourpence. That is the figure. I told her that I was going to have a meeting of creditors, and she said I was beginning early, and that she wished she could let me off, but that she had an invalid husband and twenty small children at home — or some such number."

"Anyway, the debt ranks good," said Gideon. Then he added the seven and fourpence to the one pound twelve shillings and eightpence.

"The total liabilities are exactly two pounds" said Gideon. "Now, Bannister, as the debts are admitted to be two pounds, the next question is, what are the assets. I may tell you kids," he continued, turning to Corkey minimus and Fairlawn and Frost, who were the smallest of the creditors in size and age, "that the word 'assets,' which you very likely do not know, means what Bannister has got to pay you with. You have made him a bankrupt and he owes you two pounds; so now the simple question is, how much can he pay of that money? Of course he can't pay it all — else he would n't be a bankrupt — but he is going to pay according to his assets. Now Bannister," he concluded, turning to me, "you'd better tell the meeting what your assets are. Does everybody understand?"

Everybody understood, or said they did, except Frost, and he kept on saying over and over again, like a parrot, that I owed him five pence and a lead pencil, till Gideon at last had to tell him to shut up and not interfere with the meeting.

Then I spoke. I said, in quite a quiet sort of way, as if it was an everyday thing, "I have decided to pay something in the pound, Gideon."

But Gideon was rather impatient.

"We all know that. That's what we're here for," he said.

"You could n't all know it," I answered, "because none of you knew that I'd got a pound. You can't pay something in the pound unless you've got one. And I thought it might interest the creditors at this meeting to know that I have got one."

They were frightfully interested, naturally, and even Gideon was. I put it into his hand and he looked at it and turned it over and nodded.

"The assets are a pound," said Gideon. "I've no doubt you'll all be glad to hear that."

The chaps evidently felt very different to me when they heard the assets were a pound; because most of them, as they told me afterwards, did n't know there were any assets at all. They got rather excited, in fact, and Thwaites even asked if there might be any more assets.

But I said, "No. There is only this pound. When I became bankrupt I determined that I would pay something in the pound, and I wrote to private friends and put the position before them; and they quite agreed with me and sent the pound; and now I am going to pay something in it. I don't quite know what that means; but it is an honorable and proper thing to do; and Gideon does know what it means; and I shall be very much obliged to him if he will explain."

"It is quite easy," said Gideon. "You have a debt; you can't pay it all, so you pay so much in the pound."

"That's what I'm going to do," I said.

"The question is, how much you're

going to pay in the pound," said Forrest, who had made more row than all the rest of the creditors put together, though I only owed him a penny.

"I know that's the question without your telling me," I answered. "Gideon has the pound and he will say what I am to pay in it."

Gideon looked rather puzzled.

"You don't seem to understand even yet, Bannister," he said. "You don't pay so much in the pound of the assets; you pay so much in the pound of the debts."

I did n't pretend to understand what Gideon meant by this complicated way of putting it, and told him so.

"All I want," I said, "is to do the strictly honorable thing and pay so much in the pound, which I have handed over to Gideon for that reason."

But Gideon, much to my surprise, seemed to feel rather annoyed at this.

"I wish you'd try and understand the situation," he said. "When you speak of so much in the pound, it's a figure of speech in a sort of way. It is n't a real, single, solitary pound."

"It's real enough," I said. "For Browne gave it to me in exchange for a postal order."

"*This* pound is real, but —" then Gideon broke off in a helpless sort of way; and then he began again.

"You owe two pounds — d'you see that?"

"Of course," I said. "That's the whole thing."

"And you've got one pound — d'you see that?"

He held it up as if he was going to do a conjuring trick with it.

Of course I said I did see it.

"Then, if you owe two pounds and can only find one, how much are you going to pay in the pound?"

"Whatever you think would be sportsmanlike, Gideon," I said.

"It is n't a question of being sportsmanlike; it's a question of simple arithmetic," he said. "You've got twenty

shillings and you owe forty; you owe just twice as many as you've got; therefore it follows that you'll pay ten shillings in the pound; and that's a good deal more than many people can."

"I'll pay more than that," I said. "I'll pay fifteen shillings."

"What an ass you are, Bannister!" answered Gideon. "You can't pay fifteen shillings — you have n't got it to pay."

"My dear chap," I said, "I've got a pound."

"You've got nothing at all," he said. "You pay ten shillings in each of the two pounds you owed, and then there's nothing left."

After that I began to see; and when we went into it all, and got change, and paid each chap exactly half of what I owed him, it turned out that Gideon was perfectly right and there was n't a farthing left over. Everybody was fairly well satisfied except the tuck-woman, but nobody seemed much obliged to me; and I could n't help thinking that though Gideon had been awfully decent about it, and managed it all frightfully well, that nevertheless, a grown man would have managed it even better. Because, take my father's bankruptcy and look how jolly different that turned out to mine. I don't know what he paid in the pound, but I do know there was enough left over for him to buy a bottle

of champagne and for mother to say, "Thank God." Whereas my bankruptcy appeared to have left me exactly where I was before, and there was nothing whatever left over to buy even a bottle of ginger beer.

I pointed this out to Gideon, and he said, "Of course I don't know how much your father paid in the pound."

Presently I said, "I'm awfully obliged to you, Gideon, and I shall never forget how kind you have been. And I wonder if you'd mind adding to your fearful kindness by lending me a penny."

"What for?" said Gideon. "Ginger beer?"

"No," I said, "for a stamp to write to my grandmother. I may tell you privately that she sent me that pound out of her own money, and it was very sporting of her, and of course I must thank her."

Gideon did n't much like it, I could see; but at last he brought out the penny and entered it in his book.

"If you can pay by the end of the term, I'll charge no interest," he said.

And just to show what luck Gideon always has, the very next Sunday at church I found a threepenny piece, doubtless dropped by somebody, so Gideon had his penny back in three days; and I went so far as to offer him a half-penny interest, but he would not take it from me.

MOTHER MAGIC

BY RICHARD BURTON

In days of childhood, now long-lapsed and dim,
Often I sat within a holy place
Where mystic word and solemn-rolling hymn
Touched the tranced souls of men to thoughts of Grace.

Too small to comprehend, yet happy there
I lingered, since beside me, close and dear,
Sat the sweet mother with her rippled hair,
Her smile of angels and her color clear.

And she would hold my hand, and so express,
In some deep way, the wonder of the hour:
Our spirits talked, by silent tenderness,
As easily as flower nods to flower.

And to this day, when so I creep alone
Into some sacred corner, list the choir,
Hear some great organ's most melodious moan
And watch the windows flush daylight with fire,

Over me once again those memories steal;
I sit as in a dream, and understand
God's meaning; for, across the years, I feel
The meek, sure magic of that spirit-hand.

THE SPIRIT OF OLD WEST POINT

(1858-1862)

VII

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

XX

THE PEACEMAKERS OF THE WAR

THE week during which so many of the Southern men left, whose reunion has just been recounted, was full of intense interest. Perhaps in all of West Point's life there has never been its equal, or one even like it. For the hearts of the people from one end of the country to the other were heaving from their depths, depths of feeling which are reached only when mankind is on the verge of some great trial and about to fight its way to some azure crest in the range of ideals; one of those times when the shrines of our better natures are all flashing, and mysterious hands are sweeping those harps which are hung in the sky of our being; oh, yes, when Poetry and Art, and their heavenly sister, Religion, are all active in behalf of our sentiment and imagination, that its great creative instincts may make new advances toward the light of God.

I wish I could translate that week's record of our country's deep feeling into terms that would satisfy our inner sources of reason and of history and of divine interpretation; for I have a consciousness that in it lie those movements which at last become epics and lyrics, and those exalted terms which we find on the lips of the great seers and prophets.

Whatever the week's record may embrace of the inspiration I have intimated, it marked the display of what is known as West Point friendship. And in due time for that friendship I shall claim our present peace and national welfare and,

what is more, the salvation of our land from pages of horrible history; but for the present let the following letter written by my classmate McCrea on Saturday, the 27th of April, 1861, throw its light on what had transpired at West Point in the week then closing: —

"On Sunday night, or rather Monday morning, for it was after 12 o'clock, some of the cadets serenaded Lieutenant McCook. On Tuesday night we serenaded Captain Seymour, one of the heroes of Fort Sumter, who was here visiting his father-in-law, Professor Weir. It was a clear moonlight night, and there were about fifty cadets in front of the house. Captain Seymour came to the window and made us a patriotic speech. We could see his features well and he looked as if he had had a hard time at Fort Sumter. When he made his appearance at the window the cadets applauded everything that he said, from beginning to end. But he would have been applauded if he had not said a word, for actions speak louder than words, and his actions at Fort Sumter had preceded him and endeared him to every true American heart.

"On Friday the officers serenaded Lieutenant Lee (Fitzhugh), who is a Virginian and has resigned because his state has seceded. He was the most popular officer that I have ever seen at West Point. He was liked by the officers, cadets, ladies, and in fact by every one that knew him. It was a bitter day for him when he left, for he did not want to go, and said that he hated to desert his old flag. But he thought that it was his

duty to do as Virginia did. He was the Commandant of my company, and on Friday evening he came to bid us good-by. He went to every room and shook hands with every one of us with tears in his eyes, and hoped, he said, that our recollections of him would be as happy as those he had of us. When he shook hands with me I expressed my regrets that he was going away. He said that he was sorry to leave, but as he belonged to the other side of the line, it was time that he was going. On Saturday morning after breakfast the cadets gathered in front of the barracks to see him off. As he passed in the omnibus we took off our hats and waved them. This may appear very natural and matter-of-fact to you, for you do not know enough about military usage to recognize the great difference that there is between an officer and a subaltern. I believe it is the second time that I ever shook hands with an officer, although it is three years that I have been here.

"Sunday evening. To-day directly after dinner a large boat passed down the river loaded with volunteers from the northern part of the state. I never saw such a crowd before on a single boat, for it appeared like a hive of bees, as all the volunteers crowded to the guards to exchange salutes and cheers with the cadets. The boat was so heavily laden that it moved very slowly through the water, consequently remained within saluting distance for some time. The Graycoats on the shore would give three cheers and wave their caps and handkerchiefs; then the Bluecoats on the boat would return the cheers, wave their handkerchiefs, the captain of the boat would blow his steam whistle, ring his bell, and every one showed his patriotism and excitement in every possible way. This was kept up between the cadets on the shore and the volunteers on the boat until it had passed out of sight. It was an exciting scene, and it gladdened every patriotic heart to see so many noble volunteers on their way to defend the nation's capital. Even

the officers forgot their dignity and waved their caps and handkerchiefs. And the strict old Commandant even went so far as to permit us to go off of limits in order to see and be seen better. The 'sick' in the hospital crawled out of their wards on to the porch and saluted them as they passed. The ladies smiled upon them and also waved their handkerchiefs and all wished them success in their holy mission. These are not the first troops that have come from the North, but all heretofore have come down on the railroad which is on the other side of the river, thus preventing us from seeing them."

There was an incident in connection with Lee, not mentioned in this letter, which is worth preserving. Some of the cadets of his Company "A", hailing from the North, decorated their rooms by pinning little flags on their alcove curtains. This display of patriotism flamed out too rapidly for him in his then troubled state of mind, and he ordered them removed, on the ground that it was a violation of the regulations. McCrea in obedience to the order took his down, collected his paints and brushes which he used in the department of drawing, and then proceeded with firmly set jaws to paint his water bucket with bands of red, white, and blue. Now this utensil was a part of the authorized furniture of the rooms, and the regulations did not prescribe how it should be painted. What Fitz thought of this flank movement is not recorded; and, so far as the writer knows, this was the only really historic picture that Tully ever executed; and yet he helped to make a celebrated one, namely, that which was painted on the country's memory by Pickett's charge, with McCrea and others facing it undaunted between thundering guns.

The serenade by the officers to Fitzhugh Lee I remember very well: Guilford D. Bailey, who was killed on the Peninsula, and several others, occupied the tower rooms with him. I had often heard

them laughing and sometimes singing at late hours in his quarters while I roomed in the Angle. To many readers who have inherited or imbibed from one source or another more or less of the passions of the war, it may seem strange that loyal officers, and above all officers on duty at West Point, should serenade a Southerner like Lee on the eve of his taking up arms against the government.

I can readily understand the present generation's surprise at an event of this kind; had such a manifestation been made elsewhere in the North, so violent was the feeling at that time a riot would certainly have followed. Yet totally unconscious of any significance, the same kindly feeling and sad parting prevailed at every post between officers. But it was soon attended by an evil result, for it was not long before throughout the North a feeling doubting the loyalty of all West Point men was diffused. And by the end of the second year of the war this feeling had risen so high that a movement to put civilians at the head of the army was openly discussed by influential Northerners.

It is not necessary to resurrect these long-since buried charges, so unjust and so disheartening in their day. But it is due to West Point to exonerate her from the insinuation that her friendships ever stayed the delivering of attack, or that one of her sons ever failed to give the most loyal duty to his civilian commander. One in every five of those engaged laid down his life, one in every three, and probably every other one, was wounded. No, no, it made no difference who was in command. On the other hand, there is something due to West Point friendships which she has a right to claim: I refer to the part they played at Appomattox, and my heart leaps with pride as I think of it.

For on that day two West Point men met, with more at stake than has ever fallen to the lot of two Americans. On the manner in which they should meet, on the temper with which they should approach the mighty issue, lay the future

peace of the country and the standards of honor and glory for the days to come. There was the choice between magnanimity to a gallant foe and a spirit of revenge; there was the choice between official murders for treason and leaving the page of our country's history aglow with mercy; there was the choice between the conduct of a conqueror and the conduct of a soldier and a gentleman; finally, there was the choice for these two men, who for over a year had fronted each other on so many fields, to garland the occasion by the display of what is greater than victory, — terms that the Christian and the lover of peace in all ages of the world will honor. These two West Point men knew the ideals of their old Alma Mater, they knew each other as only graduates of that institution know each other, and they met on the plane of that common knowledge. I cannot avoid expressing the belief that the greatest hour that has ever come in the march of our country's years was on that April day, when Grant and Lee shaped the terms at Appomattox. And then what happened? The graduates of both armies met as brothers and planted then and there the tree that has grown, blooming for the Confederate and blooming for the Federal, and under whose shade we now gather in peace. West Point has rendered many a service: she opened the gates to Grant's undreamed-of abilities; with beating heart she was with Thomas as he stood at Chickamauga that mighty September day; she was at Warren's side on Round Top; she was with little George B. McClellan when he rallied the Army of the Potomac after Second Bull Run; all these were great services. But her greatest service was in inspiring and revealing the ideals of the soldier and the gentleman, and in knitting friendships which, when called on by the world's love of gentleness, responded at Appomattox by bringing back enduring peace, leaving our country's history unshadowed by revenge and unhaunted by the victims of political gibbets.

Lee's attitude has never, it seems to me, had due recognition. Had he yielded to a sense of mortification over defeat, had he been ill-natured and revengeful, one word from him and the conflict would have degenerated into bloody and barbarous guerrilla warfare. On the contrary, by his dignified, yet full and manly, meeting of Grant on his high level of magnanimity and statesmanship, he rendered a great service to his country and generation.

On that occasion he was dressed like and looked the gentleman. Grant, in simple garb stained with the campaign, bore himself and acted the gentleman; both honored their Alma Mater and both honored their country; and both little dreamed that they were marching abreast up the broad stairway of the Temple of Fame, not to take their places among the world's conquerors, but among the heralds of civilization and all the mild, brave, and blessed benefactors of the world. For their example is bound, it seems to me, to be influential hereafter when the heads of armies and governments meet to settle upon the terms of peace.

While I have written these last few paragraphs the overarching West Point has seemed near. At times so near and so definite that I thought — perhaps it was a mere, but not, I trust, vain-glorious illusion — I could almost read the thought in the faces of the spiritual embodiments of truth, and honor, and courage, and duty. To this statement of possible community with creatures of the imagination, science and reason will give neither weight nor credence, treating it as sheer fantasy. Perhaps they are right in discouraging all converse with ethereal messengers; but science and reason should not overlook the fact that language itself, through its primitive associations, has intercourse with the very elements of the matter on whose properties they build their cold and verdureless eminence, deaf to and unconscious of the communion that is ever going on around them. But

who knows how soon the day will come when imagination's now shadowy world will be real, when mankind will see truth and virtue and honor as we see and know the heavenly bodies glowing steadfastly so far away in the depths of space.

As this is in all probability the last time the writer will refer to the overarching West Point, for one of his little crew that has labored so faithfully and willingly throughout the course of this narrative reports that around another headland lies a vast and silent deep, — it is the end, — the writer begs to say as he parts with the idea, that to it his narrative owes whatsoever color and atmosphere it may have. And if it has left through its inspiration a clearer and, he hopes, kinder image of his Alma Mater; that it is not a school of blood or of pomp or of the mere science of the Art of War; if through it he has given to any young man one single uplifting thought, he parts with gratitude from what has been to him a source of intellectual pleasure.

Owing to the great demand for regular officers to help drill and organize the three months' volunteers that were rushed by the states into Washington in reply to Lincoln's proclamation, orders came to graduate Dupont's, Upton's, and Babcock's class.

The personnel of the officers changed rapidly: McCook left for the field, followed by Warren, Vincent, Holabird, Benton, Hascall, Comstock, Symonds, and Du Barry; and in the summer and early autumn went Reynolds, Williams, Breck, Biggs, and Carroll — and all rendered valuable services. Comstock, to whom I remember to have recited on one or two occasions, — he and Mendell were our instructors in mechanics, — became a member of Grant's staff in the Vicksburg campaign and accompanied him to the Army of the Potomac. Like his great commander, he was a modest, quiet, unpretentious man, and one to whose judgment Grant gave more heed, I believe, than to that of any other of the younger officers on his staff. Warren I

messed with at Meade's headquarters and served with temporarily in the early days of the Rapidan campaign. Carroll I saw frequently in the field. In the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania his services were brilliant. I have sometimes thought he saved the day at Gettysburg and at the Wilderness.

"The time had come," says Walker in his history of the Second Corps, referring to the battle of the Wilderness, "for him to do the same feat of arms which he had performed on the night of the 2d of July at Gettysburg. Putting his brigade into motion [it was composed of the 4th and 8th Ohio and 14th Indiana], himself with bandaged arm, at the head of the column, Carroll dashed on the run across the road, and then coming to a 'front,' charged forward, encountering the exultant Confederates in the very moment of their triumph, and hurling them head foremost over the intrenchments."

On the 13th of May, 1861, by order of the Secretary of War, the superintendent was directed to call upon the professors, officers, and cadets to take the oath of allegiance according to a prescribed form sent from the War Department. In compliance with the above order the Academic Board, officers and cadets, assembled in the chapel at 5 p. m. on Monday, 13th May, 1861, and took the oath of allegiance before William Avery, justice of the peace. I have always thought that this order was inspired by the conduct of the Southern men in Dupont's class, who resigned at once after graduating. However that may be, in August the War Department concluded that we had better take the oath again, but this time they introduced into the form, "That I will maintain and defend the sovereignty of the United States, paramount to any and all allegiance, sovereignty, or fealty I may owe to any State, county or country whatsoever." When the time came, two men from Kentucky declined to take the oath and were dismissed. One was Dunlap, whose

rough-and-tumble fight with Kilpatrick in the 5th Division has already been told; the other was a member of the 4th class. After returning home the latter entered the Union Army and was killed in battle. I have often thought of that boy; and his pale face, the target of every eye in the battalion, still comes and goes — and I believe that of all the men of our day Fate handed him her deepest cup: the struggle at West Point, the burning punishment of that hour in the chapel, the weight of twilight that night, his lonely and heavy-hearted departure, his last despairing look at the place. His reason for declining was, I suspect, his boyish love of and pride in Kentucky. But when he reached home he found his state a divided household; who knows why he took a step at home so inconsistent with that at West Point? Did his sweetheart love the Union, and did he follow the flag for her sake? Was her look kindlier than that of any other in the world? and for that show of charity, did he go to the side of her choice, and yield up his life?

The writer does not know on what field he fell, but hopes that it slopes to the east and the morning sun, that some little brook winds murmuring across it, and that here and there over it are primeval trees like those which dignify and bless his Blue Grass country, where the night winds breathe a requiem through their tops for the ill-fated but dear boy. The chances are that he was only nineteen or twenty years old.

Our first shock of the war was the death of Lieutenant Greble, which occurred on June 10, 1861, in the battle of Big Bethel, Virginia; and I remember to this day the impression it made upon me, for he and Webb were the very first of my instructors. The papers gave every detail of his death and of his burial from Independence Hall in Philadelphia. A few days ago, to refresh my memory, I read the account of his funeral. He lay in state on a bier that had borne the bodies of John Quincy Adams and Henry

Clay, and for three hours the young and old of the people of Philadelphia filed by his remains; in the long procession were the children of the schools he had attended. His sword lay on the colors, and, near by, his hat with a long black plume, and there were wreaths of mingled jessamine, heliotrope, and mignonette, with white roses, on his coffin. Two long white ribbons hung gracefully from it, on which was printed the single word "Purity." No word in the language was more fitting, and no word, I believe, does the spirit of West Point like better.

The writer has given this detail of his instructor's funeral for these reasons: because he was drawn toward him by his gentleness at a time when everybody at West Point seemed to him so cold and hard; that the present generation may have some idea of the depth of feeling, and of what the war meant to the living; but above all, that it may open the gates of reflection, and that through them the generation may behold two or three splendors in the distance, — gentleness, courage, and a country ready to meet death for a principle.

Shortly after the battle where Greble lost his life, orders came to graduate Mordecai's, Hill's, "Shang" Parker's, and Edie's class. On June 24 they were graduated without the usual impressive ceremonies, and all left for the field, save Custer, who, being officer of the guard, instead of stopping a fight going on between two plebes over whose turn it was at the water faucet, rushed in with sword and sash, formed a ring, and then and there proclaimed that it was to be a fair fight. Meanwhile the officer in charge appeared, and Custer was put under arrest, and charges filed against him. Fortunately for the country, they were not pressed, and he got away just in time to reach the field before the battle of Bull Run.

The graduation of his class advanced mine to first rank in the corps, a dignity already commented upon, to which the writer never looks back without a con-

sciousness of some evocation from the uplifting influences of the Academy.

The next event of importance in chronological order was the famous battle of Bull Run, the first of the great battles in Virginia. The news of the disaster reached us late in the afternoon, and strangely enough my first informant was Professor Church. The early dispatches from the field had all been favorable, arousing great enthusiasm, and we were expecting to hear at any moment that McDowell had won. The news, growing more and more exciting as the afternoon wore along, had slowly filtered down to the hospital, where I had been for a day or two with some trifling ailment; and, to get the latest, I went up to camp. It was on my return that I met the professor. He was talking earnestly with two army officers at the junction of the path which runs under the elms before the barracks, with the driveway to the hotel; in other words, diagonally across from the little chapel. As I saluted he turned to me with blanched face and said, "Mr. Schaff, the news has just been received that our army has met with defeat and is fleeing to Washington in utter rout." As soon as I could recover from my surprise, I asked if any one of our officers had been killed, having in mind the West Point battery and those who had lately left us as officers and cadets. He answered, "I hope not, but the dispatch gives no details." I did not presume to inquire further, saluted again, and went on my way. And from that day to this the writer has been unable to decide which was the more astounding, the news of the army's defeat or the source of its conveyance. For two long years he had, day after day, in the section room scanned the broad face of that little, deeply-brown-eyed old professor, striving in vain to read the riddle of his being, never discovering a single indication that he shared the power to feel with his fellow mortals, — and yet those who knew him well told me in after years that he was the tenderest of men: — and now,

to have him, totally unconscious of self and the gulf that lay between us as professor and cadet, address me with so much feeling and share news of such mighty import, opened more than one shutter of the windows of my mind. There are little plots in fields, there are lilies in the woods, and there are islands in the sea, which suddenly please and surprise, but a turn of a character on its orbit, showing beams of light over a cold and inscrutably dark waste, carries a peculiar pleasure to the inward eye, one that in its mystery is far and away above the lights and shades of the natural world.

On my arrival at the hospital I told the news, and can see now the surprised and dumbfounded look of everyone, and especially of the hospital steward, a middle-aged German with a nervous, keen face and rodential air of having caught a whiff of something like cheese. He was an old soldier and a competent hospital steward, but we most heartily detested him, not because he failed to do his duty, but because he did it too well. Boylike, we often tried his patience, and as often resented his exercise of authority; but he always got even with us. For whenever the surgeon would prescribe a disagreeable dose, he seemed to take special pleasure in seeing to it that we swallowed every bit of it; and when he had to use a probang, found infinite delight in getting a good grip on our tongues with a bent, spoon-like, clammy iron instrument, and then ramming his sponge up and down our throats till we were black in the face. Well, steward, we were the offenders, and if at the final day you need a friend to say a word to the Judge of all, call on any one of the Class of 1858-62 and I will guarantee that he will say a good word for you. There will be no question of rank between us then, steward, and, I sincerely hope, no probangs about.

The blow to the North was a staggering one, and its effects at this time can hardly be realized. But it was the best turn in the wheel of fortune for the North.

It eliminated vainglory and pulled off the mask from all those deceptive allurements of war, and in their place substituted resoluteness, and drew the curtain displaying the glories which shine at last in the faces of generations which yield to and follow the high moods. We did not see it so then, but we do see it so now; I mean its providential ordering; for had we gained a great victory at the outset, or at any time before slavery had exhausted every element of strength of the people on which she had fastened, enduring peace could not have been established between North and South.

Shortly after supper the writer slipped out of the hospital and started for camp again. As he passed the little chapel he heard his class singing, — clearer and clearer their voices reached him as in the twilight he traversed the plain, — and with quickening step he crossed the sentinel's post to join them at the head of one of the camping streets. In the face of the defeat they were singing patriotic airs with fine spirit.

Before tattoo sounded I made my way back to the hospital and sat long on the porch, having for a companion a gentleman from Baltimore who, while practicing with a pistol in the riding hall, had wounded himself slightly. He was a brother-in-law of Lieutenant Carroll, later General Carroll, and, if my memory serves me right, had been appointed, but not yet commissioned, as an officer of the army. What he said — and he was a most voluminous and nimble Munchausen talker — I do not remember. But I do remember a full moon mounting serenely, diffusing a flood of chaste light over the Highlands and down into the face of the tranquil Hudson, which, as viewed from the hospital, bears on in sunlight and moonlight so beautifully great.

The circumstance that two young men sat on the bank of the Hudson on the night of the battle of Bull Run, that a moon bedecked the heavens, shedding her blessed light down through leafy tree-tops, and over fields and spires, and upon flocks

asleep, contributes nothing to the reader's store of knowledge as to West Point or its spirit, or as to the drama whose stage at Bull Run was dotted at that hour with pale, fallen actors. And yet had some Briton sitting on the banks of the Thames on the evening of the battle of Hastings, or had some Moor sitting on the banks of the Darro the night before the Alhambra fell, told us how the night looked, whether there were moon and stars, it would have brought the scene a little closer and added perhaps that little æolian chord to history which always sounds so enchantingly distant when nature and our simple emotions are translating themselves into each other's terms.

The authorities at Washington, wrought to the highest pitch by the defeat of the crude army, ordered our class to be graduated at the very earliest date. We hailed the news with boundless delight, and at once took up our studies in field engineering and ordnance. In the former we recited to Lieutenant Craighill of the engineers, later the chief of his distinguished corps; now, retired as a brigadier general, he is passing the evening of a long and useful life in the Valley of the Shenandoah. May blessings fall on our old instructor to the end!

Well, we started off in high glee. In a few days — I believe the superintendent thought he could get us ready in three weeks — we would be officers of the army and at the front, realizing what it was to go into battle and see our lives take on all the hues of that radiantly illusive phantasmagoria set in motion by what we read or heard of war. What fortune! For suppose the war should end suddenly and we have no part in it, would we ever get through bemoaning our luck? But now we were *sure* to see some of it. Imagine our collapse then, when one day, while we were reciting in ordnance and gunnery to Lieutenant Breck, the adjutant came in and whispered something in his ear. Whereupon Lieutenant Breck, with a sardonic smile, said, "Young gentlemen, you may suspend

recitations," addressing several at the blackboard; "the order for the graduation of your class has been revoked." Had we been photographed at that moment, there certainly would have been anything but angelic dreaminess in our countenances.

I do not recall ever having heard the class quite so voluble as when we broke ranks and could speak out. Matthew Arnold says that Gray never spoke out; well, he could not have said that of the Class of '62 on this occasion; and if any of the readers of these articles, who have gained an impression that butter would hardly have melted in the mouths of these young gentlemen, — they were so refined and good, — could have heard a few of the remarks that were made that day, there would have been no place left in their minds, at least temporarily, for illusions. We went back to camp disgusted through and through, and some of the more despondent said hopelessly, "The war will be over before we get out of the — place." But it was not over; no, we had all we wanted of war.

About this time, Mackenzie, the leader of our class, of whom Grant speaks so enviably, was "broken," and the writer was appointed a lieutenant in his place, and carried a sword proudly behind C Company until that unfortunate trip across the Hudson already detailed.

It is not my purpose or inclination to dwell at length on that last year at West Point. In some ways I enjoyed it deeply, and the fountains of those joys are still flowing. But before referring to them let me reflect, vaguely to be sure, some features of our West Point life which I think prevailed in great measure at every college, at Princeton, Yale, Harvard, in fact wherever a college bell rang: namely, the utter neglect of study, and indifference to class standing. The war absorbed everybody, it began to be talked of at sunrise, it was still the topic at sunset, and among college men it was talked of long after night fell and laborers were asleep. They gathered in their rooms and talked;

they sat on the fence under the elms at New Haven and talked; they sat on the steps of the historic dormitories of Harvard; and the Tigers were on those of old Nassau long, long after the lights in the professors' quarters were out; and I have no doubt more than once the clock pealed midnight and the college boys — God bless every one of them of every college in the land to-day! — were still talking of the war.

And so it was with our class at West Point. It is true that discipline was not relaxed, nor was there any abatement in the requirements of the academic departments; but, save now and then a natural student, the class as a whole were more like bees getting ready to swarm; the workers had all left the fields and were buzzing about the new queen — that is, the war. Our hearts were not in our books, they were off beyond the Potomac. There is a blank book now lying beside me which I used for a note-book in the course of military engineering, and it bears abundant evidence on every page of the war's domination and also of my indifference to my studies and waste of opportunity. Instead of notes on how to build temporary bridges, and make reconnaissances, on field works, or on martial mixed commands, or scores of subjects on which Lieutenant Craighill gave us valuable and practical instruction, it is filled with caricatures of my classmates while reciting, attempts at humor, and bungling and poorly drawn cartoons.

It may interest the present first class at West Point, however, to see my estimates of cost of outfit, — they appear several times and vary somewhat, but the following is a fair sample: —

Class ring	\$25.00
Class album	46.00
Flannels	17.50
Uniform coat	43.00
Trousers	10.00
Sword and belt	15.00
Pistols	24.00
Traveling bag	7.50

Underclothing	23.37½
Boots and spurs	9.00

\$220.37½

But I must have been doing some pretty good reading at this time, for written in lead pencil I find these two extracts in the note-book: "Arguments are the sole current coin of intellect. The degree of influence to which an opinion is entitled should be proportional to the weight and value of the reasons."¹ On the same page is a badly drawn cadet making a recitation. Then follow a couple of pages filled with more trifling and wretchedly drawn pictures, and now appears the following: "Preface. There is a stirring and a far heard music sent forth from the tree of knowledge when its branches are fighting with the storm, which, passing onward, shrills out at once truths, triumphs and its own defeat."²

"The original stock or wild olive tree of our natural powers was not given us to be burned or blighted but to be grafted on." Coleridge, *Essay 12*, gives extracts from what he considers as the most eloquent in our English literature."

These are the only indications in the book of any seriousness on my part, and I feel grateful to it for preserving their favorable testimony. Meanwhile the thin old book — its binding a strip of faded brown, its covers a marbled green — has been all these years in that melancholy company which gathers in attics and garrets — with children's schoolbooks, their little toy houses, chairs, skates, hobby-horses, and sleds, old trunks and chests, pictures, curtain poles, wrinkled cast-off and caved-in traveling bags, and sturdy old andirons. And now, after this little furlough out into the light and song of to-day, — the apple-trees are just blooming, — it must go back to its dreary and fading company; and I think the more chattering ones of the garret — some of that bric-a-brac, for instance, which once paraded so complacently on the mantels

¹ See *Pliny's Letters*, vol. 2, p. 286.

² Coleridge, *Essay 11*.

and bookcases — will ask as my footsteps die away on the stairway, holding me more or less responsible for their banishment, "Has he any more sense than he used to have, or has he learned *anything* in all these years?" "No," replies the book, settling down into its old place, "he does not seem much wiser now than he was then; but I thought I discovered here and there little fields in his heart that were still green; and blooming like roses on a trellis were boyhood's loves for old West Point and the cadet friends of his youth."

There is little more to be told of my West Point life. While I have been writing this narrative about it — and let me confess that the pen at times has run with deep feeling, and many a time, too, in faint hope, yes, almost in despair, of doing justice to the dear old Alma Mater, to the men and times, and, above all, to that display of high and glorious manhood which met the country's crisis — I say, while I have been writing of its life, and trying as faithfully as I could to build fair images of West Point in the minds of my readers, scores of workmen have been tearing down the old buildings or laying the foundations for those of a new West Point. In a few years the West Point of these articles will be no more; and if the men of my day should go back, so great will have been the changes, I fear they would feel more like strangers than graduates; and, like sons wandering about an old home, their hearts would be heavy. And because it is changed, should they go away mourning for the past, for the West Point of their day? Oh, no! change, blessed, everlasting change is the law of the universe — going on with music and triumphal processions which in due time all that is mortal shall hear and see. West Point is under its sway, as well as the humblest and loneliest hamlet. To white-haired veterans, men of Gettysburg, Vicksburg, the Wilderness, and Appomattox, and every graduate up to 1870, the West Point of our day was at the end of an era in her

life — an era that began in 1820 with the Missouri Compromise, flowered in 1861 and 1865, and ended when the old board of professors had reached the end of their creatively intellectual, honorable, and inspiring lives. From that time on the new West Point began. And is there any reason to believe that in the days to come the graduates of the new West Point will not, if called upon, match the services of those of the old West Point? None whatever, we hope. The officers who are there now must be hearing the same trumpet voices out of the sky over them that spoke to the hearts of the men of the old days.

But there are certain changes going on that are much more significant than the replacement of old by new buildings — changes that are fundamental and are the obvious as well as inherent characteristics of what is known as militarism. I refer to the progressive subordination of the Academic Board to the military staff of the Academy. In our day the former were predominant, and rightly so. Mahan, the head of the Department of Civil and Military Engineering, had graduated at the head of his class and then distinguished himself and honored his country by taking a like position at the Polytechnic School in France. Upon his appointment as professor he laid the foundations of the present course in civil and military engineering and the Art of War, by a series of text books which at once became authority on these subjects. Bartlett by like original works in mechanics, Church in mathematics, and French in the English course, established themselves and West Point abreast of the times. Kendrick was carrying on Bailey's pioneer work in geology and mineralogy; Robert Weir, the professor of drawing, had risen into the company of the great artists of his day by his celebrated picture in the rotunda at Washington. Now, add to these intellectual acquirements that one great subtle quality called character, I mean that element of stimulating power which emanates

with pervading and constant force from men of ability, of achievement, of courtly good manners, and, above all, of high moral standards, and it is easy to see what a tone they would give and what reverence they would receive. And in our day that reverence was not confined to the cadets alone, it characterized the bearing of every officer on duty at the Academy. And as a result the atmosphere of Cultivation and Scholarship prevailed over, uplifted, and refined that of barracks and camps.

It is far from my intention to say that a complete change has taken place, that the Academic Board has changed places with the Military Staff in the active and formative influences of West Point life. But I cannot resist the conclusion that, if militarism grows more ascendant, serious changes must take place in the ideals of West Point; for ideals feed on culture, they lie down in the green pastures of knowledge, their shrines are not in drums but in the aspirations of the heart. Militarism once fully entrenched tolerates no challenge of precedence and culture; scholarship, idealism, those great liberating forces, must grow less and less influential as less and less they are appreciated and revered. Nothing it seems to me could be worse for West Point or worse for the army as a profession than to have the Academic Board sink to the level of mere teachers; in other words, to see West Point fall from the level of a university to that of a post school at a garrison — fall back to the condition in which Major Sylvanus Thayer, the Father of West Point, — before whose monument, now facing the plain, no graduate should pass without lifting his hat, — found it when he took command in 1817; that is, detached from the elevating influence of civil life, in other words, encrusted with the impervious lacquer of garrison life. When he left it, as we all know, every feature of West Point life, and especially its martial features, were softly illuminated by the inherent glow of scholarship: not mere technical scholar-

ship, not the patchy stenciling of pedagogy, but that deeply reflecting scholarship which comes from a mingling of science and literature with idealism.

In giving expression to these reflections I trust that no officer on duty at the Academy or any graduate of late years will think that I am claiming any vanished ideals for old West Point, or that, as they look back, the new West Point will not be as dear to them, and they be as justly proud of it as I am of the dear old West Point. The change which I have indicated, the subordination of the Academic Board, is so fraught with danger that I could not refrain from sounding a note of warning. But on the other hand the Academic Board cannot, any more than the faculty of a University, stand still; in other words, it cannot blossom year by year and produce no fruit. What a cadet expects — and he and the country have a right to expect it — is that the professors shall have recognition for learning, not in the narrow but in the wide sense, commensurate with the fame of West Point.

To this end there should be created a professorship of literature and philosophy, with a general supervision of the course in English studies, with a provision in the act creating the chair, that it should be filled by a civilian of broad views and acknowledged ability, and, as prerequisites, a knowledge of the world and the quiet address of a scholar and a gentleman. It is with no little trepidation that I have offered advice and ventured to mount the steps of Admonition. But sometimes an observer out in the field, beyond the shadow of the oak, can see and judge of its health better than those who are beneath it; for as they look up, so deep and strong is the green that they do not see those limbs at the top torching with crimsoning leaves the approach of decay.

But to drop all that brings the old in contrast with the new, let me say that the most sober period in the life of old West Point was, I think, those last six or seven

months of my stay there. For while to us the future was brightening like a dawn, to her it must have been gray and sober. Her sons were off undergoing the trials of war; on their conduct and their character as men and on their powers to do what she had taught them to do as soldiers and officers, all of her pride, and above everything else, the holy purposes of her aims, were at stake. She could do no more for them or for their country, and, like a mother whose sons had gone off into the world, she thought of them often. Thus, while our faces were free from care and lit up by the prospects, — graduation and then the wide stirring field of the war, — care, in the language of metaphor, was ploughing hers deeply.

Well, spring came, the elms around the plain and before the barracks leaved out and drooped, it seemed to me, with more benediction than ever; the horse chestnuts under which Pat O'Rorke had so patiently drilled me four years before, were in bloom, and on the face of Crow Nest and on the brows of the hills the laurel was blooming too. Our trunks and outfit had come. Tiffany had our class rings ready, and one after another our final examinations were being held. We had attended the last service in the little chapel; the last look had been given to the picture over the chancel, where my eye had rested so often; the legend on the tablet, "Righteousness exalteth a nation but sin is a reproach to any people," had proclaimed its last divine monition; and the touching hymn, "When shall we meet again?" had been sung. From my place down in the body of the church I heard Bolles of my class, the tenor, leading the choir, and my eyes grow dim now as I recall the scene and think of him, for in less than a year he died.

At last the examinations are all over, it is the end of a beautiful June day, the 10th of 1862, and the drum is beating the first call to fall in for the last parade. I go to my room — it is on the second floor of the 5th division facing the area.

I am living alone; and as I put on my uniform hat and side-arms — at the last parade the graduates who are privates do not carry their guns — the musket I have carried for four years, No. 144, knows that the parting day has come, and I hear it say, "Good-by, we have been friends; good-by." "Yes, we have been friends indeed, old fellow, but I have not treated you as well as I should have done. I have never honored you by getting on the color line or by winning, and, above all, by retaining chevrons. Except for four or five months you have been in the ranks on the shoulder of a private." "Do not speak of it," exclaims the old piece. "I have stood here in the rack and enjoyed hearing you and your friends talk and laugh, — I have often wished that I could give you some help when you have been trying to master your mathematics, and you will excuse me if I say that I do not believe you ever were intended to shine in that department." "I know mighty well I was not." "Let that be as it may," continues the old gun, "we have had many a pleasant hour alone. For, as we walked the sentinel's post under starlight and moonlight through the dead hours of the night, you always made a companion of me. I listened while you thought and sometimes talked aloud of your home, your sweetheart, and the days to come; and you listened, I sometimes thought, when I talked." "Yes, I did listen, but your speech, like that of the trees and the grass, the clouds and the winds, — and from boyhood they have all talked to me, — was in a tongue I did not know; only a word now and then have I understood in your speech or in theirs, but that word made me see for a moment another world. Indirectly you have always spoken to me of uprightness, of duty, and of courage; you have done your share of mute teaching. I hope I may live worthily of you and my other teachers of West Point. Good-by." And I have no doubt that, when the volleys of the Wilderness were thundering in my ear, No. 144 and the old bayonet bristled in the

gun-rack when some of the shots came near *mé*.

And now the companies are formed — the adjutant, sergeant-major, and markers are ready out in front for the band to strike up; the usual crowd of visitors that come from all parts of the country, young and old, a long line, have gathered under the elms to witness the ceremony, the last parade of the graduating class with the battalion. The sun is just going down, the shadows deepen the green, in tranquillity the day is ending. The band strikes up, the adjutant steps out, his plume waving; the companies are called to attention, and soon are under way. On they go with perfect step, harmonious lines of crinkling white, and over them the polished bayonets shining in the last rays of the setting sun. Where does the world see a finer sight than when the companies are marching out to parade? The color company wheels into line, its banner drooping proudly, and with movements of matchless precision, ease, and grace, one after another the companies come up into line. The commandant has taken his place, the adjutant completes the formation, the battalion is brought to parade rest, and the troop beats off. With royal strains the band moves out on its march down in front of the line, and with music still high and fine it returns to its place on the right of the battalion. And now there is a moment of silence; we all know what is coming, and our hearts are beating softly.

The leader gives the signal, and West Point for the first time and the only time opens its heart to the graduating class — the band is playing "Home, Sweet Home." And, as almost tearfully its deeply affecting notes float over the battalion, there is a deep hush. Hearts are beating low and tenderly in the breasts of the boys who entered in 1858. Are they thinking of their old homes? Oh, no, the days of their companionship are ending — in sunlight and shadow they have

passed the four years together, they know each other well, and besides, there in the ranks are friends tried and true. Oh, heart, come to the window and let us hear the strains again.

The last tone dies away, the last roll of the drums is beating, the evening gun is fired, and the flag — some of whose stars as it hangs at the masthead are looking up to the sky and some looking down kindly, we feel sure, on the boys who in a few weeks thereafter will meet their gaze from parapets and lines of battles, while Crow Nest is echoing back the discharge of the evening gun — comes softly down. In due time, for the commandant puts the battalion through the manual and the orders are to be read, the adjutant approaches, gives the orders for the privates of the graduating class to join the officers' line, and soon we are all marching up to the commandant. When we salute he lifts his hat, we lift ours, and he says, "I congratulate you, gentlemen." We bow our thanks and with light hearts go back to barracks. On the following day, without ceremony, our diplomas were given, and orders to report in Washington on the 15th of July, where we were assigned to corps and regiments, and, save a very few, went at once to the field.

And now, dear old Alma Mater, Fountain of Truth, Hearth of Courage, Altar of Duty, Tabernacle of Honor, with a loyal and a grateful heart I have tried, as well as I could, to picture you as you were when you took me a mere boy, awkward and ignorant, and trained me for the high duties of an officer, unfolding from time to time views of those ever-enduring virtues that characterize the soldier, the Christian, and the gentleman. All that I am I owe to you. May the Keeper of all preserve you; not only for the sake of our country's past glories and high destiny, but for the sake of the ideals of the soldier and the gentleman!

(The End.)

THE HELPMATE¹

BY MAY SINCLAIR

XXXII

ANNE sat in her chair by the fireside, very still. She had turned out the light, for it hurt her eyes and made her head ache. She had felt very weak, and her knees shook under her as she crossed the room. Beyond that she felt nothing, no amazement, no sorrow, no anger, nor any sort of pang. If she had been aware of the trembling of her body, she would have attributed it to the agitation of a disagreeable encounter. She shivered. She thought there was a draught somewhere; but she did not rouse herself to shut the window.

At eight o'clock a telegram from Majendie was brought to her. She was not to wait dinner. He would not be home that night. She gave the message in a calm voice, and told Kate not to send up dinner. She had a bad headache, and could not eat anything.

Kate had stood by, waiting timidly. She had had a sense of things happening. Now she retired with curiosity relieved. Kate was used to her mistress's bad headaches. A headache needed no explanation. It explained everything.

Anne picked up the telegram and read it over again. Every week, for nearly three years, she had received these messages. They had always been sent from the same post-office in Scale, and the words had always been the same: "Don't wait. May not be home to-night."

To-night the telegram struck her as a new thing. It stood for something new. But all the other telegrams had meant the same thing. Not a new thing. A thing that had been going on for three years; four, five, six years, for all she knew. It was six years since their separation; and that had been his wish.

She had always known it; and she had always put her knowledge away from her, tried not to know more. Her friends had known it too, — Canon Wharton, and the Gardners, and Fanny. It all came back to her — the words, and the looks that had told her more than any words, signs that she had often wondered at and had refused to understand. They had known all the depths of it. It was only the other day that Fanny had offered her house to her as a refuge from her own house in its shame. Fanny had supposed that it must come to that.

God knew she had been loyal to him in the beginning. She had closed her eyes. She had forbidden her senses to take evidence against him. She had been loyal all through, loyal to the very end. She had lied for him; if, indeed, she *had* lied. In denying Lady Cayley's statements, she had denied her right to make them, that was all.

Her mind, active now, went backwards and forwards over the chain of evidence, testing each link in turn. All held. It was all true. She had always known it.

Then she remembered that she and Peggy would be going away to-morrow. That was well. It was the best thing she could do. Later on, when they were home again, it would be time enough to make up her mind as to what she could do. If there was anything to be done.

Until then she would not see him. They would be gone to-morrow before he could come home. Unless he saw them off at the station. She would avoid that by taking an earlier train. Then she would write to him. No; she would not write. What they would have to say to each other must be said face to face. She did not know what she would say.

She dragged herself upstairs to the

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nursery where the packing had been begun. The room was empty. Nanna had gone down to her supper.

Anne's heart melted. Peggy had been playing at packing. The little lamb had gathered together on the table a heap of her beloved toys, things which it would have broken her heart to part from.

Her little trunk lay open on the floor, packed already. The embroidered frock lay uppermost, carefully folded, not to be crushed. At the sight of it Anne's brain flared in anger.

A bright fire burned in the grate. She picked up the frock; she took a pair of scissors and cut it in several places at the neck, then tore it to pieces with strong, determined hands. She threw the tatters on the fire; she watched them consume; she raked out their ashes with the tongs, and tore them again. Then she packed Peggy's toys tenderly in the little trunk, her heart melting over them. She closed the lid of the trunk, strapped it, and turned the key in the lock.

Then, crawling on slow, quiet feet, she went to bed. Undressing vexed her. She, once so careful and punctilious, slipped her clothes like a tired Magdalen, and let them fall from her and lie where they fell. Her nightgown gaped, unbuttoned, at her throat. Her long hair lay scattered on her pillow, unbrushed, unbraided. Her white face stared to the ceiling. She was too spent to pray.

When she lay down, reality gripped her. And with it, her imagination rose up, a thing no longer crude, but full-grown, large-eyed, and powerful. It possessed itself of her tragedy. She had lain thus, nearly nine years ago, in that room at Scarby, thinking terrible thoughts. Now she saw terrible things.

Peggy stirred in her sleep, and crept from her cot into her mother's bed.

"Mummy, I'm so frightened."

"What is it, darling? Have you had a little dream?"

"No. Mummy, let me stay in your bed."

Anne let her stay, glad of the comfort

of the little warm body, and afraid to vex the child. She drew the blankets round her. "There," she said, "go to sleep, pet."

But Peggy was in no mind to sleep.

"Mummy, your hair's all loose," she said; and her fingers began playing with her mother's hair.

"Mummy, where's daddy? Is he in his little bed?"

"He's away, darling. Go to sleep."

"Why does he go away? Is he coming back again?"

"Yes, darling." Anne's voice shook.

"Mummy, did you cry when Auntie Edie went away?"

Anne kissed her.

"Auntie Edie's dead."

"Lie still, darling, and let mother go to sleep."

Peggy lay still, and Anne went on thinking.

There was nothing to be done. She would have to take him back again, always. Whatever shame he dragged her through, she must take him back again, for the child's sake.

Suddenly she remembered Peggy's birthday. It was only last week. Surely she had not known then. She must have forgotten for a time.

Then tenderness came, and with it an intolerable anguish. She was smitten and was melted; she was torn and melted again. Her throat was shaken, convulsed; then her bosom, then her whole body. She locked her teeth, lest her sobs should break through and wake the child.

She lay thus tormented, till a memory, sharper than imagination, stung her. She saw her husband carrying the sleeping child, and his face bending over her with that look of love. She closed her eyes, and let the tears rain down her hot cheeks and fall upon her breast and in her hair. She tried to stifle the sobs that strangled her, and she choked. That instant the child's lips were on her face, tasting her tears.

"Oh mummy, you're crying."

"No, my pet. Go to sleep."

"Why are you crying?"

Anne made no sound; and Peggy cried out in terror.

"Mummy — is daddy dead?"

Anne folded her in her arms.

"No, my pet, no."

"He is, mummy, I know he is. Daddy! Daddy!"

If Majendie had been in the house she would have carried the child into his room, shown him to her, and relieved her of her terror. She had done that once before when she had cried for him.

But now Peggy cried persistently, vehemently; not loud, but in an agony that tore and tortured her as she had seen her mother torn and tortured. She cried till she was sick; and still her sobs shook her, with a sharp mechanical jerk that would not cease.

Gradually she grew drowsy and fell asleep.

All night Anne lay awake beside her, driven to the edge of the bed, that she might give breathing space to the little body that pushed, closer and closer, to the warm place she made.

Towards dawn Peggy sighed three times and stretched her limbs, as if awakening out of her sleep.

Then Anne turned, and laid her hands on the dead body of her child.

XXXIII

The yacht had lain all night in Fawlness Creek. Majendie had slept on board. He had sent Steve up to the farm with a message for Maggie. He had told her not to expect him that night. He would call and see her very early in the morning. That would prepare her for the end. In the morning he would call and say good-bye to her.

He had taken that resolution on the night when Gardner had told him about Peggy.

He did not sleep. He heard all the sounds of the land, of the river, of the night, and of the dawn. He heard the lapping of the creek water against the yacht's

side, the wash of the steamers passing on the river, the stir of the wild fowl at day-break, the swish of wind and water among the reeds and grasses of the creek.

All night he thought of Peggy, who would not live, who was the child of her father's passion and her mother's grief.

At dawn he got up. It was a perfect day, with the promise of warmth in it. Over land and water the white mist was lifting and drifting eastwards towards the risen sun. Inland, over the five fields, the drops of fallen mist glittered on the grass. The farm, guarded by its three elms, showed clear, and red, and still, as if painted under an unchanging light. A few leaves, loosened by the damp, were falling with a shivering sound against the house wall, and lay where they fell, yellow on the red-brick path.

Maggie was not at the garden gate. She sat crouched inside, by the fender, kindling a fire. Tea had been made and was standing on the table. She was waiting.

She rose, with a faint cry, as Majendie entered. She put her arms on his shoulders in her old way. He loosened her hands gently and held her by them, keeping her from him at arm's length. Her hands were cold, her eyes had foreknowledge of the end; but, moved by his touch, her mouth curled unaware and shaped itself for kissing.

He did not kiss her. And she knew.

Upstairs in the bedroom overhead, Steve and his mother moved heavily. There was a sound of drawers opening and shutting, then a grating sound. Something was being dragged from under the bed. Maggie knew that they were packing Majendie's portmanteau with the things he had left behind him.

They stood together by the hearth, where the fire kindled feebly. He thrust out his foot, and struck the woodpile; it fell and put out the flame that was struggling to be born.

"I'm sorry, Maggie," he said.

Maggie stooped and built up the pile again and kindled it. She knelt there,

patient and humble, waiting for the fire to burn.

He did not know whether he was going to have trouble with her. He was afraid of her tenderness.

"Why did n't you come last night?" she said.

"I could n't."

She looked at him with eyes that said, "That is not true."

"You could n't?"

"I could n't."

"You came last week."

"Last week — yes. But since then things have happened, do you see?"

"Things have happened," she repeated, under her breath.

"Yes. My little girl is very ill."

"Peggy?" she cried, and covered her face with her hands. Then with her hands she made a gesture that swept calamity aside. Maggie would only believe what she wanted.

"She will get better," she said.

"Perhaps. But I must be with my wife."

"You were n't with her last night," said Maggie. "You could have come then."

"No, Maggie, I could n't."

"D' you mean — because of the little girl?"

"Yes."

"I see," she said softly. She had understood.

"She will get better," she said, "and then you can come again."

"No. I've told you. I must be with my wife."

"I thought —" said Maggie.

"Never mind what you thought," he said with a quick, fierce impatience.

"Are you fond of her?" she asked suddenly.

"You know I am," he said; and his voice was kind again. "You've known it all the time. I told you that in the beginning."

"But — since then," said Maggie, "You've been fond of me, have n't you?"

"It's not the same thing. I've told you

that, too, a great many times. I don't want to talk about it. It's different."

"How is it different?"

"I can't tell you."

"You mean — it's different because I'm not good."

"No, my child, I'm afraid it's different because I'm bad. That's as near as we can get to it."

She shook her head in persistent, obstinate negation.

"See here, Maggie, we must end it. We can't go on like this any more. We must give it up."

"I can't," she moaned. "Don't ask me to do that, Wallie dear. Don't ask me."

"I must, Maggie. I must give it up. I told you, dear, before we took this place, that it must end, sooner or later, that it could n't last very long. Don't you remember?"

"Yes, — I remember."

"And you promised me, did n't you, that when the time came, you would n't —"

"I know. I said I would n't make a fuss."

"Well, we've got to end it now. I only came to talk it over with you. There'll have to be arrangements."

"I know. I've got to clear out of this."

She said it sadly, without passion and without resentment.

"No," he said, "not if you'd rather stay. Do you like the farm, Maggie?"

"I love it."

"Do you? I was afraid you did n't. I thought you hated the country."

"I love it. I love it."

"Oh, well then, you shan't leave it. I'll keep on the farm for you. And, see here, don't worry about things. I'll look after you, all your life, dear."

"Look after me?" Her face brightened. "Like you used to?"

"Provide for you."

"Oh!" she cried. "That! I don't want to be provided for. I won't have it. I'd rather be let alone and die."

"Maggie, I know it's hard on you.

Don't make it harder. Don't make it hard for me."

"You?" she sobbed.

"Yes, me. It's all wrong. I'm all wrong. I can't do the right thing, whatever I do. It's wrong to stay with you. It's wrong, it's brutally wrong, to leave you. But that's what I've got to do."

"You said — you only said — just now — you'd got to end it."

"That's it. I've got to end it."

She stood up flaming.

"End it, then. End it this minute. Give up the farm. Send me away. I'll go anywhere you tell me. Only don't say you won't come and see me."

"See you? Don't you understand, Maggie, that seeing you is what I've got to give up? The other things don't matter."

"Ah," she cried, "it's you who don't understand. I mean — I mean — see me like you used to. That's all I want, Wallie. Only just to see me. That would n't be awful, would it? There would n't be any sin in that?"

Sin? It was the first time she had ever said the word. The first time, he imagined, she had formed the thought.

"Poor little girl," he said. "No, no, dear, it would n't do. It sounds simple, but it is n't."

"But," she said, bewildered, "I love you."

He smiled. "That's why, Maggie, that's why. You've been very sweet and very good to me. And that's why I must n't see you. That's how you make it hard for me."

Maggie sat down and put her elbows on the table and hid her face in her hands.

"Will you give me some tea?" he said abruptly.

She rose.

"It's all stewed. I'll make fresh."

"No. That'll do. I can't wait."

She gave him his tea. Before he tasted it he got up and poured out a cup for her. She drank a little at his bidding, then pushed the cup from her, choking. She sat, not looking at him, but looking away,

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through the window, across the garden and the fields.

"I must go now," he said. "Don't come with me."

She started to her feet.

"Ah, let me come."

"Better not. Much better not."

"I must," she said.

They set out along the field-track. Steve, carrying his master's luggage, went in front, at a little distance. He did n't want to see them, still less to hear them speak.

But they did not speak.

At the creek's bank Steve was ready with the boat.

Majendie took Maggie's hand and pressed it. She flung herself on him, and he had to loose her hold by main force. She swayed, clutching at him to steady herself. He heard Steve groan. He put his hand on her shoulder, and kept it there a moment, till she stood firm. Her eyes, fixed on his, struck tears from them, tears that cut their way like knives under his eyelids.

Her body ceased swaying. He felt it grow rigid under his hand.

Then he went from her and stepped into the boat. She stood still, looking after him, pressing one hand against her breast, as if to keep down its heaving.

Steve pushed off from the bank, and rowed toward the creek's mouth. And as he rowed, he turned his head over his right shoulder, away from the shore where Maggie stood with her hand upon her breast.

Majendie did not look back. Neither he nor Steve saw that, as they neared the mouth of the creek, Maggie had turned, and was going rapidly across the field, towards the far side of the spit of land where the yacht lay moored out of the current. As they had to round the point, her way by land was shorter than theirs by water.

When they rounded the point they saw her standing on the low inner shore, watching for them.

She stood on the bank, just above the

belt of silt and sand that divided it from the river. The two men turned for a moment, and watched her from the yacht's deck. She waited till the big mainsail went up, and the yacht's head swung round and pointed upstream. Then she began to run fast along the shore, close to the river.

At that sight Majendie turned away and set his face toward the Lincolnshire side.

He was startled by an oath from Steve and a growl from Steve's father at the wheel. "Eh — the — little —" At the same instant the yacht was pulled suddenly inshore and her boom swung violently round.

Steve and the boatswain rushed to the ropes and began hauling down the mainsail.

"What the devil are you doing there?" shouted Majendie. But no one answered him.

When the sail came down he saw.

"My God," he cried, "she's going in."

Old Pearson, at the wheel, spat quietly over the yacht's side. "Not she," said old Pearson. "She's too much afraid o' cold water."

Maggie was down on the lower bank close to the edge of the river. Majendie saw her putting her feet in the water and drawing them out again, first one foot, and then the other. Then she ran a little way, very fast, like a thing hunted. She stumbled on the slippery, slanting ground, fell, picked herself up again, and ran. Then she stood still and tried the water again, first one foot and then the other, desperate, terrified, determined. She was afraid of life and death.

The belt of sand sloped gently, and the river was shallow for a few feet from the shore. She was safe unless she threw herself in.

Majendie and Steve rushed together for the boat. As Majendie pushed against him at the gangway, Steve shook him off. There was a brief struggle. Old Pearson left the wheel to the boatswain and crossed to the gangway, where the two

men still struggled. He put his hand on his master's sleeve.

"Excuse me, sir, you'd best stay where you are."

He stayed.

The captain went to the wheel again, and the boatswain to the boat. Majendie stood stock-still by the gangway. His hands were clenched in his pockets; his face was drawn and white. The captain slewed round upon him a small vigilant eye. "You'd best leave her to Steve, sir. He's a good lad and he'll look after 'er. He'd give his 'ead to marry her. Only she wudd n't look at 'im."

Majendie said nothing. And the captain continued his consolation.

"*She's* only trying it on, sir," said he. "*I* know 'em. She'll do nowt. She'll do nubbut wet 'er feet. She's afeard o' cold water."

But before the boat could put off, Maggie was in again. This time her feet struck a shelf of hard mud. She slipped, rolled sideways, and lay, half in and half out of the water. There she stayed till the boat reached her.

Majendie saw Steve lift her and carry her to the upper bank. He saw Maggie struggle from his arms and beat him off. Then he saw Steve seize her by force, and drag her back, over the fields, towards Three Elms Farm.

XXXIV

Majendie landed at the pier and went straight to the office. There he found a telegram from Anne telling him of his child's death.

He went on to the house. The old nurse opened the door for him. She was weeping bitterly. He asked for Anne, and was told that she was lying down and could not see him. It was Nanna who told him how Peggy died, and all the things he had to know. When she left him, he shut himself up alone in his study for the first hour of his grief. He wanted to go to Anne; but he was too deeply stupefied to wonder why she would not see him.

Later they met.

He knew by his first glance at her face that he must not speak to her of the dead child. He could understand that. He was even glad of it. In this she was like him, that deep feeling left her dumb. And yet, there was a difference. It was that he could not speak, and she, he felt, would not.

There were things that had to be done. He did them all, sparing her as much as possible. Once or twice she had to be consulted. She gave him a fact, or an opinion, in a brief methodic manner that set him at a distance from her sacred sorrow. She had betrayed more emotion in speaking to Dr. Gardner.

But for those things, they went through their first day in silence, like people who respect each others' grief too profoundly for any speech.

In the evening they sat together in the drawing-room. There was nothing more to do.

Then he spoke. He asked to see Peggy. His voice was so low that she did not hear him.

"What did you say, Walter?"

He had to say it again. "Where is she? Can I see her?"

His voice was still low, and it was thick and uncertain; but this time she understood.

"In Edie's room," she said. "Nanna has the key."

She did not go with him.

When he came back to her she was still cold and torpid. He could understand that her grief had frozen her.

At night she parted from him without a word.

So the days went on. Sometimes he would sit in the study by himself for a little while. His racked nerves were soothed by solitude. Then he would think of the woman upstairs in the drawing-room, sitting alone. And he would go to her. She did not send him away. She did not leave him. She did nothing. She said nothing.

He began to be afraid. It would do her

good, he said to himself, if she could cry. He wondered whether it was wise to leave her to her terrible torpor; whether he ought to speak to her. But he could not.

Yet she was kind to him for all her coldness. Once, when his grief was heaviest upon him, he thought she looked at him with anxiety, with pity. She came to him once, where he sat downstairs, alone. But though she came to him, she still kept him from her. And she would not go with him into the room where Peggy lay.

Now and then he wondered if she knew. He was not certain. He put the thought away from him. He was sure that for nearly three years she had not known anything. She had not known anything as long as she had had the child; when her knowing would not, he thought, have mattered half so much. It would be horrible if she knew now. And yet, sometimes her eyes seemed to say to him, "Why not now, when nothing matters?"

On the night before the funeral, the night they closed the coffin, he came to her where she sat upstairs alone. He put his hand on her shoulder and spoke her name. She shrank from him with a low cry. And again he wondered if she knew.

The day after the funeral she told him that she was going away for a month with Mrs. Gardner.

He said he was glad to hear it. It would do her good. It was the best thing she could do.

He had meant to take her away himself. She knew it. Yet she had arranged to go with Mrs. Gardner.

Then he was certain that she knew.

She went, with Mrs. Gardner, the next day. He and Dr. Gardner saw them off at the station. He thanked Mrs. Gardner for her kindness, wondering if she knew. The little woman had tears in her eyes. She pressed his hand and tried to speak to him, and broke down. He gathered that, whatever Anne knew, her friend knew nothing.

The doctor was inscrutable. He might or he might not know. If he did, he would

keep his knowledge to himself. They walked together from the station, and the doctor talked about the weather and the municipal elections.

Anne was to be away a month. Majendie wrote to her every week and received, every week, a precise, formal little letter in reply. She told him, every week, of an improvement in her own health, and appeared solicitous for his.

While she was away, he saw a great deal of the Hannays and of Gorst. When he was not with the Hannays, Gorst was with him. Gorst was punctilious, but a little shy, in his inquiries for Mrs. Majendie. The Hannays made no allusion to her beyond what decency demanded. They evidently regarded her as a painful subject.

About a week before the day fixed for Anne's return, the firm of Hannay and Majendie had occasion to consult its solicitor about a mortgage on some office buildings. Price was excited and assiduous. Excited and assiduous, Hannay thought, beyond all proportion to the trivial affair. Hannay noticed that Price took a peculiar and almost morbid interest in the junior partner. His manner set Hannay thinking. It suggested the legal instinct scenting the divorce court from afar.

He spoke of it to Mrs. Hannay.

"Do you think she knows?" said Mrs. Hannay.

"Of course she does. Or why should she leave him, at a time when most people stick to each other if they've never stuck before?"

"Do you think she'll try for a separation?"

"No, I don't."

"I do," said Mrs. Hannay. "Now that the dear little girl's gone."

"Not she. She won't let him off as easily as all that. She'll think of the other woman. And she'll live with him and punish him forever."

He paused, pondering. Then he delivered himself of that which was within him, his idea of Anne.

"I always said she was a she-dog in the manger."

XXXV

Anne was not expected home before the middle of November. She wrote to her husband, fixing Saturday for the day of her return.

Majendie, therefore, was surprised to find her luggage in the hall when he entered the house at six o'clock on Friday evening. Nanna had evidently been waiting for the sound of his latch-key. She hurried to intercept him.

"The mistress has come home, sir," she said.

"Has she? I hope you've got things comfortable for her."

"Yes, sir. We had a telegram this afternoon. She said she would like to see you in the study, sir, as soon as you came in."

He went at once into the study. Anne was sitting there in her chair by the hearth. Her hat and jacket were thrown on the writing-table that stood in the middle of the room. She rose as he came in, but made no advance to meet him. He stood still for a moment by the closed door, and they held each other with their eyes.

"I did n't expect you till to-morrow."

"I sent a telegram," she said.

"If you'd sent it to the office I'd have met you."

"I did n't want anybody to meet me."

He felt that her words had some reference to their loss, and to the sadness of her homecoming. A sigh broke from him; but he was unaware that he had sighed.

He sat down, not in his accustomed seat by the hearth, opposite to hers, but in a nearer chair by the writing-table. He saw that she had been writing letters. He pushed them away and turned his chair round so as to face her. His heart ached looking at her.

There were deep lines on her forehead; and she was very pale; even her little close mouth had no color in it. She kept her

sad eyes half hidden under their drooping lids. Her lips were tightly compressed, her narrow nostrils white and pinched. It was a face in which all the doors of life were closing; where the inner life went on tensely, secretly, behind the closing doors.

"Well," he said, "I'm very glad you've come back."

"Walter, — have you any idea why I went away?"

"Why you went? Obviously, it was the best thing you could do."

"It was the only thing I could do. And I am glad I did it. My mind has become clearer."

"I see. I thought it would."

"It would not have been clear if I had stayed."

"No," he said vaguely, "of course it would n't."

"I've seen," she continued, "that there is nothing for me but to come back. It is the right thing."

"Did you doubt it?"

"Yes. I even doubted whether it were possible — whether, in the circumstances, I could bear to come back, to stay —"

"Do you mean — to — to the house?"

"No. I mean — to you."

He turned away. "I understand," he said. "So it came to that?"

"Yes. It came to that. I've been here three hours; and up to the last hour, I was not sure whether I would not pack the rest of my things and go away. I had written a letter to you. There it is, under your arm."

"Am I to read it?"

"Yes."

He turned his back on her, and read the letter.

"I see. You say here you want a separation. If you want it you shall have it. But had n't you better hear what I have to say, *first*?"

"I've come back for that. What have you to say?"

He bowed his head upon his breast.

"Not very much, I'm afraid. Except that I'm sorry — and ashamed of my-

self — and — I ask your forgiveness. What more can I say?"

"What more indeed? I'm to understand, then, that everything I was told is true?"

"It *was* true."

"And is not now?"

"No. Whoever told you, omitted to tell you that."

"You mean you have given up living with this woman?"

"Yes. If you call it living with her."

"You have given it up — for how long?"

"About five weeks." His voice was almost inaudible.

She winced. Five weeks back brought her to the date of Peggy's death.

"I daresay," she said. "You could hardly — have done less in the circumstances."

"Anne," he said, "I gave it up — I broke it off — before that. I — I broke with her that morning — before I heard."

"You were away that night."

"I was not with her."

"Well — And it was going on, all the time, for three years before that?"

"Yes."

"Ever since your sister's death?"

He did not answer.

"Ever since Edie died," she repeated, as if to herself rather than to him.

"Not quite. Why don't you say, — since you sent me away?"

"When did I ever send you away?"

"That night. When I came to you."

She remembered.

"Then? Walter, that is unforgivable. To bring up a little thing like that —"

"You call it a little thing? A little thing?"

"I had forgotten it. And for you to remember it all these years — and to cast it up against me — *now* —"

"I have n't cast anything up against you."

"You implied that you held me responsible for your sin."

"I don't hold you responsible for anything. Not even for that."

Her face never changed. She did not take in the meaning of his emphasis.

He continued. "And if you want your separation, you shall have it. Though I did hope that you might consider that six years was about enough of it."

"I did want it. But I do not want it now. When I wrote that letter I had forgotten my promise."

"You shall have your promise back again, if you want it. I shall not hold you to it, or to anything, if you'd rather not."

"I can never have my promise back, — I made it to Edie."

"To Edie?"

"Yes. A short time before she died." His face brightened.

"What did you promise her," he said softly.

"That I would never leave you."

"Did she make you promise not to?"

"No. It did not occur to her that I could leave you. She did not think it possible."

"But *you* did?"

"I thought it possible — yes."

"Even then? There was no reason then. I had given you no cause."

"I did not know that."

"Do you mean that you suspected me — then?"

"I never accused you, Walter, even in my thoughts."

"You suspected?"

"I did n't know."

"And — afterwards — did you suspect anything?"

"No. I never suspected anything — afterwards."

"I see. You suspected me when you had no cause. And when I gave you cause you suspected nothing. I must say you are a very extraordinary woman."

"I did n't know," she answered.

"Who told you? Or must I not ask that?"

"I cannot tell you. I would rather not. I was not told much. And there are some things that I have a right to know."

"Well —"

"Who is this woman? the girl you've been living with?"

"I've no right to tell you — that. Why do you want to know? It's all over."

"I must know, Walter. I have a reason."

"Can you give me your reason?"

"Yes. I want to help her."

"You would — really — help her?"

"If I can. It is my duty."

"It is n't in the least your duty."

"And I want to help you. That also is my duty. I want to undo, as far as possible, the consequences of your sin. We cannot let the girl suffer."

Majendie was moved by her charity. He had not looked for charity from Anne.

"If you will give me her name, and tell me where to find her, I will see that she is provided for."

"She *is* provided for."

"How?"

"I am keeping on the house for her." Anne's face flushed.

"What house?"

"A farm, out in the country."

"That house is yours? You were living with her there?"

"Yes."

Her face hardened. She was thinking of her dead child who was to have gone into the country to get strong.

He was tortured by the same thought. Maggie, his mistress, had grown fat and rosy in the pure air of Holderness. Peggy had died in Scale.

In her bitterness she turned on him.

"And what guarantee have I that you will not go to her again?"

"My word. Is n't that sufficient?"

"I don't know, Walter. It would have been once. It is n't now. What proof have I of your honor?"

"My —"

"I beg your pardon. I forgot. A man's honor and a woman's honor are two very different things."

"They are both things that are usually taken for granted, and not mentioned."

"I will try to take it for granted. You

must forgive my having mentioned it. There is one thing I must know. Has she — that woman — any children?"

"She has none."

Up to that moment, the examination had been conducted with the coolness of intense constraint. But for her one burst of feeling, Anne had sustained her tone of businesslike inquiry, her manner of the woman of committees. Now, as she asked her question, her voice shook with the beating of her heart. Majendie, as he answered, heard her draw a long, deep breath of relief.

"And you propose to keep on this house for her?" she said calmly.

"Yes. She has settled in there, and she will be well looked after."

"Who will look after her?"

"The Pearsons. They're people I can trust."

"And, besides the house, I suppose you will give her money?"

"I *must* make her a small allowance."

"That is a very unwise arrangement. Whatever help is given her had much better come from me."

"From *you*?"

"From a woman. It will be the best safeguard for the girl."

He saw her drift and smiled.

"Am I to understand that you propose to rescue her?"

"It's my duty — my work."

"Your work?"

"You may not realize it; but that is the work I've been doing for the last three years. I am doubly responsible to a girl who has suffered through my husband's fault."

"What do you want to do with her?"

"I want, if possible, to reclaim her."

He smiled again.

"Do you realize what sort of a girl she is?"

"I'm afraid, Walter, she is what you have made her."

"And so you want to reclaim her?"

"I do, indeed."

"You could n't reclaim her."

"She is very young, is n't she?"

"N-no — she's eight and twenty."

"I thought she was a young girl. But, if she's as old as that — and bad —"

"Bad? Bad?"

He rose and looked down on her in anger.

"She's good. You don't know what you're talking about. She is n't a lady, but she's as gentle and as modest as you are yourself. She's sweet, and kind, and loving. She's the most unworldly and unselfish creature I ever met. All the time I've known her she never did a selfish thing. She was absolutely devoted. She'd have stripped herself bare of everything she possessed if it would have done me any good. Why, the very thing you blame the poor little soul for, only proves that she had n't a thought for herself. It would have been better for her if she'd had. And you talk of 'reclaiming' a woman like that! You want to turn your preposterous committee on to her, to decide whether she's good enough to be taken and shut up in some of your beastly institutions! No. On the whole, I think she'll be better off if you leave her to me."

"Say at once that you think I'd better leave you to her, since you think her perfect."

"She *was* perfect to me. She gave me all she had to give. She could n't very well do more."

"You mean she helped you to sin. So, of course, you condone her sin."

"I should be an utter brute if I did n't stand up for her, should n't I?"

"Yes." She admitted it. "I suppose you feel that you must defend her. Can you defend yourself, Walter?"

He was silent.

"I'm not going to remind you of your sin against your wife. *That* you would think nothing of. What have you to say for your sin against her?"

"My sin against her was not caring for her. *You* need n't call me to account for it."

"I am to believe that you did not care for her?"

"I never cared for her. I took everything from her and gave her nothing, and I left her like a brute."

"Why did you go to her if you did not care for her?"

"I went to her because I cared for my wife. And I left her for the same reason. And she knew it."

"Do you really expect me to believe that you left me for another woman, because you cared for me?"

"For no earthly reason except that."

"You deceived me — you lived in deliberate sin with this woman for three years — and now you come back to me, because, I suppose, you are tired of her — and I am to believe that you cared for me?"

"I don't expect you to believe it. It's the fact, all the same. I would not have left you if I had n't been hopelessly in love with you. You may n't know it, and I don't suppose you'd understand it if you did, but that was the trouble. It was the trouble all along, ever since I married you. I know I've been unfaithful to you, but I never loved any one but you. Consider how we've been living, you and I, for the last six years, — can you say that I put another woman in your place?"

She looked at him with her sad, uncomprehending eyes; her hands made a hopeless, helpless gesture.

"You know what you have done," she said presently. "And you know that it was wrong."

"Yes, it was wrong. But the whole thing was wrong. Wrong from the beginning. How are we going to make it right?"

"I don't know, Walter. We must do our best."

"Yes, but what are we going to do? What are you going to do?"

"I have told you that I am not going to leave you."

"We are to go on, then, as we did before?"

"Yes — as far as possible."

"Then," he said, "we shall still be all

wrong. Can't you see it? Can't you see now that it's all wrong?"

"What do you mean?"

"Our life. Yours and mine. Are you going to begin again like that?"

"Does it rest with me?"

"Yes. It rests with you, I think. You say we must make the best of it. What is your notion of the best?"

"I don't know, Walter."

"I *must* know. You say you'll take me back — you'll never leave me. What are you taking me back to? Not to that old misery? It was n't only bad for me, dear. It was bad for both of us."

She sighed, and her sigh shuddered to a sob in her throat. The sound went to his heart and stirred in it a passion of pity.

"God knows," he said, "I'd live with you on any terms. And I'll keep straight. You need n't be afraid. Only — See here. There's no reason why you should n't take me back. I would n't ask you to if I'd left off caring for you. But it was n't there I went wrong. I can't explain about Maggie. You would n't understand. But, if you'd only try to, we might get along. There's nothing that I won't do for you to make up —"

"You can do nothing. There are things that cannot be made up for."

"I know — I know. But still — we might n't be so unhappy — perhaps, in time — And if we had children —"

"Never," she cried sharply; "never!"

He had not stirred in his chair, where he sat bowed and dejected. But she drew back, flinching.

"I see," he said. "Then you do not forgive me."

"If you had come to me, and told me of your temptation — of your sin — three years ago, I would have forgiven you then. I would have taken you back. I cannot now; not willingly, not with the feeling that I ought to have."

She spoke humbly, gently, as if aware that she was giving him pain. Her face was averted. He said nothing; and she turned and faced him.

"Of course you can compel me," she said. "You can compel me to anything."

"I have never compelled you, as you know."

"I know. I know you have been good, in that way."

"Good? Is that your only notion of goodness?"

"Good to me, Walter. Yes. You were very good. I do not say that I will not go back to you; but if I do, you must understand plainly, that it will be for one reason only; because I desire to save you from yourself; to save some other woman, perhaps —"

"You can let the other woman take care of herself. As for me, I appreciate your generosity, but I decline to be saved on those terms. I'm fastidious about a few things, and that's one of them. What you are trying to tell me is that you do not care for me."

She lifted her face. "Walter, I have never in all my life deceived you. I do not care for you. Not in that way."

He smiled. "Well, I'll be content so long as you care for me in any way — your way. I think your way's a mistake; but I won't insist on that. I'll do my best to adapt my way to yours, that's all."

Her face was very still. Under their deep lids her eyes brooded, as if trying to see the truth inside herself.

"No — No," she moaned. "I have n't told you the truth. I believe there is no way in which I can care for you again. Or — well — I can care perhaps — I'm caring now — but —"

"I see. You do not love me."

She shook her head. "No. I know what love is and — I do not love you."

"If you don't love me, of course, there's nothing more to be said."

"Yes, there is. There's one thing that I have kept from you."

"Well," he said, "you may as well let me have it. There's no good keeping things from me."

"I had meant to spare you."

At that he laughed. "Oh, don't spare me."

She still hesitated.

"What is it?"

She spoke low.

"If you had been here — that night — Peggy would not have died."

He drew a quick breath. "What makes you think that?" he said quietly.

"She overstrained her heart with crying. As you know. She was crying for you. And you were not there. Nothing would make her believe that you were not dead."

She saw the muscles of his face contract with sudden pain.

He looked at her gravely. The look expressed his large male contempt for her woman's cruelty; also a certain luminous compassion.

"Why have you told me this?" he said.

"I've told you, because I think the thought of it may restrain you, when nothing else will."

"I see. You mean to say, you believe I killed her?"

Anne closed her eyes.

XXXVI

He did not know whether he believed what she had said, nor whether she believed it herself, neither could he understand her motive in saying it.

At intervals he was profoundly sorry for her. Pity for her loosened, from time to time, the grip of his own pain. He told himself that she must have gone through intolerable days and nights of misery before she could bring herself to say a thing like that. Her grief excused her. But he knew that, if he had been in her place, she in his, he the saint and she the sinner, and that, if he had known her through her sin to be responsible for the child's death, there was no misery on earth that could have made him charge her with it.

Further than that he could not understand her. The suddenness and cruelty of the blow had brutalized his imagination.

He got up and stretched himself, to shake off the oppression that weighed on

him like an unwholesome sleep. As he rose he felt a queer feeling in his head, a giddiness, a sense of obstruction in his brain. He went into the dining-room, and poured himself out a small quantity of whiskey, measuring it with the accuracy of abstemious habit. The dose had become necessary since his nerves had been unhinged by worry and the shock of Peggy's death. This time he drank it undiluted.

He felt better. The stimulant had jogged something in his brain and cleared it.

He went back into the study and began to think. He remained thinking for some time, consecutively, and with great lucidity. He asked himself what he was to do now, and he saw clearly that he could do nothing. If Anne had been a passionate woman, hurling her words in a fury of fierce grief, he would have thought no more of it. If she had been the tender, tearful sort, dropping words in a weak helpless misery, he would have thought no more of it. He could imagine poor little Maggie saying a thing like that, not knowing what she said. If it had been poor little Maggie, he could have drawn her to him and comforted her, and reasoned with her till he had made her see the senselessness of her idea. Maggie would have listened to reason,—his reason. Anne never would.

She had been cold and slow, and implacably deliberate. It was not blind instinct but illuminated reason that had told her what to say and when to say it. Nothing he could ever do or say would make her take back her words. And if she took back her words, her thought would remain indestructible. She would never give it up; she would never approach him without it; she would never forget that it was there. It would always rise up between them, unburied, unappeased.

His brain swam and clouded again. He went again to the dining-room and drank more whiskey. Kate was in the dining-room and she saw him drinking.

He saw Kate looking at him; but he did not care. He was past caring for what anybody might think of him.

His brain was clearer than ever now. He realized Anne's omnipotence to harm him. He saw the hard, imperishable divinity in her. His wife was a spiritual woman. He had not always known what that meant. But he knew now; and now for the first time in his life he judged her. For the first time in his life his heart rose in a savage revolt against her power.

His head grew hot. The air of the study was stifling. He opened the window and went out into the cool dark garden. He paced up and down, heedless where he trod, trampling the flowerless plants down into their black beds. At the end of the path a little circle of white stones glimmered in the dark. That was Peggy's garden.

An agony of love and grief shook him as he thought of the dead child.

He thought, with his hot brain, of Anne; and his anger flared like hate. It was through the child that she had always struck him. She was a fool to refuse to have more children, to sacrifice her boundless opportunities to strike.

There was a light in the upper window. He thought of Maggie, walking up and down in the back alley behind the garden, watching the lights of his house burning to the dawn. The little thing had loved him. She had given him all she had to give; and he had given her nothing. He had compelled her to live childless; and he had cast her off. She had been sacrificed to his passion, and to his wife's coldness.

Up there he could see Anne's large shadow moving on the lighted window-blind. She was dressing for dinner.

Kate was standing on the step, looking for him. As he came to the study window he saw Nanna behind her, going out of the room. His servants had been watching him. Kate was frightened. Her voice fluttered in her throat as she told him dinner was served.

He sat opposite his wife, with the little

oblong table between them. Twice, sometimes three times a day, as long as they both lived, they would have to sit like that, separated, hostile, horribly conscious of each other.

Anne talked about the Gardners, and he stared at her stupidly, with eyes that were like heavy burning balls under his aching forehead. He ate little and drank a good deal. Half an hour after dinner he followed her to the drawing-room, dazed, not knowing clearly where he went.

Anne was seated at her writing-table. The place was strewn with papers. She was absorbed in the business of her committee, working off five weeks of correspondence in arrears.

He lay on the sofa and dozed, and she took no notice of him. He left the room and she did not hear him go out.

He went to the Hannays'. They were out. He went on to the Ransomes' and found them there. He found Canon Wharton there, too, drinking whiskey and soda.

"Here's Wallie," some one said. Mrs. Hannay (it *was* Mrs. Hannay) gave a cry of delight, and made a little rush at him which confused him. Ransome poured out more whiskey, and gave it to him and to the canon. The canon drank peg for peg with them, while he eyed Majendie austerely. He used to drink peg for peg with Lawson Hannay, in the days when Hannay drank; now he drank peg for peg with Majendie, eying him austerely.

Then the Hannays came between them. They closed round Majendie, and hemmed him in a corner, and kept him there talking to him. He had no clear idea what they were saying or what he was saying to them; but their voices were kind and they soothed him. Dick Ransome brought him more whiskey. He refused it. He had a sort of idea that he had had enough, rather more, in fact, than was quite good for him; and ladies were in the room. Ransome pressed him, and Lawson Hannay said something to Ransome; he could n't tell what. He was

getting drowsy and disinclined to answer when people spoke to him. He wished they would let him alone.

Lawson Hannay put his hand on his shoulder, and said, "Come along with us, Wallie," and he wished Lawson Hannay would let him alone. Mrs. Hannay came and stooped over him and whispered things in his ear, and he tried to rouse himself so far as to stare into her face and try to understand what she was saying.

She was saying "Wallie, get up! Come with us, Wallie, dear." And she laid her hand on his arm. He took her hand in his, and pressed it, and let it drop.

Then Ransome said, "Why can't you let the poor chap alone? Let him stay if he likes."

That was what he wanted. Ransome knew what he wanted — to be let alone.

He did n't see the Hannays go. The only thing he saw distinctly was the canon's large gray face, and the eyes in it fixed unpleasantly on him. He wished the canon would let him alone.

He was getting really *too* sleepy. He would have to rouse himself presently and go. With a tremendous effort he dragged himself up and went. Ransome walked with him to the club and left him there.

The club room was in an hotel opposite the pier. He could get a bedroom there for the night; and when the night was over he would be able to think what he would do. He could n't go back to Prior Street as he was. He was too sleepy to know very much about it, but he knew that. He knew, too, that something had happened which might make it impossible for him to go back at all.

Ransome had told the manager of the hotel to take care of him. Every now and then the manager came and looked at him; and then the drowsiness lifted from his brain with a jerk, and he knew that something horrible had happened. That was why they kept on looking at him.

At last he dragged himself to his room. He rang the bell and ordered more whiskey. This time he drank, not for lucid-

ity, but for blessed drunkenness, for kind sleep, and pitiful oblivion.

He slept on far into the morning and woke with a headache. At twelve Hannay and Lawson called for him. It was a fine warm day with a southerly wind blowing, and sails on the river. Ransome's yacht lay off the pier, with Mrs. Ransome in it. The sails were going up in Ransome's yacht. Hannay's yacht rocked beside it. Dick took Majendie by the arm. Dick, outside in the morning light, looked paler and puffier than ever, but his eyes were kind. He had an idea. Dick's idea was that Majendie should run with him and Mrs. Ransome to Scarby for the week-end. Hannay looked troubled as Dick unfolded his idea.

"I would n't go, old man," said he, "with that head of yours."

Dick stared. "Head! Just the thing for his head," said Dick. "It'll do him all the good in the world."

Hannay took Dick aside. "No, it won't. It won't do him any good at all."

"I say, you know, I don't know what you're driving at, but you might let the poor chap have a little peace. Come along, Majendie."

Majendie sent a telegram to Prior Street and went.

The wind blew away his headache and put its own strong, violent, gusty life into him. He felt agreeably excited as he paced the slanting deck. He stayed there in the wind.

Downstairs in the cabin the Ransomes were quarreling.

"What on earth," said she, "possessed you to bring him?"

"And why not?"

"Because of Sarah."

"What's she got to do with it?"

"Well, you don't want them to meet again, do you?"

Dick made his face a puffy blank. "Why the devil should n't they?" said he.

"Well, you know the trouble he's had with his wife already about Sarah."

"It was n't about Sarah. It was another woman altogether."

"I know that. But she was the beginning of it."

"Let her be the end of it, then, if you're thinking of *him*. The sooner that wife of his gets a separation the better it'll be for him."

"And you want my sister to be mixed up in *that*?"

Mrs. Ransome began to cry.

"She can't be mixed up in it. He's past caring for Sarah, poor old girl."

"She is n't past caring for him. She is n't past anything," sobbed Mrs. Ransome.

"Don't be a fool, Topsy. There is n't any harm in poor old Toodles. Majendie's a jolly sight safer with Toodles, I can tell you, than he is with that wife of his."

"Has she come home then?"

"She came yesterday afternoon. You saw what he was like last night. If I'd left him to himself this morning he'd have drunk himself into a fit. When a sober—a fantastically sober—man does that—"

"What does it mean?"

"It generally means that he's in a pretty bad way. And," added Dick pensively, "they call poor Toodles a dangerous woman."

All night the yacht lay in Scarby harbor.

(To be continued.)

THE EVOLUTION OF AN EGOIST:

MAURICE BARRÈS

BY JAMES HUNEKER

ONCE upon a time a youth, slim, dark, and delicate, lived in a tower. This tower was composed of ivory, — the youth sat within its walls, tapestried by most subtle art, and studied his soul. As in a mirror, a fantastic mirror of opal and gold, he searched his soul and noted its faintest music, its strangest modulations, its transmutation of joy into melancholy; and he saw its grace and its corruption. These matters he registered in his "little mirrors of sincerity." And he was happy in an ivory tower and far away from the world, with its rumors of dullness, feeble crimes, and flat triumphs. After some years the young man wearied of the mirror, with his spotted soul cruelly pictured therein; wearied of the tower of ivory and its alien solitudes; so he opened its carved doors and went into the woods, where he found a deep pool of water. It was very small, very clear, and reflected his face, reflected on its quivering surface his unstable soul. But soon other images of the world appeared above the pool: men's faces and women's, and the shapes of earth and sky. Then Narcissus, who was young, whose soul was sensitive, forgot the ivory tower and the magic pool, and merged his own soul into the soul of his people.

Maurice Barrès is the name of the youth, and he is now a member of the Académie Française. His evolution from the ivory tower of egoism to the broad meadows of life is not an insoluble enigma; his books and his active career offer many revelations of a fascinating, though often baffling, personality. His passionate curiosity in all that concerns the moral nature of his fellow man lends to his work its own touch of universal-

ity; otherwise, it would not be untrue to say that the one Barrès passion is love of his native land. "France" is engraved on his heart; France and not the name of a woman. This may be regarded as a grave shortcoming by the sex.

I

Paul Bourget has said of him: "Among the young people who have entered literature since 1880 Maurice Barrès is certainly the most celebrated. . . . One must see other than a decadent or a dilettante in this analyst . . . the most original who has appeared since Baudelaire." Perhaps, as Stendhal once hinted, praise from colleague to colleague is but a certificate of resemblance. Yet Bourget said much more about the young writer, then in his twenties, who in 1887 startled Paris with a curious, morbid, ironical, witty book, a production neither fiction nor fact. This book was called, *Sous l'Œil des Barbares*.¹ The volume made a sensation. Not that Barrès was then unknown; he had made several efforts to lay hold of notoriety, though not successfully. He was born the 22nd of September, 1862, at Charmes-sur-Moselle (Vosges), and received a classical education at the Nancy (old capital of Lorraine) Lyceum. Of good family, — among his ancestors he could boast some military men, — he early absorbed a love for his native province, a love that later was to become a species of soil worship. His health not very strong at any time, and nervous of temperament, he nevertheless moved on Paris, for the inevitable siege of which all romantic readers of Balzac dream

¹ *In the Sight of the Barbarians.*

during their school days. "*Anous deux!*" muttered Rastignac, shaking his fist at the city spread below him. "*A nous deux!*" have exclaimed countless youngsters ever since. Maurice, however, was not that sort of Romantic. He meant to conquer Paris, but in a unique way; he detested melodrama. He moved to the capital in 1882. His first literary efforts had appeared in the *Journal de la Meurthe et des Vosges*; he could see as a boy the Vosges Mountains; and Alsace, not far away, was in the clutches of the hated enemy. In Paris he wrote for several minor reviews, met distinguished men like Leconte de Lisle, Rodenbach, Valade, Rollinat; and his Parisian début was in *La Jeune France*, with a short story entitled "Le Chemin de l'Institut" (April, 1882). Ernest Gaubert, who has given us these details, says that, despite Leconte de Lisle's hearty support, Mme. Adam refused an essay of Barrès as unworthy of the *Nouvelle Revue*. In 1884 appeared a mad little review, *Les Taches d'Encre*, irregular in publication. Despite its literary quality the young editor displayed some knowledge of the tactics of "new" journalism. When Morin was assassinated by Mme. Clovis Hugues, sandwich men paraded the boulevards carrying on their boards this inscription: "Morin reads no longer *Les Taches d'Encre!*" Perseverance such as this should have been rewarded; but little "Ink-spots" quickly disappeared. Barrès founded a new review in 1886, *Les Chroniques*, in company with some brilliant men. Jules Clarétie about this time remarked, "Make a note of the name of Maurice Barrès. I prophesy that it will become famous." Barrès had discovered that Rastignac's pugnacious methods were obsolete in the battle with Paris, though there was no folly he would be incapable of committing if only he could attract attention — even to walking the boulevards in the guise of primeval man. Far removed as his exquisite art now is from this blustering desire for publicity, this threat, uttered in jest or

not, is significant. Maurice Barrès has since stripped his soul bare for the world's ire or edification.

Wonder-children do not always pursue their natural vocation. Pascal was miraculously endowed as a mathematician; he ended a master of French prose, an hallucinated, wretched man. Franz Liszt was a prodigy, but aspired to the glory of Beethoven. Raphael was a painting prodigy, and luckily died so young that he had not time to change his profession. Swinburne wrote faultless verse as a youth. He is a critic to-day. Maurice Barrès was born a metaphysician; he has the metaphysical faculty as some men have a fiddle hand. He might say with Prosper Mérimée, "Metaphysics pleases me because it is never-ending." But not as Kant, Condillac, or William James — to name men of widely disparate systems — did the precocious thinker plan objectively. The proper study of Maurice Barrès was Maurice Barrès, and he vivisected his *ego* as calmly as a surgeon trepanning a living skull. He boldly proclaimed the *culte du moi*, proclaimed his disdain for the barbarians who infringed upon his *I*. To study and note the fleeting shapes of his soul — in his case a protean psyche — was the one thing worth doing in a life of mediocrity. And this new variation of the eternal hatred for the *bourgeois* contained no menaces leveled at any class, no groans of disgust à la Huysmans. Imperturbable, with an icy indifference, Barrès pursued his fastidious way. What we hate we fight, what we despise we avoid. Barrès merely despised the other *egos* around him, and entering his ivory tower he bolted the door; but on reaching the roof did not fail to sound his horn announcing to an eager world that the miracle had come to pass — Maurice Barrès had discovered Maurice Barrès.

Egoism as a religion is no new thing. It began with the first sentient male human. It has since preserved the species, discovered the "inferiority" of women, made civilization, and founded the fine

arts. Any attempt to displace the *ego* in the social system has only resulted in inverting the social pyramid. Love our neighbor as ourself is trouble-breeding; but we must first love ourself as a precaution that our neighbor will not suffer both in body and mind. The interrogation posed on the horizon of our consciousness, regarding the perfectibility of mankind, is best answered by a definition of socialism as that religion which proves all men to be equally stupid. Do not let us confound the ideas of progress and perfectibility. Since man first realized himself as man, first said, "I am I," there has been no progress. No art has progressed. Science is a perpetual rediscovery. And what modern thinker has taught anything new?

Life is a circle. We are imprisoned, each of us, in the cage of our personality. Each human creates his own picture of the world, re-creates it each day. These are the commonplaces of metaphysics. Schopenhauer, greater artist than original thinker, has shown some of them to us in tempting garb.

Compare the definitions of Man made by Pascal and Cabanis. Man, said Pascal, is but a reed, the feeblest of created things; yet a reed which thinks. Man, declared the materialistic Cabanis, is a digestive tube — a statement that provoked the melodious indignation of Lacordaire. What am I? asks Barrès; *je suis un instant d'une chose immortelle*. And this instant of an immortal thing has buried within it something eternal of which the individual has only the usufruct. (Goncourt wrote, "What is life? The usufruct of an aggregation of molecules.") Before him Sénancour in *Obermann* — the reveries of a sick, hermetic soul — studied his malady, but offered no prophylactic. Amiel was so lymphatic of will that he doubted his own doubts, doubted all but his dreams. He, too, had fed at Hegel's ideologic banquet, where the verbal viands snared the souls of the guests. But Barrès was too sprightly a spirit to become a mystagogue.

Diverse and contradictory as are his several souls, he never utterly succumbed to the spirit of analysis. Whether he was poison-proof or not to the venom that slew the peace of the unhappy Amiel (that bonze of mysticism), the young Lorrainer never lacked elasticity or spontaneity, never ceased to react after his protracted plunges into the dark pools of his subliminal self. And his volitional powers were never paralyzed. Possessing a sensibility as delicate and vibrating as Benjamin Constant, or Chopin, he has had the courage to study its fevers, its disorders, its subtleties. He knew that there were many young men like him, not only in France, but throughout the world, highly organized, with less bone and sinew than nerves, — exposed nerves; egoistic souls, weak of will. We are sick, this generation of young men, exclaimed Barrès; sick from the lying assurances of science, sick from the false promises of politicians. There must be a remedy. One among us must immolate himself, study the malady, seek its cure. I, Maurice Barrès, shall be the mirror reflecting the fleeting changes of my environment, social and psychical. I repudiate the transcendental indifference of Renan; I will weigh my sensations as in a scale; I shall not fear to proclaim the result. Amiel, a Protestant Hamlet (as Bourget so finely says) believes that every landscape is a state of soul. My soul is full of landscapes. Therein all may enter and find their true selves.

All this, and much more, Barrès sang in his fluid, swift, and supple prose, without a vestige of the dogmatic. He did not write either to prove or to convince, only to describe his interior life. He did not believe, neither did he despair. There is a spiritual malice in his egoism that removes it far from the windy cosmos of Walt Whitman or the vitriolic vanity of d'Annunzio. In his fugue-like flights down the corridor of his metaphysics, he never neglects to drop some poetic rose, some precious pearl of sentiment.

His little book, true spiritual memoirs, aroused both wrath and laughter. The wits set to work. He was called a dandy of psychology, nicknamed *Mlle. Renan*, pronounced a psychical harlequin, a masquerader of the emotions; he was told that, like Chateaubriand, he wore his heart in a sling. Anatole France, while recognizing the eloquent art of this young man, spoke of the "perverse idealist" which is Maurice Barrès. His philosophy was pronounced a perverted pyrrhonism, the quintessence of self-worship. A *Vita Nuova* of egoism had been born.

But the dandy did not falter. He has said that one never conquers the intellectual suffrages of those who precede us in life; he made his appeal to young France. And what was the balm in Gilead offered by this new doctor of metaphysics? None but a Frenchman at the end of the last century could have conceived the Barrèsian plan of soul-saving. In Baudelaire, Barbey d'Aurevilly, and Villiers de l'Isle Adam, the union of Roman Catholic mysticity and blasphemy has proved to many a stumbling stone. These poets were believers, yet Manicheans; they worshiped at two shrines; evil was their greater good. Barrès plucked several leaves from their breviaries. He proposed to school his soul by a rigid adherence to the Spiritual Exercises of Saint Ignatius Loyola. With the mechanism of this Catholic moralist he would train his *ego*, cure it of its spiritual dryness, — that malady so feared by St. Theresa, — and arouse it from its apathy. He would deliver us from a Renan-ridden school.

This scholastic fervor urged Barrès to reinstate man in the centre of the universe, a position from which he had been routed by science. It was a pious, mediæval idea. He did not however assert the bankruptcy of science, but the bankruptcy of pessimism. His book is metaphysical autobiography, a Gallic transposition of Goethe's *Wahrheit und Dichtung*. We may now see that his concentrated egoism had definite aims

and was not the shallow conceit of a callow Romantic.

Barrès imbibed from the Parnassian poetic group his artistic remoteness. His ivory tower is a phrase made by Sainte-Beuve about de Vigny. But his mercurial soul could not be imprisoned long by frigid theories of impeccable art, — of art for art's sake. *My soul!* that alone is worth studying, cried Maurice. John Henry Newman said the same in a different and more modest dialectic. The voice of the French youth is shriller, it is sometimes in falsetto; yet there is no denying its fundamental sincerity of pitch. And he has the trick of light verbal fence beloved of his race. He is the comedian among moralists. His is neither the frozen eclecticism of Victor Cousin, nor the rigid determinism of Taine. Yet he is a partial descendant of the Renan he flouts, and of Taine, — above all, of Stendhal and Voltaire. In his early days if one had christened him *Mlle. Stendhal*, there would have been less to retract. *Plus* a delicious style, he is a masked, slightly feminine variation of the great mystifier who wrote *La Chartreuse de Parme*, leaving out the Chartreuse. At times the preoccupation of Barrès with the moral law approaches the borderland of the abnormal. Like Jules Laforgue his intelligence and his sensibility are closely wedded. He is a sentimental ironist with a taste for self-mockery, a Heine-like humor. He had a sense of humor, even when he wore the *panache* of General Boulanger, and when he opposed the Dreyfus proceedings. It will rescue from the critical button-moulder, who follows in the footsteps of all thinkers, many of his pages.

A dilettante, an amateur — yes! But so was Goethe in his Olympus, so Stendhal in his Cosmopolis. He elected at first to view the spectacle of life, to study it from afar, and by the *tempo* of his own sensibility. Not the tonic egoism of Thoreau this; it has served its turn nevertheless in France. Afferent, centripetal, and other forbidding terms, have been

bestowed upon his system; while for the majority this phrase egoism has a meaning that implies our most selfish instincts. If however, said Bourget, you consider the word as a formula, then the angle of view is altered; if Barrès had said in one jet, "Nothing is more precious for a man than to guard intact his convictions, his passions, his ideal, his individuality," those who misjudged this courageous apostle of egoism, this fervent prober of the human soul, might have modified their opinions — and would probably have passed him by. It was the enigmatic message, the strained symbolism, of which Barrès delivered himself, that puzzled both critics and public. Robert Schumann once propounded a question concerning the Chopin Scherzo: "How is gravity to clothe itself if jest goes about in dark veils?" Now Barrès, who is far from being a spiritual *blagueur*, suggests this puzzle of Schumann. His employment, without a *nuance* of mockery, of the devotional machinery so marvelously devised by that captain of souls, Ignatius Loyola, was rather disquieting, notwithstanding its very practical application to the daily needs of the spirit. Ernest Hello, transported by such a spectacle, may not have been far astray when he wrote of the nineteenth century as "having desire without light, curiosity without wisdom, seeking God by strange ways, ways traced by the hands of men; offering rash incense upon the high places to an unknown God, who is the God of darkness." Ernest Renan was evidently aimed at, but the bolt easily wings that metaphysical bird of gay plumage, Maurice Barrès.

II

He has published over twelve volumes and numerous brochures, political and "psycho-therapeutic," many addresses, and one comedy, *Une Journée Parlementaire*. He calls his books metaphysical fiction, the adventures of a contemplative young man's mind. Paul Bourget

is the psychologist pure and complex; Barrès has — rather, had — such a contempt for action on the "earthly plane," that at the head of each chapter of his "ideologies" he prefixed a *résumé*, a concordance of the events that were supposed to take place, leaving us free to savor the prose, enjoy the fine-spun formal texture, and marvel at the contrapuntal involutions of the hero's intellect. Naturally a reader, hungry for facts, must perish of famine in this rarefied æsthetic desert, the background of which is occasionally diversified by a sensuality that may be dainty, yet is disturbing because of its disinterested portraiture. The Eternal Feminine is not unsung in the Barrès novels. Woman for his imagination is a creature exquisitely fashioned, hardly an odalisque, nor yet the symbol of depravity we encounter in Huysmans. She is a "phantom of delight;" but that she has a soul we beg to doubt. Barrès almost endowed her with one in the case of his Bérénice; and Bérénice died very young. A young man, with various names, traverses these pages. Like the Durtal, or Des Esseintes, or Folantin, of Huysmans, who is always Huysmans, the hero of Barrès is always Barrès. In the first of the trilogy — of which *A Free Man* and *The Garden of Bérénice* are the other two — we find Philippe escaping by seclusion and reverie the barbarians, his adversaries. The *Adversary* — portentous title for the stranger who grazes our sensitive epidermis — is the being who impedes or misleads a spirit in search of itself. If he deflects us from our destiny he is the enemy. It may be well to recall at this juncture Stendhal, who avowed that our first enemies are our parents, an idea many an insurgent boy has asserted when his father was not present.

Seek peace and happiness with the conviction that they are never to be found; felicity must be in the experiment, not in the result. Be ardent and skeptical! Here Philippe touches hands with the lulling Cyrenaicism of Walter Pater.

And Barrès might have sat for one of Pater's imaginary portraits. But it is too pretty to last, such a dream as this, in a world wherein sorrow and work rule. He is not an ascetic, Philippe. He eats rare beefsteaks, smokes black Havanas, clothes himself in easy-fitting garments, and analyzes with cordial sincerity his multi-colored soul. (And oh! the colors of it; oh! its fluctuating forms.) The young person invades his privacy — a solitary in Paris is an incredible concept. Together they make journeys "conducted by the sun." She is dreamlike until we read, "Cependant elle le suivait de loin, délicate et de hanches merveilleuses" — which delicious and dislocated phrase is admired by lovers of Goncourt syntax, but must be shocking to the old-fashioned who prefer the classic line and balance of Bossuet.

Is that all? one asks in Stendhalian dialect. Nothing happens. Everything happens. Philippe makes the stations of the cross of earthly disillusionment. He weighs love, he weighs literature, — "all these books are but pigeon-holes in which I classify my ideas concerning myself, their titles serve only as the labels of the different portions of my appetite." Irony is his ivory tower, his refuge from the banalities of his contemporaries. Henceforth he will enjoy his *ego*. It sounds at moments like a Bunthorne transposed to a more intense tonality.

But even beefsteaks, cigars, wine, and philosophy pall. He craves a mind that will echo his, craves a mental duo, in which the clash of character and opposition of temperaments will evoke pleasing cerebral music. In this dissatisfaction with his solitude we may detect the first rift in the lute of his egoism. He finds an old friend, Simon by name, and after some preliminary sentimental philandering at the seashore, in the company of two young ladies, the pair agree to lead a monastic life. To Lorraine they retire and draft a code of diurnal obligations. "We are never so happy as when in exaltation," and "The pleasure

of exaltation is greatly enhanced by the analysis of it." Their souls are fortified and engineered by the stern practices of Loyola. The woman idea occasionally penetrates to their cells. It distracts them — "woman, who has always possessed the annoying art of making imbeciles loquacious." Notwithstanding these wraiths of feminine fancy, Philippe finds himself almost cheerful. His despondent moods have vanished. He quarrels, of course, with Simon, who is dry, an *esprit fort*.

The *intercessors* now appear, the intellectual saints who act as intermediaries between impressionable, bruised natures and the Infinite. They are the near neighbors of God, for they are the men who have experienced an unusual number of sensations. Philippe admits that his temperament oscillates between languor and ecstasy. Benjamin Constant and Sainte-Beuve are the two "Saints" of Sensibility who aid the youths in their self-analysis; rather a startling devolution from the "Imitation of Christ" and Ignatius Loyola! Tiring, finally, of this sterile analysis, and discovering that the neurasthenic Simon is not a companion-soul, Philippe, very illogically and very naturally, resolves that he must bathe himself in new sensations, and proceeds to Venice. We accompany him willingly, for this poet who handles prose as Chopin the pianoforte, tells us of his soul in Venice, and we are soothed when he speaks of the art of John Bellini, of Titian, Veronese, above all of Tiepolo, "who was too much a skeptic to be bitter . . . His conceptions have that lassitude which follows pleasure, a lassitude preferred by epicureans to pleasure itself." Graceful, melancholy Tiepolo! This Venetian episode is rare reading.

The last of the trilogy is *The Garden of Bérénice*. It is the best of the three in human interest, and its melancholy-sweet landscapes exhale a charm that is nearly new in French literature; something analagous may be found in Slavic music, or in the *Intimiste* school of painting.

Several of these landscapes are redolent of Watteau: tender, doleful, sensuous, their twilights filled with vague figures, languidly joying in the mood of the moment. The impressionism which permeates this book is a veritable lustration for those weary of commonplace modern fiction. Not since has Barrès excelled this idyl of the little Bérénice and her slowly awakening consciousness to beauty, aroused by an old, half-forgotten museum in meridional France. At Arles, encompassed by the memory of a dead man, she loves her donkey, her symbolic ducks, and Philippe, who divines her adolescent sorrow, her yearning spirit, her unfulfilled dreams. Her garden upon the immemorial and paludian plains of Arles is threaded by silver waters, illuminated by copper sunsets, their tones reverberating from her robes. Something of Maeterlinck's stammering, girlish, questioning Mélisande is in Bérénice. Maeterlinckian, too, is the statement that "For an accomplished spirit there is but one dialogue — that between our two *egos*, the momentary *ego* we are, and the ideal *ego* toward which we strive." Bérénice would marry Philippe. We hold our breath, hoping that his tyrant *ego* may relax, and that, off guard, he may snatch with fearful joy the chance to gain this childlike creature. Alas! there is a certain M. Martin, who is Philippe's political adversary — Philippe is a candidate for the legislature; he is become practical; in the heat of his philosophic egoism he finds that if a generous negation is good waiting ground, wealth and the participation in political affairs is a better one. M. Martin covets the hand of Bérénice. He repels her because he is an engineer, a man of positive, practical spirit, who would drain the marshes in Bérénice's garden of their beautiful miasmas, and build healthy houses for poor people! To Philippe he is the "adversary" who despises the contemplative life. "He had a habit of saying, 'Do you take me for a dreamer?' as one should say, 'Do you take me for an idiot?'"

Philippe, nevertheless, more solicitous of his *ego* than of his affections, advises Bérénice to marry M. Martin. This she does, and dies like a flower in a cellar. She is a lovely memory for our young idealist, who in voluptuous accents rhapsodizes about her as did Sterne over his dead donkey. Sensibility, all this, to the very *ultima Thule* of egoism. Then, Philippe obtains the concession of a suburban hippodrome. Poor Bérénice! *Pauvre Petite — Secousse!* The name of this book was to have been *Qualis artifex pereo!* And there is a fitting Neronic tang to its cruel and sentimental episodes that would have justified the title. But for Barrès, it has a Goethian quality; "all is true, nothing exact."

In 1892 was published *The Enemy of Law*, a book of violent anarchical impulse and lyric disorder. It is still Philippe, though under another name, André, who approves of a bomb launched by the hand of an anarchist, and because of the printed expression of his sympathy he is sent to prison for a few months. "A Free Man," he endures his punishment philosophically, winning the friendship of a young Frenchwoman, an *exaltée*, and also of a little Russian princess, a silhouette of Marie Bashkirtseff, and is an unmistakable blood relative of Stendhal's "Lamriel." After his liberation André makes sentimental pilgrimages with one or the other, finally with both of his friends, to Germany and elsewhere. A shaggy dog, *Velu*, figures largely in these pages, and we are treated to some disquisitions on canine psychology, which, with the death of the dog, inevitably recall episodes in that curious book by François Poictevin, entitled *Seuls*. Nor are the sketches of Saint-Simon, Fourier, Karl Marx, Ferdinand Lassalle, and Ludwig of Bavaria, the Wagnerian idealist, particularly novel. They but reveal the nascent social sympathies of Barrès, who was at the law-despising period of his development. His little princess has a touch of Bérénice, coupled with a Calmuck disregard of the *convenances*; she loves the "warm smell of

stables" and does not fear worldly criticism of her conduct; the trio vanish in a too gallic, a too rose-colored perspective. A volume of protest, *The Enemy of Law* served its turn, though here the phrase — clear, alert, suave — of his earlier books is transformed to a style charged with flame and acid. The moral appears to be dangerous, as well as diverting, — develop your instincts to the uttermost, give satisfaction to your sensibility; then must you attain the perfection of your *ego*, and therefore will not attenuate the purity of your race. The Russian princess, we are assured, carried with her the ideas of antique morality.

In the second trilogy, — *Du Sang, de la Volupté et de la Mort; Amori et Dolori Sacrum*; and *Les Amitiés Françaises*, — we begin an itinerary which embraces parts of Italy, Spain, Germany, France, particularly Lorraine. Barrès must be ranked among those travelers of acute vision and æsthetic culture who in their wanderings disengage the soul of a city, of a country. France, from Count de Caylus and the Abbé Barthélemy (*Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis*) to Stendhal, Taine, and Bourget, has given birth to many distinguished examples. In the first of the new group, *Blood, Pleasure and Death*, — a sensational title for a work so rich and consoling in substance, — is a collection of essays and tales. The same young man describes his æsthetic and moral impressions before the masterpieces of Angelo and Vinci, or the tombs, cathedrals, and palaces of Italy and Spain. Cordova is visited, the gardens of Lombardy, Ravenna, Parma, — Stendhal's city, — Sienna, Pisa; there are love episodes in diaphanous keys. Barrès, ever magnanimous in his critical judgments, pays tribute to the memory of his dead friends, Jules Tellier and Marie Bashkirtseff. He understood her soul, though afterwards cooled when he discovered the reality of the Bashkirtseff legend. (He speaks of the house in which she died as 6 Rue de Prony; Marie died at 30 Rue Ampère). In the

succeeding volume, consecrated to love and sorrow, the soul of Venice, the soul of a dead city, is woven with souvenirs of Goethe, Byron, Chateaubriand, Musset, George Sand, Taine, Leopold Robert the painter-suicide, Théophile Gautier, and Richard Wagner. The magic of these prose-dreams is not that of an artist merely reveling in description; Pierre Loti, for instance, writes with no philosophy but that of the disenchanted; he is a more luscious Sénancour; D'Annunzio has made of Venice a golden monument to his gigantic pride as poet. Not so Barrès. The image of death and decay, the recollections of the imperial and mighty past aroused by his pen are as so many chords in his egoistic philosophy: Venice guarded its *ego* from the barbarians; from the dead we learn the secret of life. The note of revolt which sounded so drastically in *The Enemy of Law* is absent here; in that story Barrès, mindful of Auguste Comte and Ibsen, asserted that the dead poisoned the living. The motive of reverence for the soil, for the past, the motive of traditionalism, is beginning to be overheard. In *French Friendships*, he takes his little son Philippe to Joan of Arc's country and enforces the lesson of patriotism. In his newest book, *Le Voyage de Sparte*, the same spirit is present. He is the man of Lorraine at Corinth, Eleusis, or Athens, humble and solicitous for the soul of his race, eager to extract a moral benefit from the past. He studies the Antigone of Sophocles, the Helen of Goethe. He also praises his master, the great classical scholar, Louis Ménard. Barrès has, in a period when France seems bent on burning its historical ships, destroying precious relics of its past, blown the trumpet of alarm; not the destructive blast of Nietzsche, but one that calls out, "Spare our dead!" Little wonder Bourget pronounced him the most "efficacious servitor, at the present hour, of France the eternal." Force and spiritual fecundity Barrès demands of himself, force and spiritual fecundity he demands

from France. And, like the vague insistent thrumming of the *tympani*, a ground bass in some symphonic poem, the idea of nationalism is gradually disclosed as we decipher these palimpsests of egoism.

III

The art of Barrès to this juncture had been a smoky enchantment, many-hued, of shifting shapes, often tenuous, sometimes opaque, but ever graceful, ever fascinating. Whether he was a great spiritual force or only an amazing protean acrobat, coquetting with the *Zeitgeist*, his admirers and enemies had not agreed upon. He had further clouded public opinion by becoming a Boulangist deputy from Nancy, and his apparition in the Chamber must have been as bizarre as would have been Shelley's in Parliament. Barrès but followed the illustrious lead of Hugo, Lamartine, Lamennais. His friends were moved to astonishment. The hater of the law, the defender of the press of Chambige, the Algerian homicide, this writer of "precious" literature, among the political opportunists! Yet he sat as a deputy from 1889 to 1893, and proved himself a resourceful debater; in the chemistry of his personality patriotism had been at last precipitated.

His second trilogy of books was his most artistic gift to French literature. But with the advent, in 1897, of *Les Déracinés* (*The Uprooted*) a sharp change in style may be realized. It is the sociological novel in all its thorny efflorescence. Diction is no longer in the foreground. Vanished the velvety rhetoric, the musical phrase, the nervous prose of many facets. Sharp in contour and siccant, every paragraph is packed with ideas. *The Uprooted* is formidable reading, but we at least touch the rough edges of reality. Men and women show us familiar gestures; the prizes run for are human; we are in a dense atmosphere of intrigue, political and personal; Flaubert's Frédéric Moreau, the young man of

confused ideas and feeble volition, once more appears as a cork in the whirlpool of modern Paris. The iconoclast that is in the heart of this poet is now rampant. He smashes institutions, though his criticism is also constructive. He strives to expand the national soul, strives to combat cynicism, and he urges decentralization as the sole remedy for the canker that is blighting France. Bourget holds that "Society is the functioning of a federation of organisms of which the individual is the cell;" that functioning, says Barrès, is ill-served by the violent uprooting of the human organism from its earth. A man best develops in his native province. His deracination begins with the education that sends him to Paris, there to lose his originality. The individual can flourish only in the land where the mysterious forces of heredity operate, make richer his *ego*, and create solidarity — that necromantic word which, in the hands of social preachers, has become a glittering and illuding talisman. A tree does not grow upward unless its roots plunge deeply into the soil. A wise administrator attaches the animal to the pasture that suits it.

This nationalism of Barrès is not to be confounded with the perfidious slogan of the politicians; it is a national symbol for the youth of his land. Nor is Barrès affiliated with some extreme modes of socialism — socialism, that day-dream of a retired green-grocer who sports a cultivated taste for dominoes and penny philanthropy. To those who demand progress, he asks, Progressing toward what? Rather let us face the setting sun. Do not repudiate the past. Hold to our dead. They realize for us the continuity of which we are the ephemeral expression. The cult of the "I" is truly the cult of the dead. The egoism must not be construed as the average selfishness of humanity; the higher egoism is the art — Barrès is the artist, always — of canalizing one's ego for the happiness of others. Out of the Barrès nationalism has grown a mortuary philosophy; we

see him rather too fond of culling the flowers in the cemetery as he takes his evening stroll. As a young man he was obsessed by the vision of death. Remy de Gourmont has said that Barrès is an excessive man despite his appearance of calm. His logic is sometimes audaciously romantic; he paints ideas in a dangerously seductive style; and he is sometimes carried away by the electric energy which agitates his not too robust physique. This cult of the dead, while not morbid, smacks nevertheless of the Chinese. Our past need not be a cemetery, and we agree with Jean Dolent that man is matter, but that his own soul is his own work.

Latterly the patriotism of Barrès is beginning to assume an unpleasant tinge. In his azure, *chauvinisme* is the ugliest cloud. He loves the fatal word "revenge." *In the Service of Germany* presents a pitiable picture of a young Alsatian forced to military service in the German army. It is not pleasing, and Barrès' rage will be voted laudable until one recalls the stories by Frenchmen of the horrors of French military life. Barrès belongs to the group of militarists and nationalists who were so active in the Dreyfus affair. Among his associates at that time were Drumont, Coppée, Jules Lemaître, Léon Daudet, Lavedan, Brunetière. He upholds France for the French. It is doubtless a noble idea, but it leads to narrowness and to fanatical outbreaks. His influence was great from 1888 to 1893 among the young men. It abated, to be renewed in 1896 and 1897. It reached its apogee a few years ago. The Rousseau-like cry, "Back to the soil!" made Barrès an idol in several camps. His recent election to the Academy, filling the vacancy caused by the death of the poet de Heredia, was the consecrating seal of a genius who has the gift of projecting his sympathies in many different directions, only to retrieve as by miraculous tentacles the richest moral and æsthetic nourishment. We should not forget to add, that by the numerous early

Barrèsians, the Academician is looked upon as a backslider to the cause of philosophic anarchy.

Paris is, after all, the proving ground for the world's theories; the crudest philosophic metal from elsewhere, after being passed through its intellectual smelting furnace, emerges radiant mintage. Thus it is interesting to study the process of purification and adaptation by French thinkers of Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche. The determinism of Taine stems in Germany; his theory of environment has been effectively utilized by Barrès. In *The Uprooted*, the argument is driven home by the story of seven young Lorrainers who descend upon Paris to capture it. Their Professor Bouteiller (said to be Barrès' old master at Nancy, Burdeau) has educated them as if "they might some day be called upon to do without a mother-country." Paris is a vast maw which swallows them. They are disorganized by transplantation. (What young American would be, we wonder?) Some drift into anarchy, one to the scaffold because of a murder; all are *arrivistes*; and the centre figure, Sturel (Barrès?), is a failure because he cannot reconcile himself to new, harsh conditions. They blame their professor. He diverted the sap of their nationalism into strange channels. A few "arrive," though not in every instance by laudable methods. One is a scholar. The account of his interview with Taine and Taine's conversation with him is another evidence of the intellectual mimicry latent in Barrès. He had astonished us earlier by his recrudescence of Renan's very fashion of speech and ideas; literally a feat of literary prestidigitation. There are love, political intrigue, and a dramatic assassination—the general conception of which recalls to us the fact that Barrès once sat at the knees of Bourget, and had read that master's novel, *Le Disciple*. A striking episode is that of the meeting of the seven friends at the tomb of Napoleon, there to meditate upon his grandeur and to pledge themselves

to follow his illustrious example. "Professor of Energy," he is denominated. A Professor of Spiritual Energy is certainly Maurice Barrès. In another scene Taine demonstrates the theory of nationalism by the parable of a certain plane tree in the Square of the Invalides. For the average lover of French fiction *The Uprooted* must have proved trying. It is, with its two companions in this trilogy of "The Novel of National Energy," — Stendhal begot the phrase; see his *Lettres*, — a social document, rather than a romance. Nevertheless it is a classic. It embodies so clearly a whole cross-section of earnest French youths' moral life, that — with *L'Appel au Soldat*, and *Leurs Figures*, its sequels — it will be consulted in the future for a veridic account of the decade it describes. One seems to lean out of a window and watch the agitation of the populace which swarmed about General Boulanger; or to peep through keyholes and see the end of that unfortunate victim of treachery and an ill-disciplined temperament. Barrès later reviles the friends of Boulanger who deserted him, by his delineation of the Panama scandal. It is all as dry as a parliamentary blue-book. After finishing these three novels, the dominant impression gleaned is that the flaw in the careers of four or five of the seven young men from Lorraine was not due to their uprooting, but to their lack of moral backbone.

Paris is no more difficult a social medium to navigate in than New York; the French capital has been the battlefield of all French genius; but neither in New York nor in Paris can a young man face the conflict so loaded down with the burden of general ideas and with so scant a moral outfit as possessed by these young men. The Lorraine band, — is it a possible case? No doubt. Yet if its members had remained at Nancy they might have

been shipwrecked for the same reason. Why does not M. Barrès show his cards on the table? The Kingdom on the table! cries Hilda Wangel to her Masterbuilder. The cards, M. Barrès! The moral! Love of the natal soil does not make a complete man; some of the greatest patriots have been the greatest scoundrels. M. Bourget sums up the situation more lucidly than M. Barrès, who is in such a hurry to mould citizens that he omits an essential quality from his programme — God (or character, moral force, if you prefer other terms). Now, when a rationalistic philosopher considers God as an intellectual abstraction, he is not illogical. Skepticism is his stock in trade. But can Maurice Barrès elude the issue? Can he handle the tools of those pious workmen, Loyola, de Sales, and Thomas à Kempis, for the building of his soul, and calmly overlook the inspiration of these masons of men? It is one of the defects of dilettanteism that it furnishes a *point d'appui* for the liberated spirit to see-saw between free-will and determinism, between the Lord of Hosts and the Lucifer of Negation. If we are to take Barrès seriously, and he has in the past forced us to accept him as such, we must ask him why he plays with the counters of Christianity though he may not consider them valid! Is not this debasing the moral currency, to employ a telling phrase of George Eliot? Paul Bourget feels this spiritual dissonance. Has he not said that the day may come when Barrès may repeat the phrase of Michelet: *Je ne peux passer de Dieu!* Huysmans achieved the road to Damascus, Huysmans of whom Barbey d'Aureville predicted years ago that he must either look down the mouth of a pistol or kneel at the foot of the cross. Will Maurice Barrès plod the same weary penitential route without indulging in another elliptical flight to a new artificial paradise?

THE WALKING WOMAN

BY MARY AUSTIN

THE first time of my hearing of her was at Temblor. We had come all one day between blunt whitish bluffs rising from mirage water, with a thick pale wake of dust billowing from the wheels, all the dead wall of the foothills sliding and shimmering with heat, to learn that the Walking Woman had passed us somewhere in the dizzying dimness, going down to the Tulares on her own feet. We heard of her again in the Carrisal, and again at Adobe Station, where she had passed a week before the shearing, and at last I had a glimpse of her at the Eighteen-Mile House as I went hurriedly northward on the Mojave stage; and afterward sheepherders at whose camps she slept, and cowboys at rodeos, told me as much of her way of life as they could understand. Like enough they told her as much of mine. That was very little. She was the Walking Woman, and no one knew her name, but because she was a sort of whom men speak respectfully, they called her to her face, Mrs. Walker, and she answered to it if she was so inclined. She came and went about our western world on no discoverable errand, and whether she had some place of refuge where she lay by in the interim, or whether between her seldom, unaccountable appearances in our quarter she went on steadily walking, was never learned. She came and went, oftenest in a kind of muse of travel which the untrammelled space begets, or at rare intervals flooding wondrously with talk, never of herself, but of things she had known and seen. She must have seen some rare happenings too — by report. She was at Maverick the time of the Big Snow, and at Tres Pinos when they brought home the body of Morena; and if anybody could have told whether de Borba killed Mariana for

spite or defense, it would have been she, only she could not be found when most wanted. She was at Tunawai at the time of the cloud-burst, and if she had cared for it could have known most desirable things of the ways of trail-making, burrow-habiting small things.

All of which should have made her worth meeting, though it was not, in fact, for such things I was wishful to meet her; and as it turned out, it was not of these things we talked when at last we came together. For one thing, she was a woman, not old, who had gone about alone in a country where the number of women is as one in fifteen. She had eaten and slept at the herders' camps, and laid by for days at one-man stations whose masters had no other touch of human kind than the passing of chance prospectors or the halting of the tri-weekly stage. She had been set on her way by teamsters who lifted her out of white, hot desertness and put her down at the crossing of unnamed ways, days distant from anywhere. And through all this she passed unarmed and unoffended. I had the best testimony to this, the witness of the men themselves. I think they talked of it because they were so much surprised at it. It was not, on the whole, what they expected of themselves.

Well I understand that nature which wastes its borders with too eager burning, beyond which rim of desolation it flares forever quick and white, and have had some inkling of the isolating calm of a desire too high to stoop to satisfaction. But you could not think of these things pertaining to the Walking Woman, and if there were ever any truth in the exemption from offense residing in a frame of behavior called ladylike, it should have been inoperative here. What this

really means is that you get no affront so long as your behavior in the estimate of the particular audience invites none. In the estimate of the immediate audience — conduct which affords protection in Mayfair gets you no consideration in Maverick. And by no canon could it be considered ladylike to go about on your own feet, with a blanket and a black bag and almost no money in your purse, in and about the haunts of rude and solitary men.

There were other things that pointed the wish for a personal encounter with the Walking Woman. One of them was the contradictory reports of her, as to whether she was comely, for example. Report said yes, and again, plain to the point of deformity. She had a twist to her face, some said; a hitch to one shoulder; they averred she limped as she walked. But by the distance she covered she should have been straight and young. As to sanity, equal incertitude. On the mere evidence of her way of life she was cracked, not quite broken, but unserviceable. Yet in her talk there was both wisdom and information, and the word she brought about trails and waterholes was as reliable as an Indian's.

By her own account she had begun by walking off an illness. There had been an invalid to be taken care of for years, leaving her at last broken in body, and with no recourse but her own feet to carry her out of that predicament. It seemed there had been, besides the death of her invalid, some other worrying affairs, upon which, and the nature of her illness, she was never quite clear, so that it might very well have been an unsoundness of mind which drove her to the open, sobered and healed at last by the large soundness of nature. It must have been about that time that she lost her name. I am convinced that she never told it because she did not know it herself. She was the Walking Woman, and the country people called her Mrs. Walker. At the time I knew her, though she wore short hair and a man's boots and had a fine down

over all her face from exposure to the weather, she was perfectly sweet and sane.

I had met her occasionally at ranch houses and road stations, and had got as much acquaintance as the place allowed; but for the things I wished to know there wanted a time of leisure and isolation. And when the occasion came we talked altogether of other things.

It was at Warm Spring in the Little Antelope I came upon her in the heart of a clear forenoon. The spring lies off a mile from the main trail and has the only trees about it known in that country. First you come upon a pool of waste full of weeds of a poisonous dark green, every reed ringed about the water level with a muddy white incrustation. Then the three oaks appear staggering on the slope, and the spring sobs and blubbers below them in ashy-colored mud. All the hills of that country have the down plunge toward the desert and back abruptly toward the Sierra. The grass is thick and brittle and bleached straw-color toward the end of the season. As I rode up the swale of the spring I saw the Walking Woman sitting where the grass was deepest, with her black bag and blanket, which she carried on a stick, beside her. It was one of those days when the genius of talk flows as smoothly as the rivers of mirage through the blue hot desert morning.

You are not to suppose that in my report of a Borderer I give you the words only, but the full meaning of the speech. Very often the words are merely the punctuation of thought, rather the crests of the long waves of intercommunicative silences. Yet the speech of the Walking Woman was fuller than most.

The best of our talk that day began in some dropped word of hers from which I inferred that she had had a child. I was surprised at that, and then wondered why I should have been surprised, for it is the most natural of all experiences to have children. I said something of that purport, and also that it was one of

the perquisites of living I should be least willing to do without. And that led to the Walking Woman saying that there were three things which if you had known, you could cut out all the rest, and they were good any way you got them, but best if, as in her case, they were related to and grew each one out of the others. It was while she talked that I decided that she really did have a twist to her face, a sort of natural warp or skew into which it fell when it was worn merely as a countenance, but which disappeared the moment it became the vehicle of thought or feeling.

The first of the experiences the Walking Woman had found most worth while had come to her in a sand storm on the south slope of Tehachapi in a dateless spring. I judged it should have been about the time she began to find herself, after the period of worry and loss in which her wandering began. She had come, in a day pricked full of intimations of a storm, to the camp of Filon Geraud, whose companion shepherd had gone a three days' passear to Mojave for supplies. Geraud was of great hardihood, red-blooded, of a full laughing eye and an indubitable spark for women. It was the season of the year when there is a soft bloom on the days, but the nights are cowering cold and the lambs tender, not yet flockwise. At such times a sand storm works incalculable disaster. The lift of the wind is so great that the whole surface of the ground appears to travel upon it slantwise, thinning out miles high in air. In the intolerable smother the lambs are lost from the ewes; neither dogs nor man make headway against it.

The morning flared through a horizon of yellow smudge, and by mid-forenoon the flock broke.

"There were but the two of us to deal with the trouble," said the Walking Woman. "Until that time I had not known how strong I was nor how good it is to run when running is worth while. The flock traveled down the wind, the sand

bit our faces; we called, and after a time heard the words broken and beaten small by the wind. But after a little we had not to call. All the time of our running in the yellow dusk of day and the black dark of night, I knew where Filon was. A flock-length away, I knew him. Feel? What should I feel? I knew. I ran with the flock and turned it this way and that as Filon would have.

"Such was the force of the wind that when we came together we held by one another and talked a little between pantings. We snatched and ate what we could as we ran. All that day and night until the next afternoon the camp kit was not out of the cayaques. But we held the flock. We herded them under a butte when the wind fell off a little, and the lambs sucked; when the storm rose they broke, but we kept upon their track and brought them together again. At night the wind quieted and we slept by turns, at least Filon slept. I lay on the ground when my turn was, tired and beat with the storm. I was no more tired than the earth was. The sand filled in the creases of the blanket, and where I turned, dripped back upon the ground. But we saved the sheep. Some ewes there were that would not give down their milk because of the worry of the storm, and the lambs died. But we kept the flocks together. And I was not tired."

The Walking Woman stretched out her arms and clasped herself, rocking in them as if she would have hugged the recollection to her breast.

"For you see," said she, "I worked with a man, without excusing, without any burden on me of looking or seeming. Not fiddling or fumbling as women work, and hoping it will all turn out for the best. It was not for Filon to ask, Can you, or Will you. He said, Do, and I did. And my work was good. We held the flock. And that," said the Walking Woman, the twist coming in her face again, "is one of the things that make you able to do without the others."

"Yes," I said; and then, "What others?"

"Oh," she said as if it pricked her, "the looking and the seeming."

And I had not thought until that time that one who had the courage to be the Walking Woman would have cared! We sat and looked at the pattern of the thick crushed grass on the slope, wavering in the fierce noon like the waterings in the coat of a tranquil beast; the ache of a world-old bitterness sobbed and whispered in the spring. At last, —

"It is by the looking and the seeming," said I, "that the opportunity finds you out."

"Filon found out," said the Walking Woman. She smiled; and went on from that to tell me how, when the wind went down about four o'clock and left the afternoon clear and tender, the flock began to feed, and they had out the kit from the cayaques, and cooked a meal. When it was over, and Filon had his pipe between his teeth, he came over from his side of the fire, of his own notion, and stretched himself on the ground beside her. Of his own notion. There was that in the way she said it that made it seem as if nothing of the sort had happened before to the Walking Woman, and for a moment I thought she was about to tell me one of the things I wished to know; but she went on to say what Filon had said to her of her work with the flock. Obvious, kindly things, such as any man in sheer decency would have said, so that there must have something more gone with the words to make them so treasured of the Walking Woman.

"We were very comfortable," said she, "and not so tired as we expected to be. Filon leaned upon his elbow. I had not noticed until then how broad he was in the shoulders and how strong in the arms. And we had saved the flock together. We felt that. There was something that said together, in the slope of his shoulders toward me. It was around his mouth and on the cheek high up under the shine of his eyes. And under

the shine the look — the look that said, 'We are of one sort and one mind' — his eyes that were the color of the flat water in the toulares — do you know the look?"

"I know it."

"The wind was stopped and all the earth smelt of dust, and Filon understood very well that what I had done with him I could not have done so well with another. And the look — the look in the eyes —"

"Ah-ah —!"

I have always said, I will say again, I do not know why at this point the Walking Woman touched me. If it were merely a response to my unconscious throb of sympathy, or the unpremeditated way of her heart to declare that this, after all, was the best of all indispensable experiences; or if in some flash of forward vision, encompassing the unimpassioned years, the stir, the movement of tenderness were for *me* — but no; as often as I have thought of it, I have thought of a different reason, but no conclusive one, why the Walking Woman should have put out her hand and laid it on my arm.

"To work together, to love together," said the Walking Woman, withdrawing her hand again; "there you have two of the things; the other you know."

"The mouth at the breast," said I.

"The lips and the hands," said the Walking Woman, "The little, pushing hands and the small cry." There ensued a pause of fullest understanding, while the land before us swam in the noon, and a dove in the oaks behind the spring began to call. A little red fox came out of the hills and lapped delicately at the pool.

"I stayed with Filon until the fall," said she. "All that summer in the Sierras, until it was time to turn south on the trail. It was a good time, and longer than he could be expected to have loved one like me. And besides, I was no longer able to keep the trail. My baby was born in October."

Whatever more there was to say to

this, the Walking Woman's hand said it, straying with remembering gesture to her breast. There are so many ways of loving and working, but only one way of the first-born. She added after an interval, that she did not know if she would have given up her walking to keep at home and tend him, or whether the thought of her son's small feet running beside her in the trails would have driven her to the open again. The baby had not stayed long enough for that. "And whenever the wind blows in the night," said the Walking Woman, "I wake and wonder if he is well covered."

She took up her black bag and her blanket; there was the ranch house of Dos Palos to be made before night, and she went as outliers do, without a hope expressed of another meeting and no word of good-by. She was the Walking Woman. That was it. She had walked off all sense of society-made values, and, knowing the best when the best came to her, was able to take it. Work,—as I believed; love,—as the Walking Woman had proved it; a child,—as you subscribe to it. But look you: it was the

naked thing the Walking Woman grasped, not dressed and tricked out, for instance, by prejudices in favor of certain occupations; and love, man love, taken as it came, not picked over and rejected if it carried no obligation of permanency; and a child; *any* way you get it, a child is good to have, say nature and the Walking Woman; to have it and not to wait upon a proper concurrence of so many decorations that the event may not come at all.

At least one of us is wrong. To work and to love and to bear children. *That* sounds easy enough. But the way we live establishes so many things of much more importance.

Far down the dim, hot valley I could see the Walking Woman with her blanket and black bag over her shoulder. She had a queer sidelong gait, as if in fact she had a twist all through her.

Recollecting suddenly that people called her lame, I ran down to the open place below the spring where she had passed. There in the bare, hot sand the track of her two feet bore evenly and white.

THE HERITAGE

BY "FREDERIC LORN "

I

For me with dew-spread gossamers —
 Before the winds have stirred
Or Dawn awaked her choristers —
 The grass is diapered;
For me from all the dappled trees
 And the green woodland way
Birds chant in full voiced harmonies
 Their hymn to-day.

II

My eyes are to the East: her face
 The magic secret knows;
For look! how flushed the dome of space
 With petal'd seas of rose!
The swaying vault's high void unrolls
 To one vast fan of flame;
For me all life on earth extols
 Day's awful name.

III

My tears are in the rain; my wrath
 Is in the wind-vexed sea;
And in the sun's star-border'd path
 Is laughter made for me;
Lo! at mid-blossoming of morn
 Beyond the meadow-ways
My thought is in quick spirals born
 Of spangling haze.

IV

For me at eve in circling dance
 The coiling mist-wraiths blend
In silent valleys of Romance
 Wherethrough slow streams descend.
My eyes are to the West, and swim
 In fiery lakes of light,

The Heritage

For now her flaming seraphim
Announce the night.

V

So, on the day's o'erarching scroll
Unseen, moves night's away;
As night doth from her depths unroll
The banner of the day.
And, though in riddles men may deal,
I watch, in all, through all;
And know that none can from me steal
Their sure recall.

VI

So in waste winter's sheath there grows
The quivering bud of spring
That blooms to summer's splendid rose
Fine odors squandering;
And in the seed she scattereth
I mark the unending chain
Of Death-in-Life and Life-in-Death
To Life again.

VII

Mine on uncharted hills the snow;
The unforded rivers mine;
Mine are the eldrich woods below
That break the valley-line.
For me the clouds make tournament,
The ocean shifts her mood;
All Nature flaunts for my content
Her hardihood.

VIII

For me the Air, and Sea, and Earth
Are holy trinity;
I own my God in their high worth
And rich simplicity;
For me the myriad æons told,
The unnumbered ages run,
Are nothing, for I own naught old
Beneath the sun.

NATURE AND ANIMAL LIFE

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

How surely every drop of water that sees the light in the most remote mountain or forest recesses finds its way to the sea, if not in some way intercepted. How surely the springs collect into rivulets, the rivulets into brooks, the brooks into creeks, the creeks into rivers, and the rivers sooner or later find their way to the great ocean reservoir. Dip up a cup of water from the little mountain rill and ask it whither it is going, and if it could reply it would say, "I am going to the sea; I have no choice in the matter. I am blind, I have no power of self-direction, but my way is appointed, and I know that sooner or later I shall reach the great deep." It seems as if some engineer had planned and shaped the face of the landscape and of the continent with this very end in view. But the engineer was the water itself. Water flows down hill; that settles it. It is all the inevitable result of natural law. Neither the lives of men nor of the lower animals escape the action of similar universal laws; especially are the lower animals under their dominion.

In the first place, the activities of all creatures are largely determined by their organization. This appoints the bird to fly, the fish to swim, the snake to glide, and man to walk and stand erect. It appoints the woodpecker to bore or drill the trees, the snipe to probe the mud, this kind to catch insects, that one to catch fish, this one to live on seeds or fruit, the other to prey upon game, and so on.

Now, the so-called intelligence of the lower animals is largely like that of the rills that find their way to the sea, or of the seeds of the plants that find their way to their proper habitat. Marsh plants find their way to the marshes, hill plants find their way to the hills. The spores of the

black knot seem to hunt out every plum-tree in the land. The rats and the mice find their way to your new house or new barn, because they are constantly on the search for new fields. The squirrels find the acorn grove and the birds the cherry trees for the same reason. Their necessities for food send them in all directions till they hit the right spots. I cleared off a swamp in the woods and put a ditch through it; in two or three years the cat-tail flag was growing in my ditch. These winged seeds from distant swamps traversed the air in all directions, and when the wind dropped them on the proper soil they took root and thrived; all others — vastly the greater number — came to naught.

Nature plays the principal part in the lives of all creatures, man included, supplying motives, impulses, opportunities, the guidance of organization, the inheritance of instinct, the stimulus or the check of environment, the bent of race, family, temperament, the lure of plenty, the bar of scarcity, the potency of soil, climate, geography. The birds come North when a warm wave brings them; the shad run up the rivers when the south wind blows them up; the hibernating animals come out of their retreats when the warmth wakes them up.

The play of will and conscious intelligence inside the limitations of nature is considerable in man, very little in the lower animals.

The lives of these animals as I view them, their daily and hourly actions and conduct, are not so much a matter of choice and purposeful self-direction, implying volition and intelligence, as they are the result of what we call the blind impersonal forces of nature — as much so as the flowing of water down

hill, or the rising of thistle-down into the air.

The bird builds a nest, not because it thinks nest, and plans nest, and sees the end from the beginning, as man does when he builds a house, but because the great mother nature in which it is embosomed and which is active in the bird thinks nest for it — and impels it to the construction. The bird is the instrument of the propagating impulse which pervades nature, as is man himself up to the point where his own individual judgment and volition come into play, which, it must be confessed, have only a narrow field to work in. The beaver in building its dam works as blindly, that is as inevitably and unconsciously — as free from individual initiative — as it does in developing its chisel-like teeth or its broad trowel-like tail. This inherent unconscious intelligence we call instinct, a faculty which is constant in its operation, and though not inerrant, is free from the vacillations and failures of human reason. It is analogous to that something in the plants which determines their forms, the color of their flowers, and their times and seasons. Instinct is sometimes abortive; so do plants sometimes fail of their colors and fruit.

All the larger movements of humanity are probably as much the result of the operation of natural law as are the movements of the animals. A man feels free to choose this or that, to emigrate or stay at home, to undertake this or that enterprise or to let it alone; yet that which finally determines his course, influences his will, is quite beyond the reach of his will or his consciousness. He does certain things because he is of a certain race and family, because he lives in a certain age and country, because his hair is red or black, because his health is good or bad. He is a democrat or a republican because his father was so before him. He is skeptical because he lives in a skeptical age; he is a fanatic because he is surrounded by fanatics; he wears a derby hat because all his neighbors do;

he gesticulates because he is a Frenchman; he growls because he is an Englishman; he brags because he is an American. The many influences that work over his head and under his feet, and that stream upon him from all sides, are all unknown to him.

The animals are all so wise in their own sphere, the sphere of instinct, in doing the things that they have to do in order to survive and perpetuate the species, that one is always astonished at their stupidity outside that sphere when a new problem presents itself; as when a robin and a phoebe each built three or four nests on a timber under a porch, because there were three or four places in a row just alike, and the bird could not distinguish between them or concentrate herself upon one spot. The nesting instinct in each case was so strong that the bird had not a particle of sense apart from it. Something impelled it to build, build, and it put down its load of mortar or straws at whichever point it chanced to hit. It was a hit-or-miss game surely. Such incidents give us a glimpse of how absolutely under the dominion of natural impulses animal life is, especially at certain times. The breeding instinct with nearly all creatures becomes a kind of intoxication, a frenzy, and if the bird, with all its cleverness, is ever a fool, it is a fool then. On different occasions I have seen a robin, a bluebird, and a blue jay, in nesting time, each dashing itself against a window in which it saw the reflection of its own image, thinking it was demolishing or just going to demolish a rival. Hour after hour, and day after day, the bloodless farce went on, till the birds finally desisted, apparently not because they saw they were the dupes of their own jealousy, but from sheer exhaustion. How like blind inanimate nature such things are; like the winds and the waves in their unintelligent fury. An animal never sees through appearances, things are what they seem to him, and a piece of paper or an old hat by the roadside is a fearsome thing to a nervous horse. Na-

ture has heaped the measure of their caution and fear, that they may be sure to escape their real enemies, and she has heaped the measure of their propagating instincts to make sure that the species do not fail.

How clever, too, they are about their food! They *have* to be or else starve. No doubt many of them have starved in the past, and only the clever ones survived and so continued the species. When one sees the birds in spring scouring about for food where apparently there is no food, or thinks of the mice and squirrels and foxes in the barren, desolate, snow-choked woods, or of the thousands of crows in winter going to and fro night and morning in quest of forage, one realizes how acute and active and discerning they must become to survive at all. Just how the robin knows the precise spot in the turf on the lawn to dig in order to strike a fat grub, I do not know, but he rarely fails. I am sure that I could not pick out the spots. But my dinner is not contingent upon that kind of acuteness; if it were, no doubt I could quickly learn the secret, too. The red squirrel no doubt learned that the sap of the maple was sweet long before the Indian or white man did. How surely he finds out in May when the seeds of the elm-tree will afford him a tiny morsel. He is hard-pressed for food at this time and will take up with very short pickings. I saw one a few moments ago getting his breakfast in an elm near my cabin. How eager and hungry he appeared to be, how rapidly he chipped up or opened the flakelike samaras of the tree and devoured the minute germ which they held. He would hold to a branch by his hind feet, and reach far down to the ends of the pendant twigs for the clusters of fruit. A squirrel's hind feet are especially adapted for hanging in this way. Mr. Hornaday says the pika (like a small hare) in the Canadian Rockies cuts and gathers various grasses and plant stalks, and cures them in the sun beside the entrance to its den, and then stores them up for winter use. He

says that if, during the day, the shadow of a rock falls upon the curing hay, the pika moves it out into the sun again. Another authority says that it will also make haste to house its hay if a shower threatens. These last acts seem almost incredible. I should like to have a chance to verify them. In any case we see in the habits of this creature another proof that an animal will and can learn to live, and in the struggle may develop an instinct that closely simulates human intelligence. Simulates, I say; we can hardly call it the same, though it reaches the same end by the same means. It is not to be supposed that the individual pika knows the value of curing grass before storing it away, as we know it from experience and observation, or that it takes any thought about the matter. The race of Pikas knows it as an inherited trait. It is the wisdom of nature and not of the individual pika. I suppose the habits of the wild creatures generally in laying up their winter stores is as far removed from conscious thought and purpose as is the storing up of fat in our bodies an unconscious process. Life in all its forms adapts itself to its conditions; else it would not be life; it would cease. Only in man is this adaptation ever a matter of thought and calculation, and in him only in a minor degree. The climate, the geography, the geology, the race, the age, all play a part in moulding and making him.

Over all and under all and through all is the universal intelligence, the cosmic mind. It is it that determines and shapes, humanly speaking, all the myriad forms of the universe, organic and inorganic. Only in the higher forms of animal life is the cosmic mind supplemented by conscious, individual intelligence. There are occasional gleams of this intelligence in the lives of the lower animals, but not till we reach man does the spark become a flame. Man's wit differs from the wit of universal nature in that it plays inside the latter and has a certain mastery over it and works to partial and personal ends. We call the cosmic mind blind; it is

rather impersonal and indirect. All ends and all means are its, and it fails of no end because it aims at none. How can a circle have an end? It returns forever into itself. Suns and systems and races and men are but the accidents, so to speak, of its universal activity. Man sees the end of his efforts because they are limited to his personal wants and aspirations. But nature's purpose embraces all. Her clock is not wound up for a day, or a month, or a year. It was never wound up, and it will never run down, and it strikes only the hours of eternity. But here I am in deep waters, quite over my head. Follow any of these little rills of natural history and they will lead you sooner or later to larger questions and thence to the boundless sea.

The adaptiveness of animal life, and one may say of vegetable life also, is a subject of deep interest.

In the dry streamless valleys on Cape Verde Islands Darwin saw a kingfisher that lived on grasshoppers and lizards, diving for them in the true kingfisher fashion. Doubtless our own kingfisher, under the force of circumstances, might adapt himself to such a mode of life.

The beasts and birds that are most adaptive in the matter of food, thrive best. If the quail could learn to subsist upon tree buds as does the grouse, it would not perish as it now does during our winters of deep snow.

What a success the crow is! And to what does he owe it more than to his adaptiveness in regard to food? Grain, nuts, worms, insects, fish, frogs, eggs, grubs, mice, and things still more unsavory — each and all help him through the season.

The hawks are restricted to flesh alone, hence their comparatively limited numbers.

I suppose we always attribute much more thought and purpose to the animals than they are capable of. We do not realize what automatons they are. Much of their activity is the result of their organization, and very little the result of

free choice, as with man, though in the case of man what he calls his "free choice" is no doubt largely determined by forces and conditions of which he is not conscious.

I notice that the nests of the orioles are longest and deepest where they are the most pendant, that they are deeper and more pocket-like on the willows and elms than on the oaks and hickories, and that they are the shallowest of all on stiff young maples where they are usually placed near the stem of the tree. In such cases they are shallow and cuplike. The longest nests I see near me are on the weeping willows. Now if this observation holds true, the natural inference would be that the birds considered the matter, and that they knew that the more pendant the nest the greater the danger to eggs and young during high winds; therefore, in certain situations they build deeper than in others. But I cannot make myself believe that the birds take any thought about the matter at all. The simplest explanation of their course seems to me to be this: In the act of building their nests they would be swayed more or less by the winds — more upon the willows and elms than upon trees of stiffer branches like oaks and maples. This greater swaying would stimulate them to build deeper nests; it would be the condition that would bring their pendant-nest-instinct into greater activity. A still simpler explanation is the suggestion that this instinct is feebleness in some birds than in others, and is feeblest of all in those birds that build cup-shaped or basket-shaped nests on stiff young maples newly planted by the roadside. We are not to ascribe to an animal a process of reasoning so long as there is a simpler explanation of its conduct.

I suppose the migrating of the birds in spring or fall, and the various other animal migrations, are no more the result of purpose or calculation or knowledge than the putting forth or the dropping of the leaves of the trees is the result of calculation. It is a reflex, the response to

an external stimulus in the earth and air.

When we have an early spring we plant and sow early, and *vice versa*. We seem to think that the birds choose to act similarly, and to nest early or late as their judgment as to the weather prompts. But they have no choice in the matter. A warm wave brings them, and a cold wave retards them, as inevitably as it does vegetation. The warmth stimulates them to nest-building, for the reason that it increases their food supply; the more warmth the more food, and the more food, the more rapidly the egg develops in the mother bird. Heat hastens the ripening of the egg as surely as it hastens the ripening of fruit, and cold retards it to the same extent. In cold, backward springs I note that the robin lays only two or three eggs in the first nest; in warm seasons she lays four or five.

Pluck off the leaves of a tree in the early season and new leaves will form; sometimes new blossoms will come a second time. Rob a bird of her eggs and she will lay another clutch, and still another, till the season is past. I suppose that there is no more of deliberate purpose in the one case than in the other. A wild plant's one thought, one ambition, is to mature its seed. When it starts in the spring it has the whole season before it, and it runs the stalk up to its full stature; but if it gets a late start its abbreviated stalk seems like an act of conscious intelligence; it must hasten with its seed before the season passes. The second or third nest of a bird in spring is usually a much more hasty affair than the first. The time is precious, and the young must not get too late a start in life.

I fancy that to all human beings the spring gives an impulse toward new fields, new activities, that is quite independent of any will or purpose of their own. We are all children of one mother after all and are tied to her apron strings. The pulse of the life of the globe is felt alike in all of us, feeble or strong. Our power of will, of purpose, carries but a little way against the tendencies of race,

of climate, of the age, or the tides of the seasons.

I have often asked myself if we should count it an act of intelligent foresight in the birds when they build their nests near our houses and roadways, apparently seeking the protection from their enemies which such places are supposed to afford. I have concluded that the idea of protection does not influence them any more than it does the rats and the mice that infest our houses, or the toads that lurk under our porch floors. How should a robin, or a phoebe, or a bluebird, or any other bird, know that its enemies are less bold than itself and dare not venture where it ventures? These birds are all more or less afraid of man and tolerate his presence under protest, and it is probably true that the dangers to which they are exposed in nesting near us, from cats, rats, mice, and boys, are as great or greater than they would be from wild enemies in remote fields and woods. Birds seek the vicinity of man because food in the way of insects, seeds, fruits is more abundant, and because the shelter which some of them seek is better and more extensive. I think the oriole is attracted by the abundance of nesting material, — strings and horsehairs; and the swallows for the same reason, — mud and feathers. All birds instinctively seek to hide their nests, and even porches and sheds and bridges afford cover and hiding for the robins and phœbes, to say nothing of the better foraging upon the lanes and in the garden and cherry-trees for the robins, and in the air about the buildings for the phœbes. The king-bird likes to be near the beehives, for he is fond of the drones; and the chippy comes to the rose bush, or the lilac bush, or the near apple-tree, because she likes crumbs from the table and the meal the chickens leave. I notice that the birds build in or about deserted houses nearly as freely as about those that are occupied. All birds that build in holes and cavities can be attracted by putting up suitable boxes and houses for them to nest in. In this way

you can attract bluebirds, house wrens, and purple martins.

In certain respects the birds are much like the weeds. Certain weeds follow our footsteps and thrive best near us; they fatten on our labor. So do certain species of birds follow us, not for protection but for better shelter and better fare. Surely the English sparrow does not dog the footsteps of man for any fancied protection. The wood thrush seems to love civilization; he doubtless finds his favorite food more abundant in the vicinity of our dwellings. His cousins, the hermit and veery thrushes, prefer the dense, remote woods, and doubtless for the same reason. The wood thrush's brighter coat seems more in keeping with the open glades and groves than with the denser woods.

The paramount question with bird and beast, as with us, is always the question of well-being. We consider the matter, we weigh the pros and cons, and choose our course, as we think, according to reason. But the animals are prompted and guided by outward conditions,—the season, the food supply, their nesting needs, and so forth. Of course primitive man is largely influenced by the same considerations; his necessities determine his course.

It is interesting to note how certain insects behave like natural forces. Watch the growth of the paper nest of the hornet; see it envelop the obstacles in its way, — leaves and twigs, — precisely as a growing tree might, or as flowing water does. I saw two nests of yellow-jackets in the side of a house, built in the space between the siding and the inner wall; and these nests flowed out of the cracks and nail-holes in the clapboards in thin sheets, just as any liquid would have done. Narrow gray

films were pushing out here and there, over a space of several square feet. The hornets had filled the space inside with their nest and had reached the limit, but they did not know it, and kept on building as long as the season prompted.

One of our recent nature writers — closely akin to the "fakirs" — thinks that the yarding of the moose and deer in winter is a matter of calculation and foresight, and that the precise locality of the yard is selected by leaders of the herd long before it is needed; when the truth undoubtedly is that there is no choice or prevision about it, but it is a matter of necessity; these animals yard where the deep snows overtake them; their yard is the limited area over which they are able to wander to secure food; they browse the same ground over and over, and so gradually make paths. The whole proceeding is inevitable and free from choice, and belongs to the category of natural events. The animals cannot wander freely far and wide on account of the embargo of snow, so they wander as far as they can, and this makes their yard. It is a yard only in the sense that it is a comparatively narrow range, though it is usually miles in extent.

We marvel at what we call the wisdom of the hive bee, yet there is one thing she never learns from experience, and that is, that she is storing up honey for the use of man. She could not learn this, because such knowledge is not necessary to her own well-being. Neither does she ever know when she has enough to carry her through the winter. This knowledge, again, is not important. Gather and store honey as long as there is any to be had, is her motto, and in that rule she is safe.

THE CRUISE OF THE QUINZE MILLE VIERGES

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

I

As I look back over the years I have been married, one of the most definite things in the harbor of my memory is a little fleet of boats. These are the boats which have belonged to us. They are not an imposing lot, nor are there very many of them. Most people would see only a collection of little sloops and jib-and-mainsail boats, all indifferently smart, and some of them old, tubby affairs which, for all the paint and new cordage which we put on them, could make no pretense to smartness at all. You would not find among them all a boat of a new model, or even a brand-new suit of sails. But I can see in this brood of ugly ducklings all sorts of perfections. There is not one of them all that was not ready and willing and faithful; not one of them that played us an ugly trick; nor was there one on which I had not spent hours of loving care, trying to give her a semblance of smartness even in her old age.

There is in my mind another shadowy fleet of boats: the boats we coveted and imagined ourselves buying. They make a large, imposing fleet, their lines are perfect, and their well-fitting sails spotless. Among them are schooners, and forty-foot yawls — and even steam yachts; but I doubt if I at least should have loved one of them as much as the boats we have actually owned, and upon which Stan and I have spent so many hours of well-meant and bungling labor.

There is a third fleet of boats that I sometimes wonder over: it is the fleet of our narrow escapes, and it is composed of boats we came near buying. Some are boats far beyond our means, handsome creatures which all but lured us from the paths of virtuous moderation;

though most of them are jovial, disreputable old craft, which beckoned to Stan and me with crazy masts, crying to us that we were boatless and that they were to be bought cheap. I have adventurous moments when I wish I knew what would have happened had our hands not been stayed by some lingering bit of New England common sense. Should we all have been drowned by now, I wonder, if we had bought the *Je l'Aimais*? or should we have had a beautiful time and all sorts of picturesque adventures sailing down the Mediterranean coast?

At the time, I did n't at all want to buy her, and I'm rather proud of the way I acted in the matter; that is why I tell this story. No woman ever thoroughly learns the lesson of not plucking at the sleeve of Fate and begging it to turn this way and that way; and so when, for once, one of us sits as impassive under trial as Fate itself, no wonder we remember it; no wonder we like to record it.

To make it come home to you more vividly, I must ask you to imagine yourself traveling in Europe, — traveling with a nurse and baby, — and then fancy your husband seriously considering the possible purchase of a menagerie of decrepit and unsalable animals, or an inaccessible and ruined house; and then, if you managed to hold your tongue and let nature take its course, see if you would n't feel proud of the depth of your self-control.

As a yachtsman's wife, I have been guilty of lubberly acts enough, and so, when I do anything tactful and wise, it gives me pleasure to recall it.

I stood at my window, which overlooked the beach of Saint Raphael, and as I watched the pleasant, bustling scene, I observed, dressed in a sweater and a

tam-o-shanter, an ignoble pair of old trousers on his legs, my husband,—not different, so far as my impartial eye could see, either in manner or costume, from any other of the loafers on the beach: the only thing that marked him a foreigner was that they gesticulated vociferously, while he did not.

He was the centre of a small group of fishermen, who were evidently trying to prove something to him, for they pointed frequently to a boat near which they stood. It needed no second sight to tell me what was afoot.

"Aha!" thought I, "they're trying to sell that prehistoric relic to Stan — and they will!"

I hastily put on my hat and joined my husband, although I knew well enough that my presence could have no restraining influence on him once he was in the grip of his master passion. Unfortunately, women have a desire mortal to their own comfort and peace of mind, — they want to know the worst. I arrived in time to see Stan looking over a boat with a critical eye. He is a very good judge of boats when he is n't buying one, but Stan in a boatless condition would be quite capable of buying a bird's nest to sail in.

In a sober mood, I think he would have considered a good, stout bird's nest more seaworthy than the venerable craft that was under consideration. I have n't been a yachtsman's wife so many years for nothing, and I knew that Stan was indulging in no academic pastime in dicker-ing over a boat; I knew that he seriously considered buying that aged craft, with its rotten planks and all. I shall always feel that I deserved praise for not asking him the simple question, "with what" he proposed to buy that museum relic from the shores of the Mediterranean; or that I did n't point out to him that our stay in Saint Raphael was to be of but three weeks' duration; instead, I am proud to say that for once I held my tongue, and even looked as enthusiastic as human nature could be expected to.

II

The *Je l'Aimais* was, so far as my small historical knowledge goes, a bastard model of those vessels with which Cæsar explored this same coast some two thousand years before. She was about thirty feet long, and heavy, without centreboard or keel. Her short and slender mast was out of all proportion to her heavy lines. Like the other fishing boats, she had a lateen sail, which means that on the mast was casually fixed a hook; and by means of this hook and a ring the sail was naively fastened.

The boat showed signs of long disuse. Any one could see at a glance that, even among other boats of her type, she was peculiarly unseaworthy, for she wore the unmistakably discouraged air of a boat which has searched for years in vain for a new owner. Boats that have no loving owner have always seemed to me like dogs in the same plight. Lack of care, the absence of fresh paint, gives them the same lonely and dejected look that one observes in a lost dog. It takes no experienced eye to tell if a boat has passed from the hands of a careful proprietor, who has been proud of her, or has "lain up," neglected, for season after season. The *Je l'Aimais* was of the latter type.

According, however, to the florid gentleman in the worn red tam-o-shanter, the *Je l'Aimais* was a pearl among pearls, a boat of boats, a real bargain. Yes, she had lain up, it is true, a season or two, it may be three or four — it may be five or six; but only because her owner lived down Antibes way. Just why he had n't had her put in the water and sailed down to Antibes was patent even to the dull eye of a female, for this venerable Noah's ark was only one step from the time when a boat is broken up for her iron and such of her fittings as may yet prove serviceable for another season on a more fortunate craft.

She had one virtue, however. She could be bought very cheap; to that every

one agreed with wise nods and head-shakings.

Stan looked her over with an air of criticism which I don't believe deceived any of the honest fishermen surrounding him. That he was an "Englishman" proved to their simple minds that he was mad to start with; that he had considered this boat at all must have proved to them that he was only recently escaped from his keeper. There was a certain eagerness in the air of the elderly rascal most interested in the sale, which seemed to indicate that he feared the keeper might at any moment appear upon the scene.

How mad we were Stan was to prove by what he was next to say. They had fished all their lives in small boats, as we had sailed in them, and yet we had not one word of boat talk in common. We were of the present day, and the models of their boats dated from the Cæsars. The models of fishing boats do not change and improve along the Mediterranean shore. The boatbuilder of two hundred years ago could come back and successfully ply his trade and use the same models that his fathers had taught him.

"That boat would be better for an iron shoe," said Stan, with a recrudescence of the boat-trader's instinct.

"Not at all! Not at all, M'ssieu'," replied the elderly fisherman, an uneasy eye fixed on me. I fancied that he might have at home a seaworthy wife who sometimes prevented him from buying things which he should not.

"Iron on the keel of a boat causes her to sink. A bit of bad weather, a Mistral comes up, the waves come up, your sail pitches off—pouff!"—he illustrated this with a dramatic gesture—"down you go at the same moment—the iron inevitably drags you to the bottom. Then—finish."

"I don't see," said Stan, "why you have no centreboards."

They looked at each other blankly. Stan's French, at the best, is not yet idiomatic, and he translated the word

"centreboard" literally. He took from his pocket a piece of paper and drew a picture of a boat with a centreboard. He made a boat of his hands, and with a chip of wood showed the attentive crowd the working of this useful apparatus.

"Ah-h-h!" they breathed. They understood.

"M'ssieu', those boats of that cast are the type of the most dangerous," they explained, "unsuited entirely for our rough waters. There has never yet been a fishing boat here with a centreboard—nor will there be, thank God, while our boatbuilders have any sense left. Safe boats are of the model that you see before you, the model of the *Je l'Aimaïs*."

"I don't see how your boats come about, without a centreboard," Stan persisted.

With the tact of Frenchmen, they ignored this question. It may be that they did not think it was important whether a boat came about quickly or not, never having sailed in the kind that did.

"There came to this harbor," said one of the other fishermen, "an Englishman in a boat such as you describe, M'ssieu'. He went out one day, the Mistral came up; he was never seen again."

"The centreboard," added another stout sailor, "may be good for other waters—not for these."

"We have always sailed in such boats," a bent-over grandfather clinched the argument.

III

There fell on us one of those sudden and unaccountable silences that come over people in the midst of busy talk. Far off we could hear a merry-go-round playing. The cheerful noises of the beach rose about us, calling us like the voice of a friend. The *Je l'Aimaïs* and Stan looked each other in the face while she sung to him her false siren chant.

"I can be bought cheap—cheap—cheap," I could hear her telling him. "I am old and dried up, but I am a boat. I can be your own boat. You can go in me

where you like. You can see every little nook of this lovely coast. I can be bought for nothing, for nothing at all." And of all songs in the world, this song without music is the one which can lure Stan farthest afield. I do not mind a real boat making him commit follies for her sake, but it hardened my heart to think of the decrepit Je l'Aimais putting the comether on my husband.

"Why did n't you all go out to-day?" he asked suddenly. I like to think that a suspicion of what the Je l'Aimais and her kind really were came over him. It was a beautiful day, the sun bright above, and no hint of coming storm; a little Mistral blowing — a nice fair breeze that would hardly have been considered a lady's breeze off the New England coast.

"The Mistral!" they replied in one voice. "No one goes out when the Mistral blows. Boats that go out when the Mistral blows end up at Africa, if they end up at all; unless—" and Saucisse pointed a dramatic finger downward.

"You could beat back," Stan suggested.

They looked at one another pityingly. He had given another indication of insanity.

"One cannot beat back against the Mistral," said the elderly fisherman, with the air of a man who delivers a proverb of Solomon. And all together they burst out into talk of the deadliness of the Mistral.

Stan broke in on their chatter in a businesslike American way.

"Write to the owner of the boat in Antibes and find out what her exact price is, and then find some one who will make an estimate of her repairs," he commanded.

The writing to the owner in Antibes seemed simple, but an exact estimate as to the cost of the repairs was a different matter; the simple Saint Raphaellese does n't like to be pinned down to the concrete in this brutal Anglo-Saxon way. Babel arose again.

"It would n't be much," they vociferated.

"It depends upon how much M'ssieu' insists upon having done," said some one.

"And upon how many coats of paint he has in his mind," said a second.

A woman on the outskirts of our little crowd admitted in an undertone that she believed that paint had gone up this year. And the hour having come for lunch, we dispersed, every one of us pleased with himself, since each opposing party had the consoling feeling of knowing the other to be wanting in intelligence.

I formed a little third party by myself, and what I thought of the Je l'Aimais or what I thought of Stan, I will not say, but my pleasure in my own superior thoughts was dominated by the impotent question: Would Stan buy her or would he not?

IV

When I looked out of the window the next morning, it seemed as if the beach had blossomed in the night with strange, exotic flowers, or as if a flock of birds with flame-colored wings had just that moment alighted there. The fishing fleet of Saint Raphael was drawn up high and dry on the crescent-shaped beach, as is the immemorial custom, and the many-colored sails of the boats were being dried in the morning sun. Beyond, the Mediterranean danced as blue as even the guide-books pretend it is; and as the Mistral still blew gently, I knew the fishing fleet would not go out that day.

There were more things happening on the beach than the mere drying of sails. Old men were mending nets of fabulous lengths; women were hanging their clothes out to dry, and others were sitting gossiping on the keels of boats; others, again, were washing out wine casks. And, since the day was one when the cautious Mediterranean fisherman would not venture forth, — though it would have seemed the top of a fine morning to one of our Gloucester men, — all sorts of small repairs were going on on the boats them-

selves; here one man was giving a coat of paint to his boat's keel; there, another was doing a bit of calking; or again, a man was letting a patch into the side of his boat. And these things were all done with a thoroughness — even with a ponderousness — that our land knows nothing of. The patch that was being let in I could see even from my window; it would outlast the fisherman's children's children if the boat did. The boats themselves, though none of them were much over forty feet, were of the same substantial build; they were as broad of beam as the women of Saint Raphael, and were built of ponderous planks and beams, — boats built to last for generations, if one liked.

The beach of Saint Raphael was more than a shipyard, more than a place to mend nets. It was the town park; it was the town nursery. Here fat French babies rolled around, tugging at their mothers' skirts, who industriously plied the small activities of knitting, mending, and what not, such as thrifty French women love to bring with them into the open when they give their babies an airing.

Besides this, the beach was the place where the cart people pitched their booths. I could see from my window the waffle man dexterously making long, snakelike cakes through a funnel-shaped machine. Behind him, his wife sat on the steps of the cart, which was their home, preparing the midday meal, and gossiping with the neighbors. Farther along, the wife of the rival waffle man flaunted her feather boa contemptuously. It was perhaps because of the feather boa and a certain artificiality of complexion that she had no such solid standing among the good people of Saint Raphael as had her plainer competitor. French people are conservative, and any one will agree that if you live in a cart which is drawn by hired mules from place to place, and earn your living by making penny cakes and waffles out in the open air, naturally a feather boa and an artificial complexion, a hat, and a long skirt, are conspicuously

out of place in the state of life to which God has called you.

The greatest crowd was assembled around the bird man, who was industriously raffling his green paroquets. One paid a sou for a ticket, and if one drew a lucky number, one *might* get a little green bird. A great many people raffled every day for these birds; I did myself, but I never saw any one carry a paroquet away with him, although Stan says he has. Like the other cart-dwellers, the bird man's cart was directly back of his booth, and a large bull-dog lay at the door, sunning himself and pretending to watch over his master's chattels; I had found out, however, that for all his undershot jaw and red eyes, he was a very venal beast, and could be bought off by a pat on the head and a kind word or two. Farther off down the beach, the merry-go-round was in full swing, whirling round its little wooden horses to the inspiring air of "*Viens Poupoule.*"

Up and down the beach broad-hipped, short-skirted, full-chested women, with bright colored kerchiefs knotted round their necks, came and went on their business, hung up their multi-colored wash, darned their husbands' breeches, peeled vegetables for dinner; plying, indeed, on the beach, all the little familiar occupations that a New England woman would keep for her back porch.

V

The men who were not at work on their boats grouped themselves into little knots, gossiping about the catch of fish, the arrival of the next sand boats from Nice, and the probable duration of the present Mistral. Presently I heard Stan's voice behind me.

"She's got the mellowest sail you ever saw," he said; and well I knew who "she" was. "A better color than any of those down there. Come along and buy a chart of the coast."

Below, in the hotel café, there was a difference of opinion as to where a detailed

chart of the azure coast might be bought. One told us that charts of the nature we described might be purchased at the custom house; another recommended us to go to the Mairie; while still another kindly indicated the inspector of the port as the dispenser of all charts and nautical information. I saw our morning's work cut out for us, and was glad; as, after all, it does no one any harm to buy a chart, and it amuses Stan.

When we got it at last, the coast between us and Cannes, and again from Cannes to the Peninsula of Antibes, seemed singularly devoid of small harbors; a bare, rocky coast it was, which perhaps accounted for the fact that the Romans always pulled their galley up on the beach at night and slept ashore — which custom has been followed ever since by the dwellers on the north coast of the Mediterranean.

The absence of harbors did not discourage Stan. "There will always be," he asserted, "some little shelter where one can lay up a boat of this size. I can't imagine anything more fascinating," he went on, "than a cruise from here to Nice in a little boat."

Neither could I, if I could have sent on the nurse and baby by mail, *poste restante*, and gone myself in a boat of a build which I understood better; for I have the woman's distrust of anything I do not understand; and I will say for myself that my distrust of the small fishing craft of the Mediterranean was soon to have its foundation.

Stan, however, continued in his enthusiasm. "It has n't been done," he exulted. "You see, it has n't been done. These land-hugging fishermen never go out beyond rowing distance, and the Englishmen who cruise on this coast have done it in yachts they have had sent down. I believe in using the type of boat that the country affords. It is probably better adapted for the waters."

"Why don't the fishermen ever go out in rough weather, then?" I could n't help asking.

"Because they are Frenchmen from the south of France!" replied Stan, with a touch of irritation, as if that explained all.

"Let's go out and hire a boat for a sail?" Stan suggested next; which I knew was merely an excuse for feasting his eyes on the lovely shape of the Je l'Aimais.

At home, the hiring of a sailboat is a simple matter. One finds a boat to hire, and after a certain amount of decent traffic concerning the price, one hires it or one does n't. Here, we found a sailboat to hire without the slightest difficulty, and we wished to go out in it at once. But, said the man, — again it was Saucisse with whom we dealt, —

"M'ssieu' the Directeur of the Port goes once a week to visit his maternal aunt at Fréjus, and without his consent it would be impossible, Madame and M'ssieu', for me to take you."

Stan naturally inquired what M'ssieu' the Directeur of the Port had to do, in a land fairly bursting with Liberté, Egalité and Fraternité, with the taking of us out for an afternoon sail.

"M'ssieu'," replied Saucisse with calm, "it is the law. I have no license to take out pleasure parties; therefore each time I take out any one in my boat, I must have my paper signed by M'ssieu' the Directeur of the Port. Otherwise, were anything to happen to you, I should be responsible to the government for your lamented corpses. You can see, M'ssieu', the embarrassment it would put a poor man with seven small children dependent upon him to, to be responsible to the French government for the corpses of two distinguished foreigners. I cannot do it, M'ssieu'. To-morrow if you like — to-morrow in the earliest dawn — I will get the signature of M'ssieu' the Directeur of the Port. But this afternoon — impossible."

VI

The next morning we started forth in the Young Louis, the boat of Saucisse.

We started forth, it is true, against the remonstrances of Saucisse himself, his wife, the fishermen of Saint Raphael, the Director of the Port, the taker of customs, and the town physician. They all said it was no day to go sailing. Very little wind blew, the sky was slightly overcast; but still it was no day for a lady to venture forth; and they stood upon the massive structure of the mole, a picturesque, head-shaking crowd, watching our departure.

"Wind may come from those clouds," Saucisse told us ominously. "Sooner or later, wind is sure to come."

"Is n't your boat seaworthy?" Stan asked with some temper.

"M'ssieu'," replied Saucisse, hurt, but still with dignity, "I did n't think of my boat. I have been out often when the wind blew," he continued proudly. "I think of Madame. If the wind blows, waves inevitably rise," — he spoke as though he were imparting new scientific information to Stan, — "and if the waves rise, the spray will blow from them. And then —" he paused dramatically, — "Madame will be wet. Do what we may to prevent it, Madame will be wet from the spray of the sea. I don't like it. We would do best to stay within the harbor. Still —" He bent himself to his oars.

Stan watched him rowing for a moment or two. It was a heavy boat, and required no mean pair of shoulders to get up what we so insistently call "a white ash breeze." Then, —

"Why don't you put your sail up?" he inquired. "Why don't we sail out of the harbor?"

Saucisse bent to his oars.

"It is not the custom," he said. "We always row in and out of the harbor. It prevents confusion. The wind, as you see, is against us. Were all the boats to tack back and forth, disaster might result. It is better so; we have always rowed in and out of the harbor."

He bent to his oars again.

Stan subsided, but I knew that he was

hurt to the very core of his yachtsman's heart. His feelings, I knew, were similar to those of a well-brought-up girl who finds herself having to commit publicly some grossly unconventional act. Presently, after we had passed the mole and had cleared what other few boats were out, with infinite leisure, with none of the snap known to the North Atlantic yachtsman, — stopping to talk with Stan, who was very polite under the trying circumstances, — Saucisse finally unrolled his lateen sail, which lay across the bottom of the boat, and hooked it on to the bottom of the mast.

"I think I'd like to go across the bay," Stan informed him.

Serenely, with uninterrupted calm, Saucisse headed in the other direction.

"The wind does n't serve for that course to-day, M'ssieu'," said he with tranquillity. "It would be best to go down past the lion rouge and the lion d'or."

This he explained as one explains things to a very young and rather unintelligent child. "We will have a reach there and a reach back." He took up the tiller. "Let us hope," he said, "the wind does not change; otherwise the little waves will come up in a choppy fashion, and we shall be compelled to row home."

"Why?" Stan demanded.

Saucisse looked at him with a pitying eye.

"One has to row home," said he, "when one's sail pitches off," — which, it seems, is the habit of the picturesque lateen sail in anything like a sea-way.

I sat quiet, but content. I had sailed with my husband seven years, and in all that time I had never before heard his opinion disputed. In all those many years I had always seen him take whatever course he chose. I had seen him take the upper hand of a New England fisherman, of other yachtsmen, and especially I had had him take the upper hand of me. I had heard him use the pitying tone that Saucisse now employed. When Saucisse opened his mouth and spoke, he was a communicative Frenchman, and ready

to impart information to the stray foreigner, however ignorant or however mad. He explained in words of one syllable the theory of sailing to my husband. He explained how the wind hit the sail and how one was unable to sail against the wind, and why one pushed the tiller this way, and again pulled it that. He explained these things with the same unspeakable patience that I had had them explained to me, after I knew them all.

We returned from our sail without mishap. I did not get wet, the wind did not rise, the sail did not pitch off, and Stan had had the theory of sailing explained to him thoroughly by a comic old pusillanimous Frenchman. I did n't ask him if he had enjoyed the afternoon. I had.

VII

Whether he had enjoyed the sail or not, Stan's first act on arriving home was to find out if word had come from Antibes from the owner of the *Je l'Aimais*. It had not. "Why," said the fisherman in the red tam-o-shanter, reproachfully, "it was only two or three days ago that we wrote!" Such haste evidently seemed to him indecent.

Stan had learned from Saucisse all he wished to know about sailing the native craft of the Mediterranean. There arose and grew in his mind a contempt for the Mediterranean fisherman and all his ways. He had sailed smaller boats on rougher water, single-handed, although his business in life did n't take him on the sea, and these shore-keeping sailormen filled him with a wholesome New England disgust. He had always felt humble-minded in the face of a Gloucester man, so he said, and had expected to find the same metal in the fishermen along the Mediterranean coast; but except in the pleasantest of weather, land was the place for them.

I don't know whether it was with the conscious desire of showing them how an American could sail one of their own boats, that he chose a day with a trifle

more wind than they considered wholesome to go out in alone, or whether he felt that he had had enough lessons in seamanship. We joyfully started off together a few mornings later in the *Quinze Mille Vierges*, Saucisse having refused to hire us the *Young Louis* on such an unsuitable day for a lady to go sailing.

No word in the mean time had come from the owner of the *Je l'Aimais*, although more than a week had passed since we had opened negotiations for her purchase. And every day she had sung to Stan her song about owning one's own boat and the joy one can have on the face of the waters in a little boat that belongs to one's self and to no one else. He had waited with some impatience for the final letter. He had got estimates from the other men around the beach how much the old *Je l'Aimais* ought to cost. It was true that the putting her into the water would be far more expensive than the cost of her disreputable hulk, but, somehow, this did n't impress Stan. What one spends on fitting up a boat afterwards never seems to count. It is like putting improvements into one's own house.

The next best thing after sailing in one's own boat is sailing in a hired boat, without a captain, having one's own way, with no Saucisse to tell which way one must head, or to draw long faces about the wind's coming up. We did n't mind the wind's freshening a little, anyway. Both of us were used to being wet with the spray of the sea.

So, contrary to all tradition, we hoisted our sail well in the harbor and made off for Saint Tropez, a town a few miles down the coast. A large concourse of beach loafers saw us off, and prophesied disaster with shrugs and gestures, while Saucisse openly expressed his opinion that had not M'ssieu' the Directeur of the Port been absent that day to visit his maternal aunt, he would never have allowed us to proceed forth; although I don't think he could have interfered, even under the paternal laws of the French government. There is no law which can

prevent one from hiring a boat and going out in it, although a boat-owner must have his papers signed before he takes out a pleasure party. In the first case, no jealous government can ask what has become of its citizens. Their loss is their own folly.

We had a three-quarter reach out, and our boat made fair time. It was a heavenly day for a sail, and I knew that each mile in the *Quinze Mille Vierges* made Stan think how much he wanted a boat of his own. We were both as pleased as children with everything. We liked the naïve working of the lateen sail, we admired the marvelously clear water. We stopped in little coves along the lonely coast, just for the fun of exploring, like two children.

Then we headed for home about noon, after a perfect run of about three hours. The wind had shifted slightly, which meant a beat back. We made very little headway. There was, I remember, a certain big, cone-shaped pine tree that seemed to walk along the shore with us. I said nothing. It seemed to me one of those times in a woman's life when questions are superfluous, and when it is even better not to talk at all.

Finally Stan burst out.

"I believe," he exploded, "that this darned prehistoric dishpan is falling off!"

That was just what was happening. We were falling off. The steady adverse wind was calmly pushing her away from the land; and as we had no centreboard or keel, the *Fifteen Thousand Virgins* was acting just as a skiff with a sail would have done under similar circumstances.

"Perhaps she'll go better on the other tack," said Stan.

We tried to come about. We nosed up into the wind, and there her lovely red sail, mellowed by the delicious Mediterranean sun, flapped as useless as a flag. She had n't had headway enough to come about.

Stan sat and gazed at it. He said nothing. There were no words in his vocabulary, brought up in the decent atmo-

sphere in which he had been, that would adequately have expressed what he felt towards that sail and that boat.

I still said nothing. I knew if I did anything it would somehow get to be my fault. I made myself as inert and inconspicuous as the big pair of oars lying at the bottom of the boat. And still the red sail flapped derisively in the wind, and still the gentle current bore us off shore. There was only one thing to be done; I knew it and Stan knew it. Neither spoke of what it was. There was only one way to get that boat round. I went forward, and stood in the prow of the boat, looking down into the water, with my back to Stan; he took up the heavy oars, and like any "son of a snail-catching Frenchman" he rowed his boat round about.

VIII

It was the only way, but nevertheless it was a terrible come-down for a yachtsman who all his life has aimed to do in all things as a yachtsman should. Of course, there was no need of my keeping up this false delicacy the entire afternoon. Slowly we made our way towards home, falling off a great deal, always driven farther off shore, and always having to row about. We talked little about it, but we understood then why one cannot beat back against the *Mistral*, and why the Mediterranean fisherman only goes out on a pleasant day, and why *Sau-cisse* would n't head in the direction that he was told to. And we also saw that if the breeze freshened, there would be nothing for it but to take in our sail and row slowly and painfully home, and that even then, there being but one man among us, the heavy boat might end up in some other place than the harbor of Saint Raphael.

I almost wished that this had happened, and that we had had a thrilling adventure to record, instead of the only climax being that a punctilious yachtsman had to row his boat about through long hours, while the sun and the waves

smiled at him, and his wife, more sympathetic than the forces of nature, tried to pretend that she did n't know what an unyachtsmanlike performance was in progress. If we had been blown on to an alien coast and had to spend a night under a tree, it would have been a far more glorious tale. As it is, we have talked very little about this performance since.

But we were not to be deprived of every dramatic touch. It took us three hours to sail down to Saint Tropez; it took us nine to beat back. It might have taken us twice nine, but for the wind's shifting a little, and a little breeze enabling us to sail home the last three miles.

We arrived home after dark, at nine o'clock. On the mole as we came into the little harbor, past the little toy light-house, there was the flashing of lanterns and the hum of excited voices, and out of the darkness a voice hailed us. We answered, and from a score of throats came up a cry.

"They come! They come! It is they!" A woman's voice gave thanks to the Blessed Virgin. All the fishing population of Saint Raphael was there and waiting for us. Two boats, we learned later, had gone out in search of us. Monsieur the Directeur of the Port was there, the Collector of Customs, with whom we had grown friendly, the doctor, our hotel-keeper, the head waiter, Saucisse, his voluble wife — all our friends, in fact.

A dozen hands helped us to land, while Monsieur the Directeur of the Port exclaimed to us in a reproachful tone, —

"Consider! Consider, M'ssieu', my embarrassing position had some mischance occurred, as we all so feared!"

We made what might be called a triumphal entry. We were pointed out

afterwards on the beach. It seemed that no small boat of the size of the *Quinze Mille Vierges* ever attempted to make Saint Tropez in an afternoon. We had accomplished a feat. Now they knew for a certainty that the madhouse was fairly yawning for us; still, our seamanship was a proven matter.

I did n't ask Stan if he still desired to skirt the Mediterranean shore in a boat in use in these waters. He himself carried the whole thing off with bravado. He still inquired daily and with some acerbity if word had come from the owner of the *Je l'Aimais*, and he confided to me that he should take some one along to row the boat around, since such seemed to be the local custom.

My own opinion is that not for anything in the world would he have bought a boat that caused one such humiliation; but still, I cannot tell. Men are strange and tenacious animals, and it may be that, had we ever heard from the owner of the *Je l'Aimais*, I should have to transfer it from the fleet of our narrow escapes to the fleet of the boats which we have owned. But we never did hear, so the question that put itself to me so vividly that day I first made the acquaintance of the *Je l'Aimais*, Would Stan buy or would n't he? was never answered. She was, after all, as definitely out of our reach as any of the stately boats we only dreamed of buying, and only because we were in a land where the words, "Step lively, please!" have never yet been heard. Three weeks was too short a time for any man living in Antibes to get around to answering a business letter.

But I still have my curiosities. Had Stan bought the *Je l'Aimais* would she have drowned us, or should we have had more memories to add to the day we spent on the Fifteen Thousand Virgins?

THE VALUE OF ALDRICH'S VERSE

BY ALBERT PHELPS

I

For some years my volume of Aldrich's poems has shared with Herrick a corner of my case of most intimate books. There he has no worse neighbors than Landor, Theocritus, and Keats; and I have little doubt that on many another shelf than mine this book of exquisite verse has found just such a cherished place; but I have often wondered what judgment the professional critics would pass upon his work when the inevitable time came for them to attempt to assign his official rank among English-speaking poets.

In the first place, both in his life and in his art, he held so aloof from the market-place of letters, taking no part in the literary "movements" which made and unmade so many reputations during the course of his life, that any attempt to value his work by comparison with that of his contemporaries would be of small profit. He plainly meant that his verse should live solely by what he might catch of the fugitive aspects of living beauty, and embody in forms of the most perfect clarity and finish of which he was capable — to carve out in the purest form of art only what life gave to his hands as precious ore, and to reject all else. Moreover, in his work, considered for itself alone and judged according to its own standards, the care of the poet has rendered the services of critic and commentator to a great extent superfluous. No aim was apparently more consistently before him than that the purely fashioned shapes of verse which he wrought so sparingly should contain all that was necessary to their appreciation — and no more. To this end, Nature happily endowed him with a sensitive temperament and an instinct for refined artistry; and a fortunate fate

granted him the luxury of writing as little and as well as he had inclination and power. Every now and then there comes an artist who may be sure of real immortality in the admiration of certain temperamentally sympathetic spirits, without ever stirring the indifference of the bigger public. It may be that time will prove Aldrich to be such a one. Accept his motive and choice of subject, and there can be no question of the consummate skill with which he has wrought his conceptions and impressions into well-nigh flawless form perfectly adapted to his purpose. Whether this means much or little to one is solely a matter of temperament.

It would not be altogether surprising if critics, with the best intent, and with all the praise which they must surely give to the delicacy of his workmanship, should present his art in what seems a wrong light to those who *do* feel that almost personal interest which, I say, is purely a matter of temperament. Accordingly, in some of the press-notices which have already appeared since the poet's recent death, there seems to be just noticeable already an unconscious trifle of the complacency which most people assume towards work cast in small form and wrought with conscious purpose to the highest degree of artistic refinement. Perhaps there is really nothing to be done about it; and proselyting for the sake of any artistic creed may be as unproductive of successful converts as the same sort of effort for a religious dogma. In both cases, the question is fundamentally one of feeling; and argument can, at best, hope to gain only a mental acquiescence, which means no more in art than it does in religion. Aldrich himself felt this when he wrote,

If my best wine mislike thy taste,
And my best service win thy frown,
Then tarry not, I bid thee haste;
There 's many another Inn in town.

Nevertheless, in the life and work of this man, so unswervingly devoted to one purpose, there are demonstrated some broad principles of art which are too little appreciated by people in general, and therefore too often neglected by writers; so that it is well worth while to attempt to discover the ideal which he thought worthy of fifty years of service and which has produced the only *uniformly* artistic body of verse in the course of American literature.

II

Here is a quatrain which in itself might almost serve to epitomize the artist's method: —

See where at intervals the firefly's spark
Glimmers and melts into the fragrant dark;
Gilds a leaf's edge one happy instant, then
Leaves darkness all a mystery again.

The four lines of this little poem seem to me perfect in their illusive beauty and fragrant with haunting suggestion. In their almost complete objectivity lies what is one of the chief charms of Aldrich's method, but also the stumbling-block in the way of such readers as insist that the artist shall extract the last shred of meaning from his subject in obvious explanation. Aldrich had the rare faculty of sketching a subject with so sure a touch that he dared leave it to produce and even interpret its own mood, without any crude or too obvious analysis of the feeling that originally produced the poem. It is the method of a Whistler pastel or a Japanese print. On the other hand, such a poet as Wordsworth — be it said with all reverence — might have found a hundred lines insufficient to explain, to the very dregs, all that he himself felt at such a moment as the one caught and fixed in this quatrain, and might have been further impelled to overflow in a foot-note of prose. Aldrich, however, has left all this

to an implied imagination in the reader. He has seized whatever was significant of the moment, excluded all the rest, and fixed the essential fact in a few perfect words which possess almost the vivid actuality of painting. The whole impression is so compressed as to produce the immediate and complete effect of that one momentary revelation of a summer night.

The external features of Aldrich's art are plain enough. It is cosmopolitan and, as one would naturally expect of a man to whom high culture had opened a second world as real and vital as the first, it draws almost as much direct inspiration from art as from nature. Yet there is little of outright bookishness and nothing of the manner of the dilettante. The effect of other literature is present, indeed, but only in evanescent flavors. One might guess, for instance, that some poets of France have had much to do with the forming of his style. One feels this influence, however, only in a certain clearness and definiteness of outline, in the likeness of the language to natural prose, and in the clarity of the form. There are absolutely no obscure lines overladen with turgid imagery or gaudily colored adjectives, — the besetting sin of nearly all English-using verse writers of to-day, who seem bent upon imitating the faults which Keats outgrew. What an example of the power of plain words to convey a sense of the most perfect poetic beauty is the "Invocation to Sleep," in such lines as these: —

The bell sleeps in the belfry — from its tongue
A drowsy murmur floats into the air
Like thistle-down. There is no bough but
seems
Weighted with slumber — slumber every-
where!
Couched on her leaf the lily sways and dips;
In the green dusk where joyous birds have
sung
Sits silence with her finger on her lips;
Shy woodland folk and sprites that haunt the
streams
Are pillowed now in grottoes cool and deep;
But I in chilly twilight stand and wait
At the porteullis of thy Castle gate,

Longing to see the charmed door of dreams
Turn on its noiseless hinges, delicate Sleep.

But after all there is little to be gained by trying to find, through the internal evidence of the poems, the manifold influences which may have played some part in their creation. At best, one might only hazard a guess that Herrick, Tennyson, Keats, Landor, Heine, Gautier, De Musset, and Hafiz had been absorbed in the growth of the poet's nature. One just feels this as a congenial bond of artistic freemasonry, something like the pleasure of meeting unexpectedly in a strange place a man who happens to know all one's best friends. Yet really in only a single instance would a comparison with the work of any one of these poets bring out more clearly the individual qualities of Aldrich's poetry. Of course the English Herrick is that one; yet even in this case Aldrich has forestalled the critic. The lines with which he honors his brother of an earlier generation are sufficiently self-revealing.

If thy soul, Herrick, dwelt with me,
This is what my songs would be :
Hints of our sea-breezes, blent
With odors from the orient ;
Indian vessels deep with spice ;
Star-showers from the Norland ice ;
Wine-red jewels that seem to hold
Fire, but only burn with cold ;
Antique goblets, strangely wrought,
Filled with wine of happy thought ;
Bridal measures ; vain regrets ;
Laburnum buds and violets ;
Hopeful as the break of day ;
Clear as crystal ; new as May ;
Musical as brooks that run
O'er yellow shadows in the sun ;
Soft as the satin fringe that shades
The eye-lids of thy Devon maids ;
Brief as thy lyrics, Herrick, are,
And polished as the bosom of a star.

In these lines you find Aldrich himself, and his verse also has the same gem-like quality. Words, as he uses them, seem to have the almost visible loveliness of precious stones or wrought gold. The very mold into which his fancy is cast is most often satisfyingly beautiful in itself, independent of the poetic spirit

which animates it — in the same way in which the silent beauty of a vase, or the color and texture of rare fabrics, is satisfying. Herrick himself could not have added a further touch of grace to such poems as "Corydon" or "A Bridal Measure." Nor does the volume of the elder master enshrine more charming portraits of imaginary women than one finds in Aldrich's pages. Sometimes it is only a sketch in a few lines to stir the fancy into dream-making — a city street at night and a girl standing "as in a golden frame" in the light of a shop-window. Or it may be an intaglio head carved by a long-dead artist in precious stone. Now it is a woman of our own day and race transformed momentarily by the magic atmosphere of the sea into

A siren lithe and debonair,
With wristlets woven of scarlet weeds,
And strings of lucent amber beads
Of sea-kelp shining in her hair.

Again it is a girl reading in a dim room, from an illuminated volume, of knights and queens passing with music and antique pageantry through the vellum pages — the pale, intent face, pallid lips, and bowed head — the transient flush of the cheek — the lowered eyes full of dreams — the wind rattling against the casement — and on the hearth a fire of apple-wood along whose damp bark a little flame runs and chirrups like "a wren's ghost haunting the familiar bough." But perhaps the most perfect of all in the real magic of the words is the oriental vision of the young slave-girl from the Bosphorus in "Nourmadede."

Long narrow eyes, as black as black !
And melting, like the stars in June ;
Tresses of night drawn smoothly back
From eye-brows like the crescent moon.
She paused an instant with bowed head,
Then, at a motion of her wrist,
A veil of gossamer outspread
And wrapped her in a silver mist.

The lanterns spread a cheating glare ;
Such stains they threw from bough and vine
As if the slave boys here and there
Had spilled a jar of brilliant wine.
And then the fountain's drowsy fall,

The burning aloes' heavy scent,
The night, the place, the hour—they all
Were full of subtle blandishment.

O shape of blended fire and snow!
Each clime to her some spell had lent—
The North her cold, the South her glow,
Her languors all the Orient.
Her scarf was as the cloudy fleece
The moon draws round its loveliness,
That so its beauty may increase
The more by being seen the less.
And as she moved, and seemed to float—
So floats a swan!—in sweet unrest,
A string of sequins at her throat
Went clink and clink against her breast.
And what did some birth-fairy do
But set a mole, a golden dot,
Close to her lip to pierce men through.

But beyond this rare quality of invoking the illusion of visible beauty, Aldrich's verse possesses the still rarer gift of a delicate and subtle music, so spontaneous in fluid melody and so perfectly cadenced in the fine harmony of the rhyme, that he seems to have found again the lost secret of Elizabethan lyrics. In the smaller pieces, — such as "Imogen," "Threnody," "Insomnia," "Nocturne," and "Palabras Carinosas," for instance — his sense of form and symmetry orbs itself most perfectly. There are narrative poems in the volume, also, as flawless as the lyrics, dramatic fragments, sonnets, and descriptive pieces that rank with the best, and in *Judith and Holofernes*, he has more perfectly mastered the music of blank verse, so it seems to me, than any poet of the later nineteenth century, except Tennyson; yet his preference was openly for

the lyric
Ever on the lip,
Rather than the epic
Memory lets slip;

and the singing melody which he knew so well to draw from a few lines of mated words fully justified his choice. Fragile, evanescent, almost fragrant with sweetness, the charm is incommunicable save by quotation. It would be hard to find in English a lyric more perfect by every test of art than this:—

O cease, sweet music, let us rest!
Too soon the hateful light is born;
Henceforth let day be counted night,
And midnight called the morn.

O cease, sweet music, let us rest!
A tearful languid spirit lies,
Like the dim scent in violets,
In beauty's gentle eyes.

There is a sadness in sweet sound
That quickens tears. O music, lest
We weep with thy strange sorrows, cease!
Be still and let us rest.

Yet all this preoccupation with form, this eagerness for beauty in which the added charm of art is always present, in no way dulled his sense of the simple loveliness of nature. It was an article of faith with him that even the sincerest poetic impulse lost half its value when expressed in crude, unshapely verse; that gold, when carved into the chaste design of ornament, was more golden than when it lay clodded in the earth or only half-revealed in the baser quartz; that the diamond, to be of worth, must be polished with its own rich dust, or — to quote his own words —

Who lacks the art to shape his thought, I hold,
Were little poorer if he lacked the thought.

But his mastery of the refined technic of verse never led him into mere display of virtuosity. The true use of technical mastery is admirably revealed in the exquisite simplicity, the transparent clarity, of the slightest line that came from his hand. In the same way — although he was frankly of the world of urbanity and culture, and although he was not given to such voluble protestations as the Pharisees of nature-worship use — he was never forgetful of his kinship with the earth, whose beauty he could limn in lines

From end to end in blossom like the bough
The May breathes on.

The life of the town never deafened his ear to "the flutings of the silver wind," nor bound his fancy to its treadmill.

When the first crocus thrusts its point of gold
Up through the still snow-drifted garden
mould,

And folded green things in dim woods uncloze
Their crinkled spears, a sudden tremor goes
Into my veins and makes me kith and kin
To every wild-born thing that thrills and
blows.

Sitting beside this crumbling sea-coal fire,
Here in the city's ceaseless roar and din,
Far from the brambly paths I used to know,
Far from the rustling brooks that slip and
shine

Where the Neponset alders take their glow,
I share the tremulous sense of bud and briar
And inarticulate ardors of the vine.

III

So much for the external impression of Aldrich's poetry; but it is only when we look deeper below the transparent surface and seek to analyze the source of this apparent simplicity of result, that we begin to learn the real power of the man.

The very end and aim of such art is that the enjoyment of it should depend upon nothing extraneous to itself nor upon anything which it has to offer beyond its intrinsic beauty. However much the maker may be preoccupied with the attainment of symmetry, he means that we who are to receive his work shall not be dragged in as distracted witnesses of his labor. The ideal and purpose of *form* is that the final clarity and essential completeness of the result shall obliterate all traces of the process of creation.

The creed of such an artist as Aldrich is simple and brief: To reveal his own impressions and intuitions of the beauty and significance of life, with as much of the living quality of their revelation, and even of the instantaneous vividness of the moment of inspiration, as he can transmit through a relatively cumbersome medium of expression; hence, to fix the essential and eliminate superfluous detail; to complete the work within as small a compass as possible, so that it may be apprehended as a whole and the impression be instantaneous, vivid, and direct; to make the carefully planned symmetry of form felt only in the simplicity, clearness, and

harmony of the effect. That he was enabled by temperament and good fortune to follow and even practically attain this ideal, independent of the support and influence of the public, gives his poetic work a unique value aside from any other qualities which it may possess or lack.

The fact that he employed usually the smaller forms of verse does not, of course, detract from the value of his achievement as an example of artistic excellence. Symmetry of form is revealed most clearly in concentration — in the short story more than in the novel; in the sonnet more than in the epic; in the fugue more than in the opera. And here, too, in order fully to appreciate æsthetic values, one must consider the form, for the time being, apart from the content of the work of art — a disassociation, by the way, especially hard for Anglo-Saxons. The maxims of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" — though perhaps themselves less useful than the equally well-known rhyme, —

Thirty days hath September, —

would doubtless outweigh, on the scales of the every-day moral philosopher, the illusive phantasy of Poe's "Ulalume;" yet this poem, passing beyond the bourne of ordered thought, almost beyond the sphere of poetry, into music, awakens — with that strange magic which is the power of the artist alone — a vague consciousness of the mysterious life within us which lies deeper than reason.

The citing of such an extreme instance as "Ulalume" is not to be taken as an implication that art should not be employed as the vehicle of rational ideas, or may not illuminate with its living radiance the most profound depths of thought. All that is meant is that, in the *criticism* of art, the work of the artist and not his material is to be considered, and that art is simply the medium of expression, and is ruled by special laws which are not affected by the nature of the subject beyond the necessary adaptation of the means to the end. Thus, although a poem, even a small one, may, and often

does, contain in symbolic form a truly vast suggestion of significant thought, it may also, with equal propriety and without losing any of its purely artistic excellence, serve to color and transform even the trivial, the impossible, the useless — if such expressions do indeed have any but a very relative meaning. We are learning from the Japanese that in merely arranging a spray of cherry-blossoms in a jar one may produce a work of art, fragile as it is, that may be as truly precious for that fleeting sense of pure beauty as the work of him who paints Fusi-yama. Form — this human creation wrought from the incoherence of nature — possesses in its essential being a strange vitality which we do not yet understand, and springs from a deeper source than we are fully conscious of.

The many who still seem to think that form is a mere artifice, a technical convention, should recall one simple instance of the potent magic with which it may irradiate life. Many a farmer, no doubt, in his fall ploughing has turned up the nest of a field-mouse; yet, in only the single case which must start up in the memory of every one, did this little incident become a pathetic tragedy which has stirred the deepest and tenderest feelings of humanity in the thousands who have read and never forgotten Burns's poem. This transformation of a commonplace fact into that moving force of revelation which we call poetry, is wrought solely by the form through which the sensitive brain of the poet has transmitted his own vivid impression to others less alive to the significance of the life around them and of what they themselves think and feel.

Form is all-important, — let the subject be what it may, — whether the medium of expression be music, poetry, painting, or sculpture. It is the swift short-hand of art, by which impressions are transmitted with all the direct and instantaneous vividness of the moment of inspiration. It is the embodiment of the harmony which art seeks to wrest from the

mystery of life. It is the *lingua franca* of the ages; for no formless work has long outlasted its generation. Then, since form is of such infinite importance, not as a mere ornament of art but as the very means of its effectiveness, the work of one who is preëminently successful in its achievement has a special value in an age and land where the bigger public is too likely to encourage hasty overproduction and careless disregard of the sincerity which makes for permanence and worth. For these reasons, Aldrich's poetry, so unique in American literature for uniform excellence and lifelong consistency of purpose and attainment, is a precious legacy to the poets of to-morrow.

IV

But fortunately this theoretical view of Aldrich's poetry is not at all necessary to its comprehension and enjoyment. The perfect simplicity and clearness of his verse demand of the reader little beyond a natural sensitiveness to pure beauty. He recognized that life really exists for us only in those comparatively rare moments which seem to be endowed with a special meaning; and knowing, whether by deliberation or instinct, the limits as well as the scope of his power, he chose for his art those moments which offer some subtle and delicate gift of beauty, or flash a momentary revelation upon the eternal mysteries around and within us.

No poet ever held his calling more sacred or kept his soul, as a sensitive instrument, in finer tune for inspiration. With patient art he wove his many-colored words into the fine texture of his cloth of gold, careful that nothing in the tissue or the design should be of a hue that might fade with the passing interests of the day, and thinking, perhaps, of those priceless fragments of Sappho and the minor poets of Hellas preserved in the quotations of commentators. Then, before the glow of life began to flicker, or his hand to lose its skill, he closed his

work, so that no chance weakness might mar its plan.

The poet was right, and has probably assured himself a cherished memory when the conditions which have made the short and loud fame of work of the hour have passed into the dead and dusty re-

cords of history; for in his verse one surely feels that grace which possesses the charm of perennial youth, and finds those essential verities of loveliness that are as fresh in an ancient line of Meleager as in the new sweetness of a spring morning to-day.

ANIMULA VAGA

BY JOHN B. TABB

A SPIRIT from the grave
Again I come,
E'en as I vanished, save
Disrobed and dumb.

No shadow as I pass —
However clear
The wave on mirroring glass —
Betrays me near;

Nor unto them that live
Forlorn of me,
A signal can I give
Of sympathy.

Ah, better 't were to hide
Where none appear,
Than thus in death abide
To life so near!

A CAPTAIN OF THE VANISHED FLEET

BY BENJAMIN SHARP

His tall spare figure was for many years a familiar object in the streets of Nantucket. Jovial, energetic, sinewy, and active, he represented the type of men who built up a great industry. Born when that industry was nearly crushed out of existence by the war with England, the child of eight years trudged to school through the streets of the greatest whaling port of the world; his voyages covered the age of its greatest prosperity, and in his retirement on his island home he watched its decline and its extinction.

One day, when looking at the crumbling wharves and shallowing docks, he said, "When I was a boy these looked like a cedar swamp." The masts of sloops, schooners, and ships, two or three deep at the wharves, rose along the harbor front like a forest, where now there is nothing — a coal schooner, perhaps; or maybe a wood coaster might pull in for a week, and then have to wait for high tide to get clear of the mud in which she had been lying.

This whaleman was born when Nantucket was at a standstill and was cold and hungry. The war had taken from the islanders their only occupation. Their ships, which had escaped burning and capture, came hurrying home when they heard of the war, like birds flying to cover on the approach of a storm. The soil of the island was poor; little or no wood was then growing there. During the first year of the war the islanders fished for cod and chased the humpback whale in the waters to the east of their island; this gave them food and light. Once a privateer appeared and captured their boats. As they dared not put out again, food now became scarce,—of fuel there was but little,—and they were cold and

hungry, as their fathers had been during the War of the Revolution.

As a boy, our coming mariner played about the wharves and climbed the rigging of the many ships then fitting out; or with some companions got an old whale boat and played whaling in the harbor, as other boys "off island" played Indian. With a log for a whale and an old "iron," they became skillful harpooners long before they were called upon to change play into grim work; and like the Carib boy, who had to pierce his food with an arrow before he could have it, the Nantucket boys became experts before they went to sea. And they became strong of back and powerful of limb in this whale boat, painted black on one side and white on the other, for boys did not agree any more then than now. Agreeing, however, to disagree, the larboard and starboard watches divided, and painted their respective sides to suit their own tastes.

The shipping of those days amounted to a little over twenty thousand tons, making Nantucket the greatest whaling port in the world, with its vast fleet whose "harpoons penetrated with success every nook and corner of every ocean." What is twenty thousand to-day? Many a great ocean liner nowadays has a greater tonnage, and so accustomed are we now to bigness, that some, knowing nothing else, will not believe it to be possible that those small vessels could have lived through the gales which they experienced. We forget that an enormous steel monster, driving into a head sea at the rate of seventeen to twenty miles an hour, is a very different problem from a light wooden vessel, hove to, and riding like a duck on the surface of a long mountainous wave.

Is safety always in size? Some modern writers seem to think so. One who recently described a voyage he took in a "four-poster" from San Francisco to Liverpool, tells of a gale he experienced off the Horn, making the statement that, in his opinion, no ship of less than one thousand tons could have lived through it! How many whale ships of less than three hundred tons have ridden the gales off that stormy cape, and probably made better weather of it than his great elephant ever did? Of three hundred tons! The old *Lydia* of Nantucket made two Cape Horn voyages, besides spending a year in that region hunting "elephant oil," and going eight voyages to the South Atlantic, and was of only one hundred and sixty tons! Between 1790 and 1800 there were thirty Cape Horn voyages from Nantucket alone, to say nothing of those from other ports of the United States, and all in ships under three hundred tons. None of them were lost, and it is more than likely that some met with gales fully as severe as those of our young author, describing his first voyage at sea.

Our captain's first experience at sea was as a boy, in the capacity of two men. He once jocularly said to me, "I had two berths — cook and steward — two men, and I was only fourteen." I have often wondered how the men fared on that little sloop, as she sailed away to Philadelphia full of oil and spermaceti candles, with a fourteen-year-old boy as cook and steward. The food must have been simple, or the digestions of the crew very good, for he made several trips back and forth, leaving the oil and candles in Philadelphia, and bringing home things which they had not at home — corned beef, flour, iron, and other raw materials for the many trades then thriving on his busy little island, where all the refitting and provisioning were done, so that the island teemed with a life that is now scarcely credible.

The flour from "off," as the mainland was called, was made into ship's bis-

cuit or hard-tack and stamped with the baker's initials. Some of these stamps have survived the wholesale destruction of old things. One was a circular disk of wood through which hand-made nails had been driven and their heads secured. In the centre of this bristling array of sharp points were fastened crudely carved G. F.'s or T. C.'s, the whole looking somewhat like a home-made curry-comb. The points made little holes around the initials in the soft dough and were pressed in before baking. Then these flinty disks of bread were packed into new oil casks, as were all provisions and stores for the ships, and these casks, when emptied, were ready for the oil as it came hot from the coolers. Sometimes it came in so fast that the busy cooper could not keep up with it; then the casks had to be broached and the hard tack thrown overboard to make room for the more valuable oil.

In those days smithies rang with the blows of hammer on anvil, as the iron work was turned out, as the harpoons and lances, the whale-spades and boarding-knives, were fashioned. The streets echoed with the rumble of oil carts; the clicking of the calker's mallets and the chanties of the heaving riggers made lively music among the wharves.

When walking along the now quiet streets, my friend said to me, "When I think back, I hear the old noises — and that makes the streets as empty as the wharves."

Among the riggers was one who landed on Nantucket from a wreck, a British man-o'-war's man, — Robert Ratliff, — who spent the best part of his life as master rigger there, until the great fire swept his all away. I listened to his story as he told it at the Asylum (as the islanders charitably call their home for the poor) shortly before his death, — of his voyage on the Northumberland, and how the great Corsican appeared on his way to St. Helena.

All is past and nearly all forgotten. Of the seven great rope-walks, where shrouds and cables, running rigging, and tow lines

were made, not a trace remains, and I doubt if there be many now living who can point out the places where they stood. The great sail-lofts where the arrivals and the departures of ships were chalked upon the dark beams and the polished floors, with the harder knots of the planks standing out like little hillocks, have all gone, and with them the sail-makers who had first worked in "Rushie" duck, and then in cotton canvas. There is not a man left now who can cut even a small boat's sail.

There were great warehouses and candle-works, where the sperm oil was handled and separated from the waxy spermaceti. The summer oil had much, and the winter oil had little, of this valuable material. The winter's cold hardened the wax from which the oil was pressed, and as it would not thicken, this winter's oil was used for burning in outdoor lamps. Nearly all the spermaceti went into candles; none, as now, on shirt fronts and metallic cartridges.

My friend — for he was my friend — learned the trade of cooper, making his first voyage "a-whalin'" in that capacity. On this voyage he learned the craft of a seaman; on his second he shipped as boat-steerer and could wear the "chock-pin" in his upper two button-holes. This long wooden pin, which held the tow line in the chock at the head of the boat, was worn when ashore by one who had taken his whale.

The cooper was a very important man on a whale ship, for the casks were not all made up when the voyage began, though some of course were ready for the oil. Room for some hundred completed barrels was provided, and new ones made from the roughly shaped staves and heads, which formed part of the whaler's outfit. Then there were the casks which had been emptied of their stores and water, kindling wood and "slops," as the clothing, tobacco, and other necessities for the sailors were called.

Generally, by the time whales were

"raised" there was plenty of space for the oil. For whales then lived far away from that island in whose waters they sported when the Indian dwelt there. One of the first settlers, pointing to them, said, "There is the green pasture where our children's grandchildren will go for their bread." Yes, in our friend's day, sperm whales had gone from Nantucket, from the Bahamas, from the Brazil Banks, and had been followed round Cape Horn into the Pacific, where the first was taken in those waters by one of these hardy islanders.

It was often long before the first whale was "fin out." There is written on a fly-leaf of one of the old logs, a date, and "Nine months out, 23 Bbls sperm oil, Oh dear." It takes but little imagination to hear the deep sigh as this was written, to see the man come on deck and gaze for the thousand thousandth time over the empty waters and to feel that great sinking of disappointment.

Many have told of the chase, — of the attack with harpoon and lance, of the flurry and death of the whale, of the cutting-in and trying-out, of the joy and excitement of whaling, — but it is left to those who read some of the old letters, now yellow and crumbling with age, to know of the homesickness — of the longing to hear from home and family. The delivery of letters in those days was very uncertain indeed. Every vessel sailing carried many letters and packages, sometimes amounting to a thousand, to the fleet "on the other side of land," as the Pacific was then called, to be delivered at certain rendezvous: at "Turkeywana," at Lahaina, at the Bay of Islands, or perhaps at a "gam" on the "grounds," should the ships meet. Sometimes the letters were brought home; the desired ship was not spoken, or she may have been a missing ship or have sailed away to new grounds or to other seas.

The cooper's "lay" was a good one, as good as that of some of the officers. The crew of whalers were not paid wages; instead, each member signed on for a

definite share, or lay, of the voyage. Sometimes the voyage was a short one, when they had "greasy luck," as in the case of the Loper, which came home in a little over fourteen months, a full ship. I knew one whaler who was forty-nine months away, and when the voyage was settled up, he found that he was, with his advance and his slop-chest account, seventy-five dollars in debt; he might have belonged to that crew which "got no oil, but had a rattlin' good sail."

So our cooper sailed away on his first voyage to the "other side of land," in a ship of less than three hundred tons. With royal and, maybe, to'-gallant yards on deck, and their masts housed, they worked in a leisurely way around the Horn, where the mariner of those days hung his conscience and left it there until his return. His ideas of what a Christian was were crude but clear. "He got his religion round Cape Horn," he once said when speaking of a brother captain; and "He would n't lower a boat on a Sunday — no, not if the whales were chafin' the sides of his ship — but he'd squeeze the last cent out of you." Then followed an account of some shady transactions of this religious captain. After a long silence he added, "He was a good Christian — but he was a d — d rascal."

The whale ship of those days was a thing of beauty, for expense as well as care was lavished to make everything "ship-shape and Bristol fashion." There was a pride and romance in those picturesque times — pinching and nail-paring economies had not come. The crew made a show on gala days with the white duck trousers and red shirts of the starboard watch, and the blue ones of the larboard. In spite of the blood and gurry, the oil and soot, after the whale was cut in and tried out, everything was cleaned, and with lye every spot of grease taken from the decks, leaving them "as clean as a hound's tooth." Our whaler never forgave Dana for his slurring remarks on whalers, and the mere mention of

Two Years before the Mast drew from him violent and uncomplimentary remarks.

He knew George W. Gardner, who in 1818 struck out into new fields. Steering west from the Galapagos Islands, he found an area which fairly swarmed with sperm whales, thus quieting that whaler, who only the year before boldly stated that no ship "would ever fill with sperm oil again." For the "Inshore grounds," as they were called after the discovery of the "Offshore grounds," were then practically exhausted, as the whaling fleet had hunted there exclusively for years, up and down the South American coast, keeping the glistening white Andean tips "just a-liftin'" from their mastheads.

Later, he knew the grounds himself, and also those stretching from Japan to the eastward, near the then called Sandwich Islands. These "Japan grounds" were discovered by a townsman of his in the ship *Maro*, in company with an English ship, the *Enderby*, commanded by a Nantucket Coffin; "but the Nantucket ship," he always added gleefully, "took the first whale there."

The horrors of the wreck of the *Essex* did not turn this lad of eight years from his desire to go to sea. He knew the survivors, as every one did, and of their terrible sufferings in open boats for three months. And other disasters daunted him not, nor any of the Nantucket boys either, for that matter. They not only knew the dangers of their future calling, from the whale itself, — the stove boat, the foul line, — but they were familiar with the stories of wrecks on uncharted reefs, of fire and missing ships, of the attacks of natives, and of scurvy. They knew the other side too, as many came back; for they had imaginations, and pictured the excitement of the chase, the sweets of the balmy coral isle, and the life at sea. Nothing could stop them. Whole classes in the high school laid their plans, and when free shipped together. Then no real man could become

engaged to his sweetheart until he had killed his whale, or marry until he was captain. "She married him before he had a ship," was a reproach in the whaling circles of the island.

He knew William Carey, "who lived in the Wawinet country," as he called the eastern end of the island. "Who was he?" I asked. He was the only survivor of the Oeno, I learned, which struck on one of the Fiji Islands and soon became a wreck. He landed with the twenty others of the crew, and the natives received them kindly. Inside of a month a conquering tribe visited the island. They were hungry, perhaps, for they massacred and ate all hands but the boy Carey. An old woman threw oil on him and then they could n't touch him. Thus tabooed, Carey lived there for three years among the savages, until a visiting ship took him off.

And many were the savage attacks on the whalers of those days. Nor was it always treachery or savagery on the part of those people, but more often an act of revenge for some wrong done them. But this did not matter — they were "only natives" to these men whose consciences were hanging on Cape Horn for the nonce. The wrong, it is true, may sometimes have been merely indifference on the part of the white man to some native custom or religious rite, as when Captain Cook chopped up the idols for firewood, — an act of sacrilege which cost him his life. Sometimes it was wanton outrage for a small theft: a cannon loaded to the muzzle with bullets and scrap iron was fired (as a "lesson") into a peaceful village of thatched huts, among innocent women and children. Then woe to the next ship which came, for it was race against race. A boat's crew was enticed ashore, spirited away, and killed. Then the papers rang with accounts of "Another horrible massacre." Six white men against fifty or a hundred killed and mangled natives! In the one case, massacre; in the other, "just retribution."

And speaking of theft, I was told, as a good joke, how at Lahaina a party of Kanakas were "foolin' round the grindstone, and before we knew what they was up to, they had it overboard. We lay in eight fathoms. They dove down and rolled it a piece over the bottom and came up, and others went down, and by rollin' of it and spellin' of each other they got it to the beach."

Native and Kanaka in his mind, as in the minds of all whalers, were synonymous. I well remember how furious he became when a newly arrived "stranger" to Nantucket, on being introduced to him, politely said, "I'm glad, Captain, to meet one of the natives of this lovely place." For some moments he could not speak; and when he had recovered somewhat he stamped out into the shed with rage in his eye; the only evidence we had of him for the rest of the evening was the odor of his tobacco. "She took me for a Kanaka," he said, when I next saw him. "Me!" and his florid face became scarlet.

He "knocked off goin' to sea" not long after the great fire of 1846. So he was an old-timer, for he stopped before innovations came in. He knew nothing of double topsails. His were single, and he liked to tell of the races between the crews of the three masts, when they reefed topsails at sunset on the cruising-grounds. For whalers carried large crews — more than enough to handle the sails. The four or five whale boats, each with a crew of six men, made thirty or more "hands." At a given signal the men swarmed aloft and out on to the yards, to see who could close-reef their topsail first. This reefing was done in order that as little headway as possible should be made in the darkness, for whales could not be seen at night.

He took with him on his last voyage the newly invented whaling-gun, and forgot all about it until nearly home. Then he thought he would try it — and he did — from the deck of his ship as she was bowling along with stun' sails

set aloft and aloft. He was a powerful man and said nothing after the discharge. He then handed the gun to the mate, a small man, telling him that it was good sport. He later gathered the mate up from the lee scuppers, and nursed his own shoulder for days after.

He, as an epitome of the island's history, went with some of the best blood of the place to California. The fire had swept away two-thirds of the town, and now petroleum was being pumped from the great oil fields of Pennsylvania. No one then believed that this rock oil would hurt the whale fishery. "How we laughed," a whaleman once said to me, "when we heard that burning oil had been discovered in the ground! I was comin' home from the Indian Ocean and had just sunk St. Helena astern, when we spoke and 'gammed' a New Bedford ship. The captain told me of the finding of rock oil — said it was prophesied that it would kill whalin' — kill whalin', the idea!" And they laughed, as these two ships swayed on the long blue South Atlantic swell, with their topsails against their masts, the one knowing and the other learning of the discovery which would in a short time be the death-blow to their great trade.

Now our Californian came home but little richer than when he left. He had saved, however, and had been lucky on his last voyage. He stayed about his island home and saw the last ship sail away, the last schooner come in with a humpback and cut it up alongside the wharf. He saw the houses of his town taken down in "bays" and sold "off." He saw the ways, where several ships had been built, crumble away under the insidious boring of the "worm," and he saw a new race come in with the blue-fish, and swarm over his island, as was prophesied in the old Indian tradition, — for, said they, after the blue-fish had come, stayed for a time, and then disappeared, "when they come again, there will come with them a new race;" and with them indeed came the "stranger,"

the suspected, the "off-islander," the tolerated summer visitor.

The strength of these old men was remarkable. Those who lived through such lives as theirs were truly survivals of the fittest. He, with a brother octogenarian, two years his senior, each year had at least one "cruise a-fishin'." Alone they sailed, anchored, and fished. Did they talk of the past? — the aged recognize no future, and the present to them is dim. Did the one tell of his eight voyages around the world, with his wife as a companion for forty years; of his sea life, and of his children's birthplaces on Pitcairn's, at Samoa, and at Norfolk Island? Did he tell him how, when the boats were all out after whales, he launched, with the ship-keeper's help, the spare boat and struck and killed his last whale when he had passed the sixtieth year-stone of his long life? This I cannot say; but once they did lose a borrowed anchor and felt so badly about it — not the anchor, but the unseamanship of it — that they went the next day to find it. Each of these old men — the one eighty-two, the other eighty-four — took a dory and rowed a mile or two. They got the ranges, which they had instinctively taken, dragged about for an hour or more, with two bricks and a piece of trawl line between them, hooked it up, brought it back, and threw it into the sail-boat with the remark, "Sorry we kept it so long."

My friend passed away as quietly as did the great industry with which he was so closely associated. The first sign was a willingness to rest, — something which his long active life had never known. He then knew and said that he had "signed on for his last voyage." His last words were, "I'm all clear now," showing that he knew that crooked channels and treacherous shoals were behind him, and that he was now rolling away steadily over the blue curve of the sea, as his ship had so often done, and would soon slip over the horizon into the great unknown.

THE CITY AND ITS MILK SUPPLY

BY HOLLIS GODFREY

IF the death angel, Azrael of the flaming sword, stood before the gates of the city crying, "Open ye! For every street within your portals must yield to me one babe in ten," what wailing and what lamentation would run quicker than thought through palace and through hovel! But decimation does not suffice the death angel to-day. Two babes of every ten die in our great cities, and the world, filled with the rush of our modern age, scarce gives a thought to this fearful winnowing.

Nor is such a statement in any way an exaggeration. There can be little doubt that of one thousand children born, the fifth year will find more than one fourth of the whole number blotted out. And the majority of these have come from the narrow ways of the city. Boston and Washington lose over two hundred and fifty, New York over two hundred and seventy-five children, from every thousand. Many an empire-making struggle has passed with far less loss. Read on the tattered banners of historic British regiments the golden scroll of battles, from Malplaquet to Pretoria. How few of them show any such list of slain as do these records of the tiny victims of disease in peace.

Study the rows of figures further, and certain definite facts stand forth in the light. June, July, and August are the months of greatest infant mortality. Diseases of the digestive system cause forty per cent and more of the deaths. Not only that, but many deaths from other causes are rated as complicated by diseases of this class. No small number of these might well be added to the direct column wherein occur the greatest percentage of the deaths. That points to one thing as a source of danger, the food

supply. Cow's milk is the exclusive food of a great part of our children up to the time they are one year old. It is the chief food of practically all children from the age of one to the age of five. The inference is obvious.

It is remarkable that, with all the excitement concerning pure food laws which has stirred our wide expanse of territory during the last year, so little attention should have been given to the food of the child. We hear of laws to provide inspection for meat, laws to control the sale of drugs, laws to regulate the movement and inspection of vegetable products, but not one of all these important movements has to do with a substance so likely to cause widespread death, or to act as a carrier of disease, as the one we are discussing here. Most of the foods are cooked. Milk is served raw. Most of the foods are limited in the scope of their distribution. Milk enters every household. Most of the foods give comparatively little lodgment or nutrition to evil bacteria. Milk offers both. Can there be any greater municipal necessity than proper milk laws properly enforced?

Strange to say, the little street of the Azores, or the mountain village of northern Italy, feeds its children better than we can feed our own. Smelling to heaven though these little towns may be, with gutters running with sewage, with walls and barns falling in dirty picturesque decay, their common milk supply is superior to that furnished even to the better class of our American cities. Twice a day, morning and evening, the herdsman leads his goats through narrow street and up rocky alley. Patiently the herd stands for its milking beside the clustering children, and the warm milk,

fresh from the animal, goes directly to the child. The rising generation there gets pure milk. Pure milk is whole milk from a clean, healthy animal. Such milk is practically sterile, and if it be transferred to the consumer in that state, it is safe. But the danger from milk increases with every hour after it leaves the creature which produces it, unless precautions are taken to turn it over to the consumer in the same state in which it comes from the healthy animal. Therefore, since we can solve the problem in no such fashion as can the herdsman of the foreign streets, we must first understand the peculiar dangers which surround our city milk supply and then find the means of overcoming them.

Our common necessities of life, such as air, water, and milk, are taken so much for granted, that many of their ordinary properties escape our observation. The widespread course of milk, coming as it does to every family table, makes it a means for spreading disease, once pathogenic conditions have been introduced, second to no other medium, barring water. In one respect it is more dangerous than water, since a plague of typhoid or Asiatic cholera startles the community from its customary phlegm and causes immediate regulation of the single source of supply. But the death of children from stomach trouble or analogous disease makes no deep impression upon the people as a whole, and a hundred separate milkmen in a city are infinitely harder to regulate than is a common service of water. Other factors for comparison may be found in the inherent properties of the two liquids. The transparency of water causes its instant rejection when it bears visible sediment. The whiteness and opaqueness of milk serve as covering and shelter for insoluble substances. Dirt and filth, the carriers of disease, are easily hidden therein. A report from Germany, the home of systematic inspection, well shows the possibilities inherent here. Berlin, with its great system of vital statistics, reports that its inhabitants con-

sume daily three hundred pounds of barnyard refuse in their milk supply. If that is true of Berlin, a city of extraordinary cleanliness, what must happen in our cities here?

Still more important than the mere carriage of dirt or filth, stands the power of milk to give lodgment and nutrition to the bacterial hosts. These bodies are about us everywhere, lurking in the dust on the window-sill, floating in the sunshine, lying on the ground; they exist in such countless hordes that words like billion or quintillion utterly fail of significance when the number in an area of any size is to be considered. These invisible myriads of the air, moreover, increase with tremendous rapidity once they encounter favorable conditions for growth, such as moisture, warmth, and food. All these are furnished by milk. Raise barnyard dust near an open milk-pail, and the whirling masses which have been lying in the refuse of the barnyard floor pour down upon the liquid as the destroying Huns of Attila poured down upon Europe.

But it must not be thought that all of the bacteria are evil. Suppose we try to separate the sheep from the goats. Roughly speaking, we may say that three great classes of bacteria may be present in milk, the acid-producing bacteria, the putrefactive bacteria, and the disease germs proper. The souring of milk is an everyday phenomenon, and every housewife knows that high temperature sours milk and low temperature keeps it sweet. Translated into scientific terms, the souring of milk means that lactic acid bacteria, the bacteria of the first class, have been busily working on the various constituents, and have changed a part of them over into lactic acid, which in turn has acidified the milk. This type of bacillus is commonly harmless, indeed it may have an absolutely beneficial effect, but the souring of the milk has been well called a placing of red lanterns to warn of danger, since the growth of these acidifying germs shows the growth of the

other types, both of which are carriers of disease.

The putrefactive bacteria do not as a class belong in milk, but to be present must be introduced there from filth or outside refuse. This is the class of bacteria most dangerous to the child, since certain members of the group are the immediate cause of many of the serious digestive troubles of children. Dangerous, indeed, such troubles often are to adults, but far more dangerous when they assail the delicate system of the child. Once entered into the intestines, they produce putrefaction there, with grave accompanying disturbances. Cholera infantum, for example, long recognized as an acute milk poisoning, comes from these dangerous enzyme visitors, and its symptoms resemble those of poisoning by white arsenic, a violent gastro-intestinal irritant.

The third class, the pathogenic or disease germs proper, come in a way which is entirely preventable. They are the germs of contagious disease, the bacilli which cause typhoid, diphtheria, and cholera, and they get into milk through milkers or handlers who are suffering from mild forms of disease, from persons who have been in contact with sufferers from such troubles, or else from deliberate or careless adulteration with a disease-infected water supply.

Besides this direct effect, we find one serious indirect result. All classes of bacteria by their growth extract considerable nutrient value, so that an infected or dirty milk, twenty-four hours old, gives less actual food to the child than does clean or fresh milk. And these infinitesimal bodies increase like wildfire. If two samples be taken, one from the milk of the night before, and the other from that of the morning of an examination, over one hundred thousand more bacteria per cubic centimeter will commonly be found to have sprung up over night in the uncooled evening's milk, than are found in the fresh supply.

Responsible as man may be for care-

lessness which allows the growth of dangerous bacteria, he is even more directly responsible when he deliberately adds water for purposes of gain, or skims off cream from milk which is to be sold as whole milk. In either case the percentage of fat is cut down, and a constituent is removed which is needed, not only for purposes of nutrition, but also for the heat which keeps our body engine running. Thence comes a direct weakening of the resistant power and of the capacity of assimilation. The milk business, with its billions of gallons of milk, hundreds of millions of pounds of butter, and millions of pounds of cheese, is one of the great industries of the United States. With any such volume of business comes the tendency toward unrighteous gain. How great this evil is has been shown in St. Louis, where it is estimated that over sixteen hundred gallons of cream is removed each day, — a loss of \$900,000 a year to consumers, and one which bears most heavily upon the scanty purses of the poor. In New York the frauds committed by the milkmen are said to amount to about \$10,000 per day, — a gain to a few individuals, which bears in its train two dangers, the transmission of disease and the lessening of bodily resistance because of diminished food value. Fortunately, business policy keeps one branch of the great industry, condensed milk, fairly free from adulteration and from disease. The great problem there is to get rid of water, as any increase of it would work injury. Not only that, but impurities in condensed milk may set up putrefaction, with resultant gases which may burst the can and necessitate the return of the stock.

There are, then, two factors to be considered in the control of milk. First, bacterial cleanliness, and second, the necessity for whole unadulterated milk. The first is the one which we most need to consider here. To fully recognize the necessity for proper bacterial conditions, we must trace the milk back to its source, consider the dairy farm, and what such a farm should be.

No matter how thoroughly imbued city men may be with city life and city ways, nothing touches most of them more closely than does the thought of country life. Typical of all wholesome outdoor joys is the mind picture of the old-fashioned barn. The wide doors swinging open to vistas of clover-scented meadow, the lofts laden with generous overhanging masses of hay, above which wheel the darting swallows, the cows and horses in their darkened stalls, and the broad bands of sunshine piercing the dusty windows, to broaden out into a full golden river before the open door, all give a figment of the imagination which completely fills the rural foreground of the average urban dweller. While that remains the conception of a dairy farm, the actual conditions are likely to be hidden completely from view. It is true that the old unswept barn where dust and refuse filled the air had evident difficulties, but it is also true that it had certain redeeming features. Our forefathers had a liking for "sightly spots" as they expressed it, and no one traversing the east to-day can fail to note how often a great red or white barn crowns some noble eminence. Those heights meant good drainage, good air, and free ventilation. The milk produced there, once it left the barn, was the especial province of the good housewife, and the spotless purity of her cool milkroom with its border of shining milkpans was her pride and joy. Not only that, but the short time which intervened before the warm milk reached its users left comparatively little chance for injury. Then, indeed, the foaming draught from the healthy pasture-fed cows might well bear health and strength.

No such conditions exist to-day in the majority of dairy farms. The milk supply of the city, if it comes from afar, must pass through hours of waiting by cross-road, by station, and in train, ere it reaches the urban terminal; and when it reaches the door it is likely to be anywhere from sixteen to forty hours old. Only when

the greatest care has been taken in starting the milk clean, and keeping it throughout at a low temperature, can it arrive without accompanying millions of bacteria. If the milk comes from near at hand, the increasing value of real estate about a city only too often places the dairy farm in some damp, undrained spot. In either case the doctrines of fresh air, cleanliness, and sunshine spread slowly through the consciousness of the hired milker, an employee not uncommonly taken from some batch of immigrants just entering upon their first occupation in a new land. So seldom is any cleansing attempted in some of these barns that every movement of the milkers plants the seeds of numerous colonies of bacteria. An almost historic experiment of Freeman's shows this clearly. Three culture plates, shallow dishes containing sterile solutions ready to give lodging and food to errant bacteria, were set for three minutes in separate places, one in the free open air, one just outside a barn, and the third placed inside, in front of a cow and beside a milkpail when milking was going on. The solutions were afterward developed, that is, were put under conditions favorable to bacterial growth, and the first plate showed six, the second one hundred and eleven, and the third, eighteen hundred colonies of bacteria. No result could more strikingly illustrate the possibilities of the dirty barn. Not only the floor but the cow herself is an immediate provider of such bodies, for the sides and udders of the animal lying in the filth of the stall carry many putrefactive germs. Then, too, those common carriers of disease, the swarming flies, may easily carry infection from a considerable distance.

The food of the herd must be good and ample if the milk produced is to be up to the standard. Where tower the walls of brewery or distillery the daily wayfarer may note streams of farm wagons which enter the big gates empty and come out full of dark spent grains. The farmer who buys those cheap grains

is injuring the composition of his milk, and his wagon is bearing an improper food to the farm. That is only one of the dangers which come to the herd when greed of gain or ignorance holds sway instead of a wise progression. The milk of cows suffering from tuberculosis and other complaints is another example. Concerning this, one thing we may say. Whether bovine tuberculosis be fairly transmissible to man or not, the secondary products of toxine reactions in tuberculous cows, or the impure milk which comes from any diseased cow, may fill the milk with most injurious ingredients. But all these things are less likely to occur than is the ever-present trouble of unclean milkers, of unwashed dishes, and unswept floors. In cleanliness, in spotlessness, lies the great solution. One more point should be mentioned. Look out for sounds in the early morning hours which mean that milk is being bottled on the street in the wagon, instead of at the farm in the milk-house. The milk-house may well be in a far from perfect condition, but milk bottled there is far less liable to serious contamination than when it is taken from the farm in cans and bottled at the consumer's door. On the street the possibility of contamination from dust, flies, and dirty bottles rises to a practical certainty.

The number of proper dairy farms is growing year by year. Those breeze-swept sunny heights which called instinctively to the farmer of an older day, call because of their good drainage and ventilation to the modern farmer. His long, low barn, clean-swept, with floors where every form of filth may be easily and swiftly removed, his open stalls and stanchions, his separate hay barn, all show thought, care, and cleanliness. On such a farm the milk-house is properly separate from the barn and deserves a word for itself. There come the clean-handed, white-clad milkers, with their covered pails whose contents have been drawn from clean cows. No milker enters the milk-house, but each pours his milk

from an outside passage directly into the aerator or cooler. This piece of apparatus takes the warm milk fresh from the cow, and cools it immediately to 36° or 40° F., passing it from a tank over a large expanse of cylindrical pipe, whose interior is cooled by coils through which flows running water. From the cooler, the milk is run direct into sterile bottles. These are capped and placed on ice, where they remain, both on the farm and in the wagon, until the consumer is reached. Such a farm has, as a matter of course, a pure and sufficient water supply and clean and jointless milk utensils.

With all the difficulties which bar the way it must seem an Augean task to cleanse the city milk, to force the farmer to have proper conditions in his barn. Yet after all it is not so hard when one knows that there are definite ways to go about a cure, that dairy farms exist where pure milk is being produced, and that in some cities the milk supply is excellent. Since it has been proved that a satisfactory milk supply can be secured, the natural sequence is the arousing of the community to such a point that it will require every farmer who supplies it to have a proper farm, every dealer to keep and deliver his milk whole and clean.

The necessity for those standards which oblige the milk to have a certain content of fat and solids, that is, to contain the amount of nutriment which should exist in milk from a healthy cow, is fairly recognized. The difficulty in this respect has come less from a lack of city ordinances than from the appointment of incompetent or untrustworthy officials; or else from insufficient appropriations, which too often keep good milk officials from covering any reasonable portion of the supply, to say nothing of taking care of the whole. The automatic law, which will work without ample appropriations, though long sought, is yet to be found.

The newer standard which requires that milk shall be free from injurious bacteria and germs, or that a fixed quantity of milk shall not contain more than

a certain limited number of bacteria, is the one which chiefly needs our attention. For this standard a tiny mass of liquid, the cubic centimeter, about the thirtieth part of a liquid ounce, is taken. A small portion only can be used effectively, since even here the number of bacteria present may range from a meagre hundred to a host of ten million. But counting the bacterial inhabitants in a cubic centimeter is quite as effective a way of telling the condition of the milk as counting the bacteria in a quart would be. It is known that the greater the number of bacteria present the greater the chance for evil growths. We may, therefore, obtain a standard from the total number present, and decide that for practical purposes the purest milk is that milk which contains the smallest number of bacterial forms.

So the bacteriologist, bending over his microscope and culture tube in the quiet laboratory, stands between death and the children. No unworthy follower of St. George, the dragon-fighter of old, is this follower of science, fighting the modern dragons of disease and death. To him may safely be left the task of guarding the city, provided we have a law which will require a certain limit to the number of bacteria present, and inspectors to enforce the law. In his laboratory the samples received from the wagons and the farm are each carefully labeled, properly diluted, and poured on plates which hold sterile solutions calculated to give the best results in the way of bacterial growth when placed in warm, moist air. After a few hours under these conditions the plates begin to show dark spots which steadily grow larger and larger. These are the colonies from the individual micro-organisms, whose progeny have increased at the rate of hundreds, almost of thousands, an hour. Each colony means a single living organism at the start, and from the total of colonies the number of individuals present may be determined. Their kind also may be ascertained, be it harmless lactic acid form,

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dangerous putrefactive enzyme, or disease germ direct. Such bacteriological care insures the surest, safest, and healthiest supply that a community can possibly obtain.

The safeguarding of the city's milk by sterilization and pasteurization has been so often considered that some reference to their action is essential. While heat up to 100° F. tends to increase bacteria rapidly, yet high temperature kills them, and the problem of the effect of temperature upon milk is no simple one. Whenever the housewife scalds her milk to keep it from souring she employs sterilization. Her real object in the process is to kill the lactic acid bacteria and prevent them from doing their work. In fact, practically all the living organisms of milk are destroyed by keeping it at 212° F, the boiling temperature, for ten minutes. But with this destruction come a series of changes which affect seriously the composition of the liquid. The gases, aromatics, and several of the watery constituents are lost, while some of the other constituents are modified. In consequence the digestibility of the milk is affected, and serious intestinal illness has been attributed to a constant use of such milk by infants. The process is a somewhat difficult one to perform properly; moreover, the appearance and taste, as well as the composition, of the sterilized milk, are injured. In consequence but little of it is used in American cities, though it is commonly found in continental Europe.

Pasteurization is the simple process of subjecting milk for twenty minutes to a temperature of not under 155°, not over 159°. This method, while it does not kill all bacteria, destroys the more dangerous of them, kills both putrefactive and disease germs, and commonly reduces the number per cubic centimeter from thousands and tens of thousands of bacteria to less than a hundred. Here is a possible safeguard for the individual family unable to obtain sanitary milk. The composition and appearance of the milk are not injured by pasteurization,

and decided results are obtained. The destruction of the souring bacteria is in itself no minor matter, since milk which either has turned, or is on the point of turning, may be given accidentally to infants, with serious digestive troubles as a result. But far more important than this is the fact that the destruction of the germs of tuberculosis, typhoid, and diphtheria is practically certain. Pasteurization is inexpensive, simple, and easy to perform, does not require complex apparatus, but does demand care. Yet any process which heats milk above blood heat can never be wholly satisfactory, and pasteurization is by no means perfect. Nevertheless, it surely seems wiser for the individual consumer to have recourse to it than to chance the use of milk from a questionable supply.

Higher and higher loom the huge caravanseries where flock the city dwellers. Greater and greater wax the numbers of hospitals and institutions. With the increase of centres where hundreds and thousands may be fed from a single source of supply, has come a different problem from that which meets the individual consumer. At least one record exists which tells how milk received pure may be kept pure, even when distributed in many different directions.

Down beyond the North End of Boston, where the harbor air first begins to hold its own against the city smells, lies the Floating Hospital, a noble philanthropy nobly carried on. A year or two ago, when a new hospital ship was equipped for its use, it was determined that pasteurization should not be employed, and that no milk should be heated above 212° F., the boiling point. That meant that bacterial growths must be practically excluded from the supply, for the cases which enter the hospital are largely those of children suffering from digestive disease. No satisfactory apparatus by which institutions could keep milk down to a minimum of bacteria had been evolved, and the search to find a way to ac-

complish this fell upon the director of the food laboratory of the hospital, Mr. Frederic W. Howe. He took up the task and designed a laboratory which sends out milk day by day with a smaller bacterial content than has yet been recorded from any institution. The Boston Board of Health requires a standard of not more than five hundred thousand bacteria per cubic centimeter. The food laboratory of the Floating Hospital sends out milk to all its wards with a bacterial content of from one to two hundred. How is this possible of accomplishment? It is done by means of a series of devices that insure absolute cleanliness in every process. That means a chance for the children, a decrease in infant mortality, which is one of the noteworthy accomplishments of the day.

The cramped space of a ship leaves little room for useless experimentation, so the sunny laboratory is a multum in parvo of four small rooms, cut off from the rest of the hospital and having communication by door only with the deck, by windows only with the corridors. The first room is the cleansing-room, where the nursing bottles back from the wards are washed by motor-driven brushes in tanks filled with hot cleansing solutions. From there the bottles are taken to the great sterilizer, — a rack-lined, copper-floored room where hundreds of bottles may be placed. The doors of the sterilizer are hermetically closed, and live steam, perhaps the greatest cleansing agent known, is turned on to fill every cranny of the room and of its contents. Then comes the modifier room, where the whole milk is modified to meet the needs of each individual patient. This room beyond the sterilizer is the essential part of the whole process. Any institutional apparatus must be of a sort to require a minimum of time and care with a maximum of efficiency. That is what is accomplished here. The modifier, a great square tank filled with cooling brine, holds a series of cylindrical tanks which supply the various liquids required

for the milk mixtures used in the laboratory. The turning of a tap gives the milk. By a single connection of the hose each can is connected with a live steam pipe which cleanses and sterilizes it perfectly. Every can, once filled, is sealed save for its single delivery tube, and the bacteria instead of being killed are excluded. Last of all in the series, but first in actual use, comes the huge refrigerator where the clean milk from a model dairy farm is delivered at one side and taken into the modifier room on the other. Day after day and meal after meal pure milk mixtures are furnished to the children, and the percentage of cases gained and the number of children who pull through despite the handicap of the slum, is the best certificate of success. No institution or hospital but can profit by such experimental success as this.

One more record of modern research before we close; and this is another chapter of that great theory which shows the possibility of destroying germs of evil within the body by means of their enemies, the germs of good. It has long been known that certain health-giving properties belong to buttermilk, but the scientific value of this fact has only recently been recognized. It was found that in certain cases buttermilk was extremely successful in curing digestive difficulties. That gave a clue to start the development of the theory. If buttermilk stripped of much of its value in the butter-making, and dirty from the process, would do this, could not clean milk be so treated as to make it of greater value? Experiment after experiment along this line has been tried. In the latest and most successful a pure culture of lactic acid bacteria is added to clean milk to acidify it. Sufficient of these bacteria are introduced to produce a maximum of seven-tenths of one per cent of lactic acid, a quantity which curdles the milk but gives in the soluble part a goodly growth of bacteria. These tiny warriors are the deadly enemies of putrefaction; once within the body they struggle with the bacteria of evil

which have taken lodgment there, fighting on until they utterly destroy them. This is the same action in type as when antitoxine in diphtheria destroys the poisons which that germ disease has brought into the system. It is another step toward the prevention of disease by neutralization. No slight possibility for the future is such safeguarding of food by use of good bacteria to fight the bad. Among the many attempts tending towards the stamping out of disease this latest discovery may well stand as a precursor of great and noble deeds.

Probably the best results obtained to-day have come from the union of private enterprise with the physicians of the city and with the lay allies of reform. The encouragement of such united action may well become a public duty. Wherever wagons upon the street bear the sign "Certified Milk," two things are likely to be true, — that the farm from which the wagon comes furnishes good milk, and that the dealer selling the milk has little difficulty in procuring customers. The sign is a most valuable advertising asset. Certified milk means, first, that a certificate has been issued to a dairy farm by a committee of physicians, and implies that the farm has been inspected and is in every way what it should be. It means, second, that the milk is delivered to the customer in some thoroughly satisfactory way. It is entirely possible that some features of any system like that of certification may not be practical for certain individual cities; but one feature, personal investigation of the conditions of the farm, should be a part of every milk inspection. In Vancouver, B. C., for example, the city milk-seller cannot obtain a license unless the farmer from whom he obtains his milk agrees to inspection. If the result of such supervision is not satisfactory, the trouble is removed by taking away the license.

But all attempts to create proper conditions have one difficulty, — they cost good money; and when we consider the low rate at which milk is now sold we are

forced to question whether it is possible for the dairy farmer to live and supply clean milk at anywhere near the present rate. Yet after all paraphrasing, we come back to the old question, "What should not a man give for the life of his child?" The alarming increase in the cost of latter-day living falls sorely on a great part of our population, but should we complain of the extra cost of the food of our children when we pay ungrudgingly for many luxuries? The American pays from eight to fifteen cents extra a pound to get the choice cut of meat, and he considers an extra cigar or two a day a mere trifle. Can he logically refuse to spend the comparatively small extra amount which may mean life and strength to his child? But paying a larger milk bill is not enough. Each consumer must see to it that every cent of the increased price stands for an increased excellence of product.

And now, to sum it all up: First, the modern study of milk tends to one end,

the exclusion of bacteria by cleanliness, not their destruction by heat. In general however, it considers pasteurization a fairly satisfactory substitute where pure milk cannot be obtained. Second, mortality statistics tend to prove that exclusion is necessary for the child and for the nation. It may be that at the present moment we are a little weary of reform. The pendulum of warning may have gone too far in some directions, but in one it has not gone far enough. The lives of the city children hang in the balance to-day. If there is any means by which we can bring back ruddy cheeks and healthy bodies to children unjustly deprived of them, if there is any way in which we can lower our present fearful death rate, who of the community can refuse to lend interest, or give aid? The trumpet call which summons should rouse each deadened ear, quicken each dulled soul. It is the call to a new all-embracing, all-powerful children's crusade.

THE EARTH AND THE HEAVENS

BY E. T. BREWSTER

A STATE of mind in which admiration mingles with disappointment is likely to be that of the thoughtful reader as he puts down Commander Peary's book.¹ So much heroism and sacrifice and pain have gone for so little! Even the undiscovered country which Peary saw a hundred miles away had previously been surmised from the set of the Arctic tides; the new coast added to the map of Grant Land amounts but to some seventy miles. Of Peary's twenty years of Arctic work the last have been by no means the most profitable.

Inevitably one contrasts the Roosevelt with the Discovery. Both ships found a

harbor farther from the equator than any before them. Each commander sighted new land which he failed to reach; and in addition, mapped with his own hand a new coast which he was the first to skirt on foot. Each, curiously, making his dash for the pole, went four and one-half degrees beyond his ship, and escaped by the skin of his teeth. Unfortunately, the resemblance ends here. The British National Expedition carried a competent scientific staff; its American rival did not. If Captain Scott² had never gone a mile from his ship, his party would still have made worthy contributions to science.

¹ *Nearest the Pole*. By R. E. PEARY, U. S. N. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1907.

² *The Voyage of the Discovery*. By CAPTAIN ROBERT F. SCOTT, R. N. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

Commander Peary's *Nearest the Pole* tells but too well the essential failure of his attempt. He loaded his ship with Newfoundlanders and Eskimos, and after all made no greater distance across the polar ice than Nansen and Cagni before him. It may be a trifle unheroic to fill jars with plancton and boxes with fossils, and to read a thermometer, once an hour, through an Arctic year; but half-a-dozen important sciences wait for just such commonplace facts. Polar exploration is not only a great adventure; it is also a learned profession for which breaking records is less important than keeping them.

But if other men have done better scientific work than Peary, few have played better the great game. In this respect his own too modest and somewhat colorless account does him scant justice. Possibly, in reaching forward unto the things that are before, he has already begun to forget those which are behind. Doubtless, too, his long familiarity with the region which he has made peculiarly his own makes it impossible for him to see anything with his reader's eyes. A catalogue of miles covered, of birds seen, and beasts killed, is too apt to take the place of the little details of daily life, the shoes and clothing and meals, — or the lack of them, — the housing and the talk, the devices for keeping soul and body together, that are precisely what the traveler of the easy-chair wants to know. Put the veteran explorer fifty miles from land on the wrong side of the Big Lead, waiting until two miles of open water shall skim over and make the risk of crossing preferable to the certainty of starving to death, and his account is vivid enough. Anything much short of the prospect of sudden death is likely to be lumped in with the rest of the day's work where it is to be read only between the lines. As it is, one gets a far better idea of what Peary has done than of what it was like in the doing.

Really to understand what Peary accomplished one should read Fiala. The livelier and more personal narrative gives

one a juster idea than Peary's own of all that Peary overcame — and the second Zeigler expedition did not.¹ This did, however, bring back such a set of camera plates as to atone to the general reader for any failure of management or for any undeserved misfortune.

One gets the setting of Peary's work from any one of three histories of Arctic research which carry their accounts up to the time of the Roosevelt's return. G. Firth Scott's² is a slight affair, milk for babes. That of J. Douglas Hoare is a more serious work,³ well provided with illustrations and maps, and thoroughly good reading. Naturally, of the three, General Greely's⁴ is the most important. In method, it is strictly a "handbook," a somewhat encyclopedic account based upon original sources, not meant for continuous reading. It is, nevertheless, a fascinating narrative. The author's own party broke the record for farthest north; he himself went into Smith Sound with twenty-four men, and, coming out with five, brought out instruments and maps and the records of some of the best scientific work that has been done in the region. Whether, therefore, General Greely tells of the work of the Circumpolar Observation Stations, or of the hundred sailors, who, coming down the shore of King William Land, "fell down and died as they walked," he writes as one who knows about it all.

General Greely takes up, somewhat briefly, the history of discovery in the region of the South Pole. The same topic occupies also Dr. Mill,⁵ whose leisurely

¹ *Fighting the Polar Ice*. By ANTHONY FIALA. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1906.

² *The Romance of Polar Exploration*. By G. FIRTH SCOTT. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1906.

³ *Arctic Exploration*. By J. DOUGLAS HOARE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1907.

⁴ *Handbook of Polar Discoveries*. By A. W. GREELY, Major General, U. S. A. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1906.

⁵ *The Siege of the South Pole*. By HUGH R. MILL, D. Sc., LL. D. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1905.

and detailed account is all that a book of the sort should be. The simplicity of Antarctic conditions makes it an easy story to follow; the absence of memorable disasters makes it a cheerful one.

It looks as if the Hyperboreans will need to bestir themselves, or the South Pole will be reached first. To be sure, no ship will ever reach eighty south. But on the other hand, instead of the drifting floes and open leads that balked Peary, the traveler beyond Mount Erebus may choose between the level plateau of Victoria Land and the ice of the Great Barrier, a quarter-mile thick, that has not stirred since the Glacial Period. Antarctica remains the only dark continent more from choice than from necessity. Since Ross, in 1842, only two vessels have gone beyond seventy-five: it was only within ten years that the first of mankind waited through an Antarctic night, while thus far only a single party has left its ship and tried seriously to get south on foot. Then two sailors and a physician, all new to the dog team and the ski, went as far as Peary and his Eskimos. With Antarctic luck to offset the greater distance, it should be nip and tuck between Peary and Wellman at one end of the earth's axis and the two projected expeditions at the other. It is a question whether, in the interests of sport, flying machines should not be barred.

There seems to be no need for either Pearys or Scotts among Mr. Lowell's Martians. Our nearest planetary neighbors ought to know their flat and sea-less world far more completely than the children of men know theirs. In fact, even our own maps of the Martian surface have no tantalizing blank spaces at top and bottom, while, thanks to the nearly complete annual melting of its snow-caps, the poles of that other world are as familiar to the inhabitants of both as are the regions between. A mountain on Mars a quarter of the height of unknown peaks in Alaska and Antarctica or on the Roof of the World would have been seen years ago. A few miles of perpetual

ice prove to be a more impassable barrier than sixty millions of empty space.

The argument for the existence of Martians is both ingenious and plausible. Ever since 1877, when Schiaparelli discovered his so-called canals, it has become increasingly clear that there are on the surface of Mars certain structures which, so far as is known, are not matched elsewhere in the solar system. On the whole, too, no explanation thus far offered hangs together so well as that of which Professor Pickering is the author and Mr. Percival Lowell the most conspicuous advocate — that the lines are the strips of verdure along narrow water-ways that are quite possibly artificial. The hypothetical Martians, it appears, are fated twice each year to see most of their available water stowed away in one or other of the polar ice-caps. They have, therefore, been forced to cover the entire surface of their planet with a network of irrigating ditches, which take the waters from the spring meltings, first at one pole then at the other, and distribute them over the desert land.

Of the two recent books¹ dealing with this fascinating problem, that of Professor Morse is to be taken the less seriously. The author is a zoölogist, and a student of Japanese porcelain, not an astronomer. His book is carelessly put together, repetitious, decidedly partisan — and always lively. With the other, the case is different. Mr. Lowell is a distinguished amateur astronomer, who began his study of Mars as a boy from the roof of his father's house. He has built and equipped an observatory for this special purpose, and with all the world before him chose Flagstaff, Arizona, where the seeing is said to be better for weeks on end than it has ever been known to be at Greenwich. To unusual natural eyesight he has added one of the best twenty-four-inch telescopes ever built.

¹ *Mars and its Mystery*. By EDWARD S. MORSE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1906.

Mars and its Canals. By PERCIVAL LOWELL. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1906.

Nevertheless, Mr. Lowell has not yet succeeded in convincing the astronomical world. Nor will he probably, in spite of the skill with which he has marshaled a considerable body of evidence, persuade all his unprofessional readers. The canals, whatever they may be, are close to the limit of visibility, where sight, always the most gullible of the senses, is prone to play strange tricks. Scientific men also are "intensely human," and it may well be questioned whether all the Martian canals are quite so uniform in width, or quite so straight, as Schiaparelli and Lowell have drawn them. No theory in the least pretends to explain their mysterious doubling; while Mr. Lowell's detailed and admirable drawings themselves show that the Martians, if such there be, have not run their thousand-mile ditches at all in the way which, to the earth-born mind, would seem to be the most efficient or the most economical.

Now in addition comes the new Planetesimal Theory to cut the ground from under the assumption that a civilized race of Martians —

"As much superior to us
As we to Cynocephalus —"

finds itself any shorter of water to-day than it always has been. Both our authors take it for granted that because Mars is smaller than our earth, it must by so much the sooner have run through its life-history. If then there are intelligent beings on our nearest celestial neighbor, they have been doomed to see their oceans dry up, and themselves compelled to undertake engineering works upon a scale inconceivably vast, in order to keep the surface of their planet generally habitable. Yet it is by no means certain that either the earth or Mars has ever been either hotter or wetter than at the present moment.

The old Nebular Hypothesis, which Kant and Laplace put forth quite independently between the middle and the end of the eighteenth century, has been justly regarded ever since as one of the

great triumphs of the scientific imagination. Nevertheless, in spite of the brilliant attempts of Lockyer, George Darwin, and others to patch up its weak places, the Nebular Theory has never really fitted all the facts, while with the progress of knowledge the discrepancy has tended to become greater rather than less. Only with the advent of the present century, however, has there been any thorough-going attempt to replace the old doctrine with a better.

During the spring of 1900, two professors in the University of Chicago, one an astronomer, the other a geologist, brought out a remarkable group of papers in which they pointed out the essential weakness of all forms of the Nebular Theory, and set forth a new and radically different explanation of the solar system. It is as yet too soon for the Planetesimal Theory to have been threshed out, and its value determined. It is, however, by no means impossible that we have here one of the two or three really important contributions that America has made to science.

With the present year, in two readable general works on their respective sciences, Professors Chamberlain and Moulton give the first accessible and untechnical account of their new theory.¹ At bottom it is a theory of spirals, in the sense that the other was a theory of rings. Laplace presupposed a spherical mass of attenuated gas, with its particles moving at random, and the whole coming in time to revolve as a solid. The new theory presupposes gaseous particles and meteorites, each revolving in its own orbit about a central mass. The one postulates as the ancestor of our present system, one of the somewhat uncommon "green" nebulae; the other, one of the far more numerous, flat, spiral "white" nebulae,

¹ *An Introduction to Astronomy.* By FOREST RAY MOULTON, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1906.

Geology. By THOMAS C. CHAMBERLAIN and ROLLIN D. SALISBURY. In three volumes. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1906.

with two long coiled arms, a central body at the middle of the disk, and numerous irregular knots, ready to become the nuclei of planets, — such a system, in short, as the great nebula of Andromeda.

Of the two accounts of the new theory, Chamberlain's is by several times the more extended, as befits the most complete, and by general agreement the best, work on its topic; though both follow much the same method, even to employing the same diagrams. The geologist, moreover, carries his discussion far beyond the point where the history of our earth ceases to be a question of astronomy, and considers the bearing of his assumptions on the interpretation of early geologic time.

Here appears the most revolutionary portion of the new doctrine. If the solar system never was a uniformly diffused nebula, no more was this deceitful old world ever an incandescent globe, with skies of molten brass, out of which rained liquid iron. It is not fluid within, and never has been. There never was a universal ocean out of which the continents emerged, an island at a time. On the contrary, the primitive surface was universal dry land, parts of which had gradually become swamps and ponds and, finally, seas, as air and water out of interplanetary space fell in, bit by bit, on the growing world. In short, all our old notions of the early history of our planet are just about reversed, so that our cold, airless, and waterless satellite suggests not so much a state to which the earth will come as a condition through which it has already passed; and Mars to-day reproduces the young earth when life first appeared upon it.

The time has been when the man who reported a snowstorm on Mars would have been accused rather of sacrilege than of credulity, and when the host of heaven were not to be theorized about, but to be worshiped as immortal gods. To the monuments of these bygone days two veteran astronomers have turned their at-

tention, as routine work at the telescope has passed on to younger eyes.

For most of its readers Schiaparelli's gossipy little volume¹ on that literature, which for nine men in ten is the only contact with ancient thought, will bring something of a surprise. The ancient Hebrews were a thoroughly unscientific people, who took their astronomy altogether at second hand; for that very reason, the general soundness of their knowledge testifies to the existence of a considerable body of astronomical fact and doctrine diffused throughout the ancient world. The Israelites erred in their location of Sheol; but their concern for the starry heavens above them, as for the moral law within, quite puts to shame the metropolitan of to-day.

Not our spiritual ancestors, but our fathers after the flesh, who built the prehistoric monuments of Scotland, England, and Brittany, are the study of Sir Norman Lockyer.² Lockyer's method is to put himself in the place of one of the old astronomer-priests, and with cromlech for observatory, horizon for graduated circle, and in place of telescope a sight-line over menhir, altar, dolmen, or tumulus, to work out the same definite astronomical problem which confronted the ancient man of science. The idea is not new. The novel element is the precision of Lockyer's work.

Since the length of the solar year is one of the beginnings of wisdom, the first task of primitive astronomy was to fix the calendar and determine the dates for all sorts of observances and festivals. An obvious method, one followed by many ancient peoples and, in a general way, by ourselves, is to catch the sun at its farthest point north or south, and base the divisions of the year on the solstices and equinoxes. This is Lockyer's "June

¹ *Astronomy in the Old Testament*. By G. SCHIAPARELLI. New York: H. Froude. 1905.

² *Stonehenge and Other British Stone Monuments Astronomically Considered*. By SIR NORMAN LOCKYER, K. C. B., F. R. S. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1906.

year," with its four quarterly festivals at Christmas, Easter (which, before it became a movable feast, occurred on March 22), Midsummer Day, and a festival with various names near September 23. Any one of the four may begin the year. According to Schiaparelli, the Israelites began theirs near one equinox, and then changed to the other. For a long time it has been known in a general way that the main horseshoe at Stonehenge, and the somewhat obscure avenue which continues the vallum toward the northeast, look toward the point on the horizon where the sun rises on the longest day of the year. Lockyer shows more precisely that the entire structure is oriented, not with respect to the present sunrise, but instead on the somewhat different point where the sun appeared on the twenty-first day of June, B. C. 1680.

Now in 1680 B. C. the Egyptians and Chaldeans and magicians and enchanters and Wise Men of Babylon, of whom we have glimpses in the Old Testament, were also worshiping the sun, — worshiping him, moreover, with elaborate ceremonial in vast temples, which also were accurately aligned for the sunrise at the summer solstice. It is but a short step to include the Druids among the adherents of that widespread cult which, like ourselves, based the divisions of its year on the solstice and equinox. We must then, thinks Lockyer, regard the Druids as co-religionists with the builders of the pyramids.

For the most part, however, the stone monuments of England and Scotland, especially the older ones, are not oriented with respect to the June year. Instead, they appear to be relics of a still more

ancient faith, the cult of the "May year," which based its calendar on the four vegetal seasons, placed its quarter points midway between those of the solstitial year, celebrated May Day and Hallowe'en instead of Christmas and Midsummer Day, and aligned its sacred structures with reference to the sunrise on May 6th. Even at Stonehenge, in general a monument to the new theology of the seventeenth century before Christ, in addition to the great sandstone blocks, there is another smaller circle of ruder blue stones set for the May sunrise some three or four hundred years earlier.

Lockyer, as a modern and scientific Druid, assumes that every ancient stone or mound visible from a circle gives a sight-line on the rising or setting point of some heavenly body. And so, since many of these lines cut the horizon farther to the north than the sun ever gets, it is easy to believe that these particular lines had to do with "clock stars," such as are already known to have served for telling time at night in ancient Egypt, and in Europe during the Middle Ages. At any rate the assumption works out consistently. Lockyer not only picks out the particular star under observation, but in addition notes the shifting of the ancient lines as the stars changed their positions from century to century. Thus far, he has not carried his studies with any thoroughness beyond Stonehenge; how much remains to be done appears from the fact that in Cornwall alone no fewer than eleven different sight-lines are set for the single star Arcturus, with dates between 2330 and 1420 B. C. Lockyer seems to bridge time as easily as Lowell space.

THE YEAR IN FRANCE

BY STODDARD DEWEY

THE political year in France may be reviewed conveniently from May, 1906, when the new parliament was elected, to May, 1907, when government and Parliament together were brought face to face with the uprising power of the confederate labor unions. During these twelve months there was practically but one administration. M. Clemenceau was named as head of the government only in September, but he had been the real head all through the preceding Sarrien ministry; and to him had fallen the task of "doing" the elections, which left the Radical-Socialist *Bloc* undisputed master in the Chamber of Deputies. This year's review fulfills the closing words of a year ago: "The coming year will show how so tremendous a majority will deal with church and social questions." These questions and no others have stirred the whole world's interest in France.¹

The successive attempts of government and Parliament to apply new laws separating the churches and the State to Roman Catholic public worship are of universal importance, because they imply principles which reach to the foundations

of all society. The revolutionary trade-unionism, which is growing steadily, cannot yet receive the same special consideration; it has not yet arrived at its natural limit. But its summons to society as now constituted is already so clear and imperious that the republic's danger from the church is in comparison but an electioneering song in the night.

The Church Separation Law has failed to do the particular work for which it was voted by the preceding parliament. Catholic citizens have chosen to undergo its penalties, with new pains and reprisals voted by the present Parliament, rather than accept that civil reorganization of their religion which it imposed on them. The result has been to deprive French Catholics, not only of the church property which had been restored to them after the confiscations of the Revolution, but also of all church property of whatever kind, even such as had since been gathered together by their private and voluntary contributions. It is impossible to foresee how they are legally to constitute new church property for themselves. By the automatic working of separation, Catholics, so far as any corporative action might be intended, are left quite outside their country's laws.

The Associations Law had previously suppressed their religious orders and congregations, that is, all those teaching and other communities which combined individual initiatives into a working power for their religion. In virtue of that law, their convents and colleges and the other properties of such religious associations have "reverted" to the State, which is gradually liquidating them for its own purposes.

No example of temporal sacrifices for religion's sake on such a scale has been

¹ The previous "Year in France" was reviewed by the present writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1906. This year's review, having necessarily to deal with the Catholic question in politics, has been delayed for comparison with M. Paul Sabatier's latest publication (end of May, 1907): *Lettre ouverte a S. E. le Cardinal Gibbons*. M. Sabatier, who is a Protestant clergyman, naturally writes in accordance with his own religious views, which hardly concern outsiders seeking only to know the facts in the case. Warning was given last year that such words as "state" and "liberty" are not used in the same sense by Frenchmen and Americans. This needs particular attention wherever religious liberty, the liberty and right of association, and property rights in relation to the state, are involved.

seen since Catholics in the France of the Revolution chose to lose all, in many cases life itself, rather than accept the schismatical civil constitution of their clergy, which was accompanied by a like nationalizing of all their church property. Those who reprobate the Catholic religion, or despise the French Catholics' understanding of what it demands of them, should at least acknowledge the extent of the sacrifice.

Even the provisional use of their own parish churches for their own worship — all that is now left to French Catholics of their former church property — is not a matter of legal right, but of government tolerance under civil supervision. The legal right of the State to turn over such churches to the civil communes for other than religious purposes (*les désaffecter*), or to throw them open to non-Catholic religions, is fully established by the new laws and has already been exercised. All other property of the former parishes, and all property connected with religion and the church, even to the superannuating funds contributed by the clergy for themselves, have been handed over for communal uses.

The French State has not thus taken possession of church property on the ground that the State originally built the churches or contributed the funds for the other properties. Such an idea may have been spread abroad, but it is contrary to the most obvious facts; and it has been explicitly disclaimed by government. (Further on, see extracts from speeches of M. Briand, Minister of Public Worship, in Chamber of Deputies.) The right claimed by the State in disposing of such property for its own purposes is based, like the expropriation to the State of the properties of religious communities by the previous Associations Law, on principles which may be extended indefinitely to all property-holding for religious purposes, if not to property-holding by corporations of any kind whatsoever.

This experiment, by which the French Republic officially undertakes to regulate

religion by political action, was bound to have its effect in universal opinion, even in the United States, where the contrary experiment was supposed to have worked satisfactorily for more than a hundred years. The American experiment was not considered, nor apparently known in its working details, by those who have voted and are carrying out the Separation Law in France. Rather it has been an object of distrust. This is not a compliment to the present extent of our moral influence in the world, especially when compared with the constant reference and appeal of the French Republicans of 1848 to the American exemplar.

Americans, who seek sincerely to know what is going on in France, must have the patience to keep certain things carefully in mind. The two republics are built upon fundamentally different systems of government. In the United States definite constitutions fix the principles of political and religious liberty for associations of citizens as well as for individuals, and limit the powers, not only of government, but of the people. In England long habits of freedom and strong judicial traditions work to the same end. The Third French Republic, without a detailed constitution of independent judiciary, develops logically from the one principle of "the omnipotence of universal suffrage," of which Parliament is the sole representative; the liberty of the press and frequent elections form the only checks to this absolute rule of a majority of Parliament.

Moreover, it is religious ignorance quite as much as political party feeling which has so constantly condemned, unheard, one set of citizens for refusing to do what their sworn adversaries are trying to force them to do. Finally, a debauch of anonymous information, snowfalls of *petits papiers* and picturesque irrelevancies, are produced as authentic and decisive arguments, in the press and in Parliament itself; and it has been easy to wrap up confessed facts in legal subtleties.

In such conditions, one must judge for himself from reasons which he is able to control. Even then he may have to come to John Stuart Mill's conclusion that religious tolerance is possible only where there is indifference to religion. In their own government Americans had hoped to substitute liberty for tolerance.

In reality, the present conflict of Parliament and government with their Roman Catholic citizens does not bear on the fact of separation, that is, the breaking asunder of that which had been united. To understand how and why Catholics have refused the law, and deliberately chosen to suffer the foreseen consequences of their refusal, it is necessary to have some accurate knowledge of their previous religious situation.

The union of Church and State, as it existed in France when the Separation Law was voted, was not peculiar to Roman Catholics, nor did they legally form a privileged body by themselves. Within limits of number and internal arrangement, it was equally applied to the French Lutheran body, numbering roughly 65,000 members; to the Reformed or Calvinist Protestants, something over 500,000; and to the Jewish religious communities, under 100,000. But the Separation Law was aimed at none of these, as the Radical chronicler of the year confesses: "When the legislators were working out the law, it was not this slight minority of Protestants and Israelites which they had in mind. On the contrary, the question was — What attitude will be taken by Catholics, what counsels will come to them from Rome?"¹

In fact, the immense majority of French citizens was made up of nominal Catholics. The uncertain number of more or less practicing Catholics was, rightfully or wrongfully, supposed to be rooted by family tradition in the political as well as in the religious past. And the law was made and voted by their declared religious and political adversaries

¹ *Le Vingtième Siècle Politique*, par René Wallier.

with a view to regulating all their public activities for the future.

With the political temperament of the French people, with the inveterate habit of all their governments of whatever name, and with the known temper of the parliamentary majority, it should have been easy to foresee what has happened. All measures to separate the Roman Catholic Church from the French State were sure to end in a Norman law which, while separating, would separate without separating. Harduin, the wit of the ministerial journal *Le Matin*, found the predestined formula: The State is determined to separate itself from the Church; it is equally determined that the Church shall not be separated from the State.

Perhaps this is the real meaning of the new formula, invented for the occasion by the Protestant Socialist Deputy, M. de Pressensé, and adopted by M. Sarrien when prime minister: "The free Church in the sovereign State." In the United States, separation of Church and State has no precise meaning, our consecrated form of words from the beginning having been "religious liberty." This meant, if it had any meaning at all, freedom from state interference; and it was supposed to indicate a constitutional limit of the powers of the law-making as well as of the executive authorities. American citizens were to be free to found, continue, propagate, and organize their religions for themselves; neither Congress nor state legislatures, neither President Roosevelt nor Governor Hughes, would have "civil supremacy" over the internal organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The journal founded by Horace Greeley has reproached French Catholics for not bowing to the civil supremacy which threatened their church's essential existence.

The Roman Catholic Church was not an established church in France, as it had been before the Revolution and as the Anglican Church still is in England. It was not a state church at all in any

proper sense of the term, since there was no state religion.

Its clergy had no representation in the legislative body as bishops have in the English House of Lords. The French bishops were even subject for their nomination to the government of the Republic, and their political origin followed them as a shadow. Each bishop's action was limited to his own diocese, which was itself a civil division of the country. The bishops were forbidden to meet together in council, or otherwise to consult together for the discussion of common church interests, according to the practice current in the United States and elsewhere. For all public action they had to report to the Government Minister of Cults, who of late years was never a Catholic and was often some leading anti-Catholic. In all public ecclesiastical affairs government alone dealt with Rome, either directly or through the nuncio resident in France.

Parish priests had neither civil magistracy nor privilege; and they too were not allowed to unite for action in common. Before the civil law they were not even ministers of valid marriage for their parishioners; their own religious celibacy was not recognized by the State as an impediment if they should themselves choose to marry. The administration of parish properties was carried on by *fabriques* (vestries) of local laymen, whose nomination, operations, and accounts were subject to the supervision and control of the state authorities; and church properties were not exempt from civil taxation.

Priests had no legal right to enter state schools, hospitals, or prisons. They, and the theological students of seminaries, were exempt from military service only within the limits of all other liberal professions; like all citizens of the Republic they had to serve their time in barracks. There were no army or navy chaplains whose functions were not regulated or suppressed at will by the civil administration; and no evangelizing of either

soldiers or sailors was tolerated, even in the shape of Catholic reading-rooms or clubs.

By the Associations Law the members of Catholic religious communities, if they were priests, were forbidden to engage in that preaching of "missions" which in other countries is a main instrument in the revival and propagation of their religion. Members of such communities. — *congréganistes*, — priests, brothers and sisters, were all forbidden to teach in France, even in the separate Catholic schools which had been built by private contributions and existed, under the common law then in force, without government subsidy or privilege or civil incorporation. For more than twenty years before the Associations Law had discriminated against them, such communities and teachers had not been regularly allowed in any of the state schools which existed in every commune.

Catholic schools and colleges could neither confer university degrees, or teachers' certificates, or certificates of study, nor could their professors, even for their own pupils, take part in those examinations which all students must pass in France if they are to enter on any professional career. Not only were Catholics without civil privilege; they were exposed to all the constantly growing disfavor of politicians in power.

Such was the legal existence of the Roman Catholic Church in France while the Concordat between State and Pope was still in force. A useful comparison may be made with the situation of the same church in America, where religion is free from state interference; or in England, where, along with a Protestant established church, other religions, the Roman Catholic included, enjoy practical liberty.

In spite of these fundamental facts, perhaps because of them, the Church as an individual entity — *l'Eglise* — is still, as it has been all through the Third Republic, the scarecrow of political campaigns. In like manner, during the forty

years' effort which M. Henri Brisson, as the leader of radical anti-clericalism, has devoted to the political suppression of the religious communities, he has invariably lumped them, with all their multitude of independent property-holdings and rival activities, into one mystic and supremely dangerous personality, — *la Congrégation*. Many of the arguments which determined Parliament in the Associations and Separation laws have their force in this idea of a personal church handling mysterious and irresponsible millions under foreign direction.

Whatever may be the political possibilities of the Roman Catholic religion in France, a practical *reductio ad absurdum* of such a theory in present circumstances has been furnished during the year in what seems to have been an attempt at reprisals against Catholics. Government unexpectedly seized all the private and confidential papers of Monsignor Montagnini, who had been secretary of the last papal nuncio and remained on in Paris after the Combes Ministry had broken with Rome. Among the thousands of documents, official and personal, there is evidence of anything and everything except financial or political unity either among the clergy themselves, or among laymen and clergy, or of either or both with the Pope.

In any case, it is certain that French Roman Catholics were not united into one body civilly; and no such body was recognized by Parliament when it came to legislate concerning the Roman Catholic religion of French citizens. The hierarchy was one only in its common dependence on one and the same state administration. The religion was one only by clergy and laymen being united in faith and practice with the Pope of Rome. Inevitably, when the situation created by the Concordat came to an end, the past experience of the bishops would make them only uncertain organizers. Inevitably the Catholic people would have to look to the Pope alone for guidance.

Separation was ostentatiously carried through without counsel or consent of priests, bishops, or Pope, although the Concordat was technically a bilateral contract. The Separation Law itself carefully ignored the existence of a clergy or religious organism distinct from the local associating together of citizens of the communes. Whether by ignorance, as is probable, or by design, as Catholics and the Pope himself seem to think, it is certain that the makers of the Separation Law directly exposed their Catholic fellow-citizens to the alternative either of ceasing to be Roman or of refusing a law of the Republic.

The refusal of the law was, in reality, a refusal to accept a brand-new civil reorganization of their religion, — an organization which was in no wise rendered necessary by the mere rupture of the bonds which hitherto had united Church and State.

These positive bonds may be reduced to three: first, money subsidies paid by the State; second, property rights, and third, official functions, both also recognized and secured by the State.

In the first place, so far as the Roman Catholics were concerned, the French State paid its subsidies to the bishops and parish priests whom it recognized. In the last years before separation the total annual sum appropriated by Parliament for Roman Catholics amounted to a little less than \$8,000,000 (for the very last year exactly 39,801,903 francs). Of this sum nearly \$700,000 went for repairs and other expenses connected with church buildings. Sums actually paid to the clergy, which the party in power affected to regard as "salaries of State functionaries," amounted to an annual average of less than \$2000 per bishop and about \$180 for each officially recognized priest in the majority of the 40,000 parishes of France. Some 3500 irremovable *curés* received as much as 1200 or 1500 francs (\$240 to \$300) a year. Ecclesiastical pensions to the amount of \$135,000 were distributed yearly by the State.

These subsidies, especially in the case of country priests, might be eked out from land sometimes attached to the parish house or from other more or less direct subventions of the commune. The bishops' *menses* and many of the *fabriques* had moderate revenues of their own, often accumulated from private sources. Assistant priests, a necessity in towns, were entirely supported by the faithful; and there were more or less voluntary receipts from the chairs in churches, from marriage and funeral splendors, and from hand-to-hand gifts constituting the *casuel*.

Frugal as the standard of living is among the French clergy, the state subsidies can never have furnished more than a fraction of their entire support, even in the poorest and smallest parishes. Even so, the state appropriations of recent years had been a full third larger than the annual average for the whole century under the Concordat. This is very different from the accredited idea of a state-supported and all but state-purchased French Church.

At the signing of the Concordat it was understood that such subsidies were due from the French State to Catholics as compensation for the complete confiscation of their church property and revenues during the Revolution. It is difficult to explain otherwise the sequence of Articles 13 and 14 in the Concordat as it was signed. In return the Pope agreed, for himself and for French Catholics, to abandon all claims to other restitution. The Separation Law now takes it for granted that all such subsidies were a free gift of the State, to be stopped short at will of a majority of Parliament without reference to the other party, the Church. In the agitation following the separation, the question has not been raised except in purely formal protestations against the Republic's "repudiation of the signature of France."

In the second place, the French State restored and guaranteed for the religious uses of Catholics certain essential pro-

perties, such as churches, priests' and bishops' houses, and seminary buildings, which had survived the Revolution and had not been definitely acquired by private citizens or appropriated by the State to its own uses. On the same principle of restitution, the obligation of the State to leave such property in the hands of Catholics was supposed to bind in perpetuity.

Here, too, by the Separation Law, Parliament has finally adopted the revolutionary contention that all such property is national or communal; and that the State (in practice a majority of Parliament) may dispose at will of all property of the kind, even to the extent of depriving Catholics of all religious use of it and selling it or otherwise applying it for purely secular uses of the communes or nation.

This has not only been enforced with respect to buildings existing before the Revolution, when the real union of Church and State might be made a ground of confusion in property rights. During the century of the Concordat the private and voluntary contributions of Catholics had made substantial additions to the old and built up many new churches, priests' houses, and seminaries, often without any subsidy whatever from either State or commune. The seminary properties were even held separately from the parish and diocesan bodies. Yet all these, with all their contents, pious presents of church ornaments and sacred vessels, legacies and endowments and funds, even to the superannuation pensions of the clergy accumulated in mutual aid from personal contributions of their own, have now become the legal property of the State.

The principle which is held to justify this complete change of property rights by act of Parliament, against the expressed will of those who constituted the property and of the actual holders, and without compensation to them, is not the same as that recognized in the previous Associations Law.

In the latter case, communities of in-

dividuals living together in convents or schools had built up their properties by combined effort and held their title deeds, each community by itself, under the law then common to all French citizens. When the police force was brought in to oblige the Ursuline nuns of Nantes to quit their convent, the mother superior explained the situation from the Catholics' point of view: "We can understand that you forbid us by law to teach school; but we cannot understand a law that takes from us the property which we have earned ourselves, cent by cent, by our own labor and economy." The reporter of the *Matin* newspaper formulated the Parliamentary view: "The nuns refused to submit to the law and leave their house."

The property of such religious associations "reverted" to the State on this principle: The associations have been dissolved by the State; as they no longer exist they cannot hold property; therefore their property is without any legal owner and, like all *bona vacantia*, must belong to the State. By the same principle no indemnity was due as a matter of justice to the individual members of communities thus deprived of their common property, since they were without any individual title to it.

This principle had its logical application in the exposition of a bill presented to Parliament by a Radical deputy, M. Gustave Hubbard; he proposed the taking over of the petroleum refineries as a state monopoly, in which case no indemnity would be due to present refiners according to legal precedent in the case of the religious associations. The alcohol industry is also agitated by projects of law for a like state monopoly, to be established without indemnity (May, 1907). In neither of these cases, however, has that actual expropriation of refining plants been demanded which was executed with the property of religious communities.

It is another and further development of the State's power over property held

collectively by groups of citizens which is at the base of the Separation Law. The principle has consistently directed the application of the law by government during the year. It may be formulated thus: The community as a whole (that is to say, the State; that is, in France a majority of Parliament) has eventual rights over all property accumulated collectively by a group of citizens.

This conception of the rights of the State, at least over religious property held corporately and without individual title on the part of the members of the religion, was taken for granted by the majority of Parliament from the beginning. The possibility of a "church," or "religious denomination," or "congregation" (in the English sense), holding property with the legal guarantees of other property has never been familiar to the French mind.

M. Aristide Briand, in the name of government, has given explicit utterance to the principle in Parliament. As committee reporter he did his best, before the Separation Law was voted and against the efforts of Radical leaders, to reduce the compulsion of the law to terms compatible with Catholics remaining Roman Catholics, just so far as he understood the situation. As Minister of Cults, charged with the difficult task of applying the law, he persevered in the same policy of reducing the law to its lowest terms. In the Chamber of Deputies, on January 29, 1907, when the penalties of the law had already been applied to Catholics, and all their church property had been turned over to the communes, he pleaded successfully that the use of the parish churches at least might still be left to Catholics as a matter, not of law, but of expediency. M. Maurice Allard, with many others, demanded that the communes should be left free at once to use the church buildings for any purpose they might choose, like any other communal property. M. Briand replied (*Journal officiel*, Jan. 30, 1907):

"You speak of the Catholic collectivity and you defy us to define it legally.

Evidently it is difficult to define, and we need not try it. You say — The church belongs to the collectivity and *consequently* to the commune. *This is true*; but it was built for a definite purpose and with a well-defined intention. You know it, but you object: Such a collectivity is so misty, so without consistence, that it does not admit of legal definition. We acknowledge that the church cannot have a particular owner (*être possédée par tel ou tel*).

"You say — We will dispose of the church, because it belongs to a collectivity which we cannot get hold of; and you add — But then Catholics will always be able to have their prayers, they can still assemble together — they will buy new places and build.

"But these new places, Monsieur Allard, with your theory, these too may be taken away from Catholics in a few months or years and for the same reasons.

"(On different benches) That's evident!

"*M. Maurice Allard.* No, no!

"*M. Briand.* No? Why not? *That is the way the churches were built.* The new churches would have to be built in the same way by a collective effort of the inhabitants of the commune, and naturally they would still have a sort of stamp of the commune on them; it would be impossible to discriminate exactly the juridical personality which had built them."

A year almost to a day before (1st February, 1906), M. Briand, not yet minister, spoke somewhat differently, but with the same underlying claim of the State to change property right at will. His words were intended to reassure Catholics excited by the sudden government inventorying of all their church properties.

"*When a public establishment has been dissolved*, there has to be a settlement of the property. For this an inventory is necessary. The property does not belong to certain ones: it is the property of the faithful taken together. It is neces-

sary to say to Catholics that the object of the inventory is to guarantee their own interests, *to make sure of transmission to the public worship associations.*"

To these *associations cultuelles* of its own creation Parliament, by the Separation Law, had forcibly transferred the church properties without the consent of the owners. When Catholics refused to form such associations, as being essentially destructive of their religion, the State at once exercised the further right created by the new law and finally transferred the properties which had been inventoried to itself and to the communes.

Not all professional legists in France have felt able to adopt the Parliamentary formula for this power of the State. A judge at Troyes, in an official court decision, justified certain action of the "separated" clergy, not on the ground of a "dissolution of their establishment," but because "the State had taken possession (*s'est emparé*) of their property." The government prosecutor appealed and demanded a reprimand for the judge, first, because his decision virtually criticised a law of Parliament as "seizing" property; and, secondly, because the property had never belonged to "the clergy." In the United States the property would have belonged to the "church" or "religious denomination," or "congregation," comprising, according to some free internal organization of its own, both the French judge's "clergy" and M. Briand's "faithful;" and only in case of the utter disappearance of both would it be possible to talk of the property escheating to the State.

The Pope naturally used yet other formulas to express the French Republic's compulsory transfer of property rights. His refusal to allow Catholics to form the associations demanded by the Separation Law was not based on the property question alone or in the main; but the loss of the property as an immediate and foreseen consequence caused him to be reproached with "having abandoned the goods of the church." "To declare church

property ownerless by a certain time if, before that time, the Church has not created within herself a new organization; to subject this creation to conditions which are directly opposed to the divine constitution of the Church and which the Church is therefore obliged to reject; then to assign the property to a third party, as if it had become goods without a master; and finally to assert that, by such action, the Church is not despoiled, but only property that she has abandoned is being disposed of — all this is not only to reason like a sophist, it adds derision to the cruelest spoliation." (Encyclical, January 6, 1907.)

To the world at large there is something in all this which may prove more important than its religious bearing. By the Associations and Separation laws, the French Parliament has done something more than continue what the *bourgeois* Revolution began at the close of the eighteenth century. In the limited field of religious corporations, it has enforced legal principles concerning the State's power which are ready for application to all property-holding, and prelude the social revolution that is to come. A leading Socialist writer, M. Henry Bérenger, summons Parliament defiantly: "All this eating of priests on the stage so that you may protect financiers behind the scenes, is cold victuals since the Separation!"

It was the rupture of the third bond which really counted most with both parties. In consequence of it, the Church has lost her property; but it is doubtful if the State (in the French sense) has gained. The "sovereign State" was to control the "free Church" through the civil *associations cultuelles*. In default of these, the Roman Catholic clergy, ignored by the Separation Law and henceforth freely named by Pope and bishops, can be touched legally only as "functionaries of a foreign potentate"!

By the Concordat the French State recognized the Roman Catholic Church for what it is, an organized religion with

the Pope of Rome as its head and the French bishops and clergy as its official ministers in France. Civilly there was no legal existence of priest or parish church or chapel or church property without the French bishop; and there was no legal bishop in France without the Pope of Rome. Since the State paid this legally recognized clergy while guaranteeing their official position, those who look at things exclusively from the political point of view came to consider the ministers of the Catholic Church as little more than "salaried functionaries of the State." They have legislated accordingly, and are shocked that Catholics should declare themselves unable to accept the brand-new civil constitution voted by Parliament for their religion.

From his place in Parliament, in words that offended many fellow-Catholics because they expressed confidence in the sincerity of their adversaries, the priest-deputy, Abbé Lemire, traced out the hazards of the Separation Law.

"You [M. Briand] say that you did not wish to make a civil constitution of religion as your ancestors made a civil constitution of the clergy. How then does it happen that, both at home and abroad, the misunderstanding may be said to be general? It comes from this: when you worked out your law you began by legislating about property to be transferred, and you thought of creating a special organization to receive privileged property; and then, in Article 20, you defined the organization — the public-worship association. Now you have not only attributed to this association the office you first proposed, namely, to be an instrument of property transfers; you attribute to it even the exercise of public worship. That is the text of the law.

"You, my colleagues, may object that you had no intention of legislating about the internal organization of the Church. I believe you. When Article 4 was voted (providing that the associations should conform to the general rules of the religion to which they profess to belong)

we said, The organization of the Catholic religion is respected in law (*juridiquement*); the property will go to those to whom it belongs. Unhappily, when we came to Articles 18 and the following, we clogged our law with a definition that stops short those who hold strictly by the written word, because they feel that good intentions pass while the text of the law remains." (Chamber of Deputies, January 15, 1907.)

The last great debate (January 30, 1907), ending in the present provisional *status quo* of parish churches only, put the whole matter in a nutshell. M. Paul Meunier noted that the "Republican majority had voted and exacted Article 8" (by which the Government Conseil d'Etat, and not the respective religious authorities, was to decide whether public worship associations conformed to their religious rules). . . . "We carefully avoided mentioning the word bishop in the text of Article 4." Prime Minister Clemenceau observed, "I combatted Article 4." Minister Briand retorted, "I have the right to say that when we came to Article 4 it was difficult for me to foresee Article 8."

M. Clemenceau: "*Nous sommes dans l'incohérence!*"

This incoherence of the law seems to justify, in fair logic, the order given by the Pope nearly six months before: "The public worship associations, such as the law imposes, cannot be formed without violating sacred rights belonging to the very life of the Church" (Encyclical, August 10, 1906).

Property was only the material side of the question. Civil public worship associations, once in possession and without responsibility either to clergy or even to the practicing Catholics of the parish, might limit religion to the *quod justum est* of their own ideas; they might sustain a priest suspended by his bishop and so cozen the faithful out of their religion; local politicians were likely to be in control, while clergy and practicing Catholics would be powerless to direct

the public exercise of their own religion; and, besides the numerous pretexts which the law afforded the civil authorities for dissolving the associations, might not some new and more anti-clerical government use the law against the Catholic religion itself? Was not separation intended to be dissolution, parcel by parcel, parish by parish?

In so general a review only two particular incidents demand a word of explanation, if only because of the universal resonance accorded them.

The first is "the Pope's lie" (*le mensonge pontifical* of *Le Matin*) in his Encyclical, August 10, 1906. The Pope declared that his prohibition of the public worship associations "confirmed the all but unanimous deliberation" of the first plenary assembly of French bishops (the Separation Law by ignoring them had left them free to assemble). Two newspapers — the non-Catholic *Temps* and the anti-Catholic *Siècle* — made disclosures that the bishops, by at least a majority, had voted to accept the associations.

This was strange. The five French cardinals, before the voting of the law (March 28, 1905, as quoted in last year's review), wrote plainly to President Loubet that the associations were "in formal contradiction with the principles of the Catholic religion." The Pope's first Encyclical, long before the bishops' meeting (February 17, 1906), declared the associations contrary to the constitution of the Church and even to the words of Jesus Christ (interpreted to Radical amazement by St. Cyprian). What could have happened?

It is now accurately known that the French bishops began by reprobating the associations unanimously, as the Pope said. Next, they considered a plan for doing with the law what Cardinal Lecot called discreetly *s'aménager*, and Minister Briand in Parliament described as *s'accommoder* — both meaning in plain English "to get around" the law. This was to be done by making sure of the

members of the association from their first beginnings, choosing them among Catholics having some right to the name, just as New England Congregationalists would choose "professing Christians." The legal adviser of the Pope (probably a deputy, M. Groussau, professor of law and specialist in French religious technicalities) pointed out that such associations — at once *canoniques et légales*, as their promoters fondly named them — had not a legal leg to stand on in the Separation Law; at most, they would exist only so long as government's good will lasted.

It is hard to see why the Pope should have published to the world his rejection of such a project, to which moreover the ordinary parish clergy seem to have been everywhere opposed. The annoyances since created for the clergy by the *maîtres* of many communes go far to justify the judgment of the Pope, himself an old parish priest.

The second incident is of importance precisely because its importance has been minimized for purposes of religious controversy.

In the Chamber of Deputies, November 8, 1906, M. Viviani, a Socialist leader who had been made Minister of Labor in the new government, summed up with frank eloquence the successive tasks of the revolutions of 1789 and 1848 and of the Third Republic.

"All together, first our fathers, then our elders, and now ourselves, we have set ourselves to the work of anti-Clericalism, of irreligion; we have torn from the people's soul all belief in another life, in the deceiving and unreal visions of a heaven. To the man who stays his steps at set of sun, crushed beneath the labor of the day and weeping with want and wretchedness, we have said: 'Behind those clouds at which you gaze so mournfully there are only vain dreams of heaven.' With magnificent gesture we have quenched for him in the sky those lights which none shall ever again kindle. Do you think our work is over? It begins."

By a majority of 368 to 129, the

Chamber of Deputies voted the posting up of the speech in all the communes of France. This fact cannot be changed, even by M. Briand's later reservation that government should be "a-religious," not irreligious.

During a year so burdened with the solicitude of the churches, the new Parliament found time to attempt certain social legislation which had been long waiting. The law securing a Weekly Day of Rest to laborers and employees (voted July 10, 1906) has caused friction in practice. It forms one of a series of labor victories over capital; and this, rather than religion, which was not considered, guarantees its ultimate success.

At the end of the twelve months, the Syndicalist movement — a sort of revolutionary, as distinguished from political, trade-unionism — has shown itself a power with which the State has to count for the future. The separate labor unions (*syndicats*), their regional and national federations, and the Bourses de Travail opened by the State for them in large cities, have realized an effective unity among themselves in one vast general labor confederation — Confédération Générale du Travail. This has grown so rapidly that already it directs rather than obeys the Socialist political party, of which indeed it vaunts its independence. It has succeeded in enlisting in its propaganda even the unions of government employees, such as school-teachers and postmen.

The strikes resulting from this syndicalist agitation have again obliged the Radical Socialist government of M. Clemenceau to have recourse to the national army before the first of May, just as *bourgeois* governments in former days called out the troops against popular demonstrations of the Socialists. The present predominance of the Socialist party in Parliament would naturally be thought sufficient to protect all legitimate interests of labor by purely political action. Yet the same workmen who so well know how to use their votes have

been hurried in great numbers into this "direct action" of general strikes, intended to secure ends outside of legislation or politics.

The sudden rise of this new syndicalism precipitates what is perhaps only the inevitable evolution of all Socialism, peaceful or otherwise. It directly threatens the radicalism which has so long monopolized the political power of the French Republic for its own anti-clerical projects. Indeed, the new power is likely to prove of more immediate importance to the Republic than all the conflict of Parliament and government with Roman Catholic citizens, who have never known how to use either their votes or their legal rights of action.

From the 8th to the 14th of May, 1907, the French Parliament satisfied to the full the national passion for logic and oratory in connection with this new irrepressible conflict. During a two days' speech, lasting in all more than seven hours, M. Jaurès defended the legal right to existence of the General Labor

Confederation; the right of "state functionaries" to form unions of their own, and their further right to affiliate them with the other syndicates in the one General Confederation. M. Clemenceau, whose ministry was at stake, would not condemn the Confederation; but he refused to government employees the right to rise up against superior authority. His concession to the Socialist leader did not please the *bourgeois* Radicals. Minister Briand, who was a Socialist leader, had advocated the general strike and helped to set the Confederation on its way, showed himself the same patient and superlatively effective debater as in previous discussions of Church and State. He saved the ministry for the time being, but only to be excommunicated by most of his fellow-Socialists.

This new majority was a distinct breaking away from the *Bloc* of Radical and Socialist deputies, which had so long ruled France absolutely. Time will tell if M. Jaurès was right in dubbing M. Briand "the Morny of the reaction!"

HEIMWEH

BY JAMES B. KENYON

AH, could it be once more ere life's wane close! —

That I might climb the long ancestral hill

Where the smooth slope dips to the shattered mill,

And the shrunk brook amid its alders flows;

Feel the soft wind that down the valley blows;

Hear in the dewy hush the whip-poor-will

Thresh the gray silence, and through evening's chill

Breathe once again the scent of thyme and rose:

Then would great peace flood all my avid breast;

Welcome would be the dusk of twilight skies;

And as a late bird hastens to her nest

Through deepening gloom with little happy cries,

So should I seek the covert of my rest,

And give to death my sleep-consenting eyes.

CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

THE general level in this country, the predominance of the neutral, that impress themselves upon visitors, are partly due to social and economic causes, but they are also partly due to the absence of Time. There is always rawness, want of perspective, lack of composition, where the great artist, Time, has not been long at work. Time changes every aspect, but he has freest scope in history: he diminishes and rubs out, or increases and lifts into bold relief; he disentangles his favorites from the many and sets them full in the foreground of attention, as if there had been but a few dozen men since the world began. So we may hope that in the course of centuries the history of America will be as interesting, as individual, as striking to the imagination, as that of Europe; and that our heroic age, the period of the Civil War, will be as epical as the struggle round Troy. But first much must be forgotten: the lesser men whose memories love and pride have guarded must be sacrificed to oblivion; thousands of gallant men must be left to nameless graves, serving merely as numbers to magnify the glory of Time's favorites. Time will not botch his canvas with crowded figures, he chooses only such as can be readily moulded into some beautiful, imaginative, or heroic figure.

Among such figures, if one dare prophesy, will be that of Charles Russell Lowell. This little book of Mr. Emerson's¹ (doubly excellent in its admiration and its restraint) shows how Lowell already begins to detach himself from hundreds as brave as he, and to stand out in simple beauty like one of the figures of ancient

Greece. Lowell shows the large freedom of the heroic age. He had no false modesty, no unnerving doubts, no skeptical theories, no sickly conscience. Leonidas did not stop to wonder whether Asiatic civilization might be better for Greece and for the world, he did not weigh honor against life, nor hesitate to leave forever the fair face of his Spartan wife, the race, the chase, the colors of morning on the Spartan hills; he followed the high call of Fate and became immortal. Such a figure was Lowell. His honesty, his manly innocence, his unswerving faith, his singleness of purpose, his erect, straight-eyed young figure, full-facing duty, and his early death, are the stuff that Time the Artist loves.

He was quite free from the straiter elements in New England tradition. To do, *ποιεῖν*, was his purpose, *to do* in that ideal plane where the worker, *ποιητής*, is a poet. He had the simple idea that every man must do what work he can in the labor of life, come what may. "My ambition," he says, "is to keep up my power of work, to be able to *toil terribly*, as Emerson says of Sir Walter Raleigh; for this I am always training." He rejoiced in the fact that the real rewards of labor are spiritual. When twenty he wrote: "The happiest afternoon I ever knew, I use the word happiest in its highest sense, was passed at an open window, the first of the season, filing away on cast iron. . . . Nothing can repay a man for what he has done well except the doing of it. . . . The *Heroes* of the world have certainly needed work and had it and done it well, and it is Heroes that we must try to be." Yet there was no touch of Puritan self-sufficiency. During the war he wrote, "I have begun of late to doubt seriously whether I ever did any-

¹ *The Life and Letters of Charles Russell Lowell*. By EDWARD W. EMERSON. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1907.

thing right;" and later, "I am content not to look ahead very much, but to remain here quietly drilling."

His valor was of the same simple, integral character. The surgeon of his regiment says of him in the field: "Such a noble scorn of death and danger they [his men] never saw before, and it inspired them with a courage that quailed at nothing. You may believe that my personal regard for Colonel Lowell colors this a little. You are mistaken; it is temperate and reliable." While Lowell lay stretched on a table, just before his death, paralyzed from the shoulders down, one of his officers was lying near him, dying, and oppressed by the agony of death. Lowell said to him, "I have always been able to count on you, you were always brave. Now you must meet this as you have the other trials — be steady — I count on you." In the presence of death he shared with his comrade his own courage. Sir Philip Sidney, when he passed the cup of water to the dying man on the field of Zutphen, thought of the man's corporal pain; Lowell thought of the dying soldier's honor.

Lowell's courage was not that of the mere soldier, rejoicing in fight, like Diomed or Ajax. He took his part in the war with the simple idea that in the eternal strife between the higher and the lower a man must take sides. He wrote to a friend: "I fancy you feel much as I do about the profitableness of a soldier's life, and would not think of trying it, were it not for a muddled and twisted idea that somehow or other this fight was going to be one in which decent men ought to engage for the sake of humanity — I use the word in its ordinary sense. . . . There are nobler things to be done in this country than fighting."

Mr. Emerson's brief *Life* and his choice of *Letters* set Lowell's character into high relief by showing us the deep and varied happiness that he renounced. He knew the sweetest life had to give; he knew it, deeply enjoyed it, and gave

it up. He took pleasure in many things. He appreciated the loveliness of the earth. In Florence he writes, "Here am I with a stock of cheerfulness so great that my spirits verge on the idiotic;" in Paris, "Blessed be the man that invented words! I have enjoyed Paris. I have enjoyed immensely the Louvre and the Tuileries garden — Titian and Giorgione are as great in France as in Italy;" in Venice, "Yesterday, too, how could I write? I had just come from a picture by Tintoretto, a Venus and Bacchus, which . . . I might almost take as my aim, my ideal in life — and certainly it did give me a push, a swing, which I think I shall never entirely lose. The figure of Venus fills the same place in my idea of life that the Venus of Milo does in my religion." He enjoyed the exercise of the mind, reading Kant, Darwin, Buckle, Goethe, Ruskin, Carlyle, and the Elizabethan poets. He could speak French and Italian, and read German and Spanish. He loved horses and dogs; "Dogs are my weakness." But chief in his happiness were his friends, and the great affections of life. To his mother he wrote, "Try and help me to be a little more like what you saw me as a little child. . . . You must remember when you are well, I am well; you are the very root of my life now, and will be perhaps forever."

About a year before his death he married Miss Josephine Shaw, sister of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw. "In these times," he said, "weddings are what they should be, quiet, simple and sacred." From the front he wrote to her, "I don't want to be shot till I've had a chance to come home. I have no idea that I shall be hit, but I want so much not to be now, that it sometimes frightens me." Yet when Mrs. Lowell made plans for them after the war, for travels in Italy or Egypt, he answered, "We do not own ourselves, and have no right even to wish ourselves out of harness."

He was killed at the age of twenty-nine; she, then twenty years old, lived on for forty-one years, living as her

husband had lived, spending herself in service, free from care for self, free from all that could cloud or obscure the nobility of life. While she lived she was so light-hearted, so interested in all sorts of things, so loving in all human relations, so careful of little duties, and took so much delight in the daily joys and recreations of life, that, blinded by the mere pleasure of her presence, one did not wholly realize the simple heroic lines of her character. It is death and death only that reveals the full nobility of a life. As her husband had felt the great law of human gravitation impelling him to the service of humanity, so did she. *Semper gaudens in Domino*. She went about the city of New York, to right wrongs, to succor those in tribulation, to comfort the weak-hearted, to raise up those that had fallen, just as if it were ordinary business. Mr. Felix Adler applied to her a phrase from one of Longfellow's poems, "The Lady with the Lamp;" it was a happy phrase to choose. The lamp which Josephine Shaw Lowell held shed its own light on the objects it shone upon; in that moment the coarse became less coarse, the refined more refined, the repulsive, the vulgar, the mean, lost something of their baseness, and not in that moment only, for the lamp was a magic lamp, and where its light had fallen something luminous remained forever. Her story should be told, like the reminiscences of St. Francis by his disciples, in *Fioretti*, — the little flowers of memory and imagination that blossomed out of their affection. Her visits to the needy, to grief-stricken women, to unfortunate girls; her efforts that the insane should be kindly and carefully tended, that alms to the poor should do all good and no harm, that employees and laborers should deal fairly with one another, that justice should prevail in government, and honor in public affairs, could only be told in such stories. For it was not merely the things she did that made men and women love her, but the graciousness of her presence which graced her acts as fra-

grance graces lilies of the valley. St Francis said that "God is always courteous," and she had that high attribute.

Through long service to the ideal, she learned to rejoice in the world as she found it, believing that such was the will of God. In spite of daily scenes of misery, she was smiling and happy, joyful in her appointed place, seeming to say, like the Lady Piccarda in Dante's *Paradise*:

The quality of Love allays our Will,
It makes us only long for what we have,
And lets us thirst for nothing else beside.
If we should crave a higher place, our will
Would be at discord with the Will of God
That puts us here; and in these spheres
there is

No room for discord as thou see'st (if thou
Canst see God's Nature), for to live in love
Is here necessity. The life of bliss
Hath life alone within His Holy Will;
And so our separate wills are one through His.
So that ranged as we are from sphere to sphere
Throughout this realm, is joy to all this realm,
And to our King, who forms our wills with
His.

And His Will is our peace; it is the sea
To which moves all that His Will doth create.

The Roman Catholic Church, in its interpretation of the desires and needs of mankind, has had the custom of expressing in its own phraseology the cry of affection for such women as she, acknowledging by canonization the general right and duty to honor, to venerate, to imitate. This practice, in that ancient mode, we have denied ourselves; but when we see a holy life lived among us, we feel the same gratitude, the same wish to venerate, the same recognition of righteousness that the old world felt. Whatever our skepticism, it seldom goes so far as to doubt the reverence due to forty years of noble life.

Mrs. Lowell's life is the poetry that celebrates her husband's heroism. By what she did his high purposes attained achievement at least in part, and through her — one may believe or hope — they will still remain fruitful and accomplishing. When men have once seen the heroic and the beautiful they can never again be utterly indifferent to them.

Had it not been for her, General Lowell's figure would have remained that of the heroic young warrior dying for his country; but from her we learn that the cause he had at heart was the larger cause of humanity. He was a soldier by accident as it were; he plunged into the war, as a man fords a stream in his way, for the sake of leading his fellows to a fairer country beyond, in which he and they in soberness and moderation should strive for a fuller, freer, juster sharing of what life has to give between the men who work with their heads and those who work with their hands. In that way he hoped to satisfy his great desire of discharging the debt under which, as he felt, he lay to other men. He was one of those of whom his admired poet Dante speaks: "All men on whom a Higher Nature has imprinted a love of what ought to be, esteem it their chief concern that, according to the measure in which they have been enriched by the toil of men who have gone before, they themselves

must toil for the good of the men that come after them, so that these may be the richer because of them."

After finishing this little volume, after putting aside questionings, regrets, and longings for what might have been, one stands up with a feeling of pride, holding the book in one's hands, in possession of an answer to those who taunt us with luxury, ostentation, vulgarity; for here is the life of an American who, as men of all ways of thinking will agree, lived not for ambition, selfseeking, power, or glory, but for honor; and one feels the strong belief that Lowell's was not merely a life that is past, but the model of lives that are to be.

One is grateful to Mr. Emerson, who, with this mere handful of letters, has given us so definite an outline of Lowell's personality; and in the short story he brings in that delightful group of young men, Shaw, Higginson, Barlow, as well as Mr. Forbes, Governor Andrew, and others.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

OLD CARES FOR NEW

"Are all these your servants?" asked an alert Northern woman, whose entire household owes its spotless cleanliness to her own relentless hand; whose table is garnished, food prepared, clothes made, and mended, by her own fingers, or those of her sister. "What a fine time you must have! We are glad if we can have one; and most of us have none." As to that, I suppose it depends upon the view-point. It may be, that with her three servants, my wife, Claudia, has an easy time. It is true, equally, if we grant that, that her money pays for it; and if money is not to make life fairer and easier, less a labor and a pain, why have money? I wish those who have little money might

have more, to make life sweeter, freer from care; or free, ever, for any of us, from the anticipation or apprehension of want. This is the one anguish the poor face daily; one hope they fight for, one thing we all beat in the ugly countenance of the Devil with: to make something for our own people, that, by so much, at least, life may be less hard than we have known it to be for those we have loved much. Otherwise, having enough one's self, 't were easy to rest satisfied with work well done, no matter what the return be. Yet, perhaps, the question of ease depends upon the view-point. God forbid that Claudia, my wife, should ever work as others in her place work, as I have seen my own loved people toil, from need! Let her rather keep a thousand

servants! Frankly, this matter of ease is one of comparatives, and depends greatly upon the point of view: we get certain assistance in drudgery from our servants; meantime I manage my man, Walter's, business affairs, and play the master for him in the old-fashioned way, heal his beast for him, build his cart, see that he has labor, give work when he has none, lend when he falls in need, get it again if he can pay it, or lose it, grateful that we have been enabled to aid an honest unfortunate; pay Prince's debts, despite his animadversions, in order to defend Mary's home from lien; save Mary herself from insurance and installment speculators, and the countless disreputable whites who prey upon the ignorance and hapless helplessness of the blacks; medicine and encourage her, prevent her from falling a prey to her own childish extravagance, Claudia buying the greater part of her clothes, more wisely and more economically than Mary herself feels that she can do it; and, between us, by Claudia's surveillance, and my own wrath and willingness to apply a rough grasp to vicious matters, to keep both white and octoroon procuresses from enticing a handsome, decent young nurse to her everlasting ruin. Thus, between us, somehow, we all do live, each easier in one way, but with greater difficulty in another. We, Claudia and I, are rid of what men call drudgery and menial labor, which Claudia's position in the world and active agency in many affairs in the community would not permit her to assume, and which I, while pursuing my vocation, have no time to entertain; but we are loaded with responsibilities which are not in any way avoided, nor are in any conscience avoidable; which are not easy to carry wisely, and are truly heavy at times to bear patiently or carefully.

I, for myself, have lived more easily, and with less worry, when I cooked my own meals, and made my own bed; I could do it again, and with a relieved sense; but it is not to be any more.

Life is scarcely easier; only a little more convenient by exchange: they give the lower labors of life; we assume all the responsibilities, as nearly as it is possible for white employers to do so at present. As the mother of Claudia's Cousin Henry said to him as a lad, when the Emancipation Proclamation was made, and the War had set in to its fatal decline for the Confederacy: "We may lose what we have hoped for; but go down on your knees, and thank God that you will be freed from an awful burden of instant responsibility for the bodies and souls of many men!

Let not the careful and economic Northern housewife who does all her own work think that the life of the Southern house-keeper is easy: where it is eased in one respect it takes on care in another. As for myself, I am content with the nature of our life; I do not know want; I have known it, not merely in name, but in a wearying aspect, a shadow across my whole youth; yet youth was happy! I do not deserve all that I have, perhaps; I am grateful; yet I have been easier when I had less, and had less care when I knew actual want. I have been far happier, to use the word commonly, when I have been poorer, because free from many great perplexities and extraneous responsibilities, which every employer of simple and childlike humanity must assume, if he wish to keep his conscience clean when he views it in his closet. I do not talk of things I do not know; I have moiled and sweated, and drudged daily, in apparently unending labor for small reward; yet even this I have since regarded as easier than what my friend regards as ease. My life, to-day, with four dark-faced and simple servants, seems less hard in the elimination of drudgery, but is harder through the amassing of strange cares; for, for every element of apparent ease, a new pain is given. All the leisure from labor which has been given to my life by the multiplication of servants, has been counterbalanced by the opening of new paths of duty plain before me. All the

delight that has been added to my life in twenty years, lies in the happy possession of my wife, Claudia, and our two children; as for the ease, and the rest, you may have it for a peanut. I wish I could take the drudgery out of the life of my friend, and the fret; but I am convinced that though I did so I could not give her ease, but only the exchange of weariness. No doubt she longs for other opportunities of nobler efficiency; well, so do we here, and face handicaps to that efficiency which she has never known or beheld even in outraged fancies or disordered dreams.

Once in a while we all are bound to face our lives very frankly, and, without pretending, take invoice of what we have got for what we have given. The multiplicity of negro servants, faithful, affectionate, simple-hearted, easily gratified though they may be, when best, is not ease for honest men; was never easy to the conscientious; is becoming less easy. The evident pain and care of the master and mistress only assume new and different forms; to be freed from some responsibilities I could heartily welcome drudgery; and, as for Claudia, she pays *quid pro quo*, in care and cash, nursing the petulant and helpless, in patience always bearing with many irritations that I would not endure, and purchasing, by perpetual maintenance of cheerfulness in the face of constant peculiar trials and discomforts, any ease she may possess. Her life, to be sure, is not drudgery; God bless her! she would not permit it to be if it were, nor so much as admit that it could be, if done for those she is deeply affectioned towards. But it is not an easy one, and, I am confident, would at times, terribly perplex my Northern friend, with her small, pleasant, clean, and scrupulously-adjusted house, where breakage, and waste, recklessness, and childlike ability to comprehend the simplest problems of economy and life, do not fret; and where questions of a great right and wrong do not sometimes face one like shadowy spectres over the lives

of one's own beloved children, to whom, inevitably, we must bequeathe the unsolved problem of understanding what we ourselves have thus far unsuccessfully striven to comprehend.

To be sure, there is a difference between my wife, Claudia's, point of view, and mine: Claudia has never known poverty, although her life, while one of wealth, has been one of the extremest simplicity; I have, and know that poverty is bitter; and that to exist in poverty and unrecompensing toil, without prospect other than of need and toil unrecompensed, is desperate; ill health, with poverty and many actual distresses added, is heartsickening to face in the quiet hours of bitter thought when the direct action is chill; and to wish to do for those whom we love, and to be unable so to do, is sometimes almost too much for love to bear. Yet I find, for myself, and would that my friend remember, — though, perhaps, I am not now so much preaching directly to my friend, as speaking for the benefit of those others who observe from afar off, — that for every ease that service gives here, in a land of sun and roses, is added a new care, sometimes a strange one; and for every privilege of relief from hand-labor, a penalty of duty; and for each bodily relief from toil and from task, a mental or moral responsibility, which none who is honest and honestly fears heaven's forfeiture of growth, dares shirk.

A WORD FOR THE MODERN OLD LADY

Although the Contributor who laments the passing of the Old Lady says many things which cannot be denied, — and says them in a most charming and convincing manner, — yet there is another side to this as to other questions. The gentle and sweet-faced old lady, with her knitting, was a picturesque and pleasing figure and satisfied the sense of fitness which demands that the lines be sharply drawn between the different ages

of women. We all know the types — sunny childhood, sweet maidenhood, fair matronhood, and serene old age. But was old age always serene? Was contentment put on with the cap and amiability acquired with the knitting-needles? Was "the large leisure of quiet home-staying" always conducive to the happiness of the home circle?

The old lady of the past was not expected to have any personal interests stronger than interest in the younger generations. She was expected to live much in the past — and it is true enough that as we grow older our thoughts do revert to earlier days, and perhaps with as much pain as pleasure; she was expected to be always ready to lend a sympathetic ear to other people's plans for the future; she was expected to be cheerfully philosophical, and *always* "serene." Well, thank Heaven, there were and are such old ladies — enough of them to fix the type; and they will continue to exist as long as there are cheerful, unselfish, and sympathetic women who live to grow old. But there were also restless old ladies, critical and carping old ladies, interfering old ladies, — old ladies who cultivated in their daughters and daughters-in-law those graces of forbearance and unselfishness in which they were themselves so conspicuously lacking. Such old women also continue to exist, of course, but it seems to me to be one of the great blessings of modern life that in retaining their physical vigor longer than of old, women also retain their independence and cultivate their own pursuits. I am not fonder than other people of seeing an old woman with her cheeks and her hat covered with artificial roses, and I readily admit that an active old woman with a fad and a figure (the Contributor seems to object to her erectness and especially to resent her occasional slenderness) is less picturesque than the capped and kerchiefed ornament of the domestic fireside, but it is my impression that she is far happier. She has her own affairs to occupy her mind and is not on that account less sympathetic or

wise or philosophical — or any less prepared for her final departure from this earthly stage.

I think, dear Contributor, that if you want the old lady of the past back again you must see to it that the old lady of the present has less vitality. Make a house-plant of the young girl, dispense with modern ideas of hygiene, and you may get back your old lady of the fireside. I don't myself believe that the unlovely "present-day young woman of seventy-five" is any more frequent than was the unlovely old woman of a past generation, only she is more in evidence. Families very properly covered up their skeletons and presented a united front to the world, with the decorously becaped and bespectacled grandmother duly occupying the middle foreground, whereas the frisky old woman of the present day will not pose in any such fashion.

As for the accusation that our boys and girls are increasingly disrespectful to their elders, I think, on the contrary, that our young people's manners are very much on the mend. In my own younger days we were brought up to be respectful and obedient, yet compared with the punctilious deference with which I am treated by my children's friends, our manners seem to have been lacking in fine finish, even though they were not to be called free and easy. True, this pretty courtesy may be more or less a fashion, yet even where it is only on the surface it is likely to work in, just as in the case of a young woman who, in a time of trouble and disappointment, said to me, "After all, by dint of *appearing* cheerful I have got so that I really *am* cheerful." For my own part, it seems to me that our boys and girls are in a very hopeful way, even though their grandmothers do not look as old as by good rights they should, and dress in a fashion too youthful even for their looks. It is not given to us all to have taste in dress, and a uniform is not without its advantages. The question is, will the grandmothers ever consent to resume the uniform?

CHEYNE ROW—HOW DO LONDONERS PRONOUNCE IT?

I AM an admirer of Thomas Carlyle, and on my last visit to London made a pilgrimage to Cheyne Row. It was a long distance from my room in the neighborhood of the British Museum; but who minds riding on the top of a 'bus through London streets, where "every step is history," and who does n't like to ask directions of a London policeman? The policeman at Trafalgar Square, whom I asked for a 'bus to Cheyne (*Shāyne*) Row, was at a loss for a moment, but when I mentioned "Carlyle's house," he said, "Oh, you mean *Chī-ne* Row." I was a bit surprised, for I had my pronunciation from one who had got his in London, he said. He, too, was a Carlylean, and had read *Sartor* seventeen times, carrying it around with him, when a young Methodist circuit-rider, in the breast-pocket of his coat, — doubtless to keep it safe from the eyes of his presiding elder. Anyhow the policeman put me on the right 'bus; the rest was simple: I needed now only to be asked to set down at the nearest point to *Chī-ne* Row. But the guard was puzzled till I said I was seeking Carlyle's House, then he said, "Oh, *Chī-ne* Row!" He let me off at the right place, and I was soon at my goal. The matron gave me full freedom of house and garden, for I seemed to be the only visitor that rainy August afternoon, and I could inspect at my leisure the interesting relics and mementos of the Carlyles, and read most interesting authentic documents, such as Disraeli's autograph letter offering Carlyle the Grand Cross of the Bath and the latter's dignified but grateful answer declining it. The room of chief interest to me was, of course, the sound-proof study at the top of the house, where Carlyle could be at peace from the noise of London, and whence he would descend when he had read himself full seat himself on the floor in the sitting-room with his back against the chimney-jamb, light his pipe, and pour out, as it

were molten lava from a volcano in eruption, a flood of ideas upon Mrs. Carlyle. It was a great afternoon — but my story was about the street-name, and I had still other experiences with that.

Cheyne Row opens into Cheyne Walk, and happily just as I entered the latter street a postman passed, whom I asked about the house where George Eliot died. He pointed it out (No. 4), and went on to tell me of other historic houses that I wanted to see, the sometime abode of Dante Gabriel Rossetti (No. 16) and the house where Turner died (No. 119). Indeed this postman's brain was a veritable storehouse of information about Chellean antiquities and historic associations, and he was as ready to tell it all as the Ancient Mariner. He was pleased that I had just come from Carlyle's house, but most kindly corrected my pronunciation of the street-name. "We call it *Chāy-ne* Row, sir. You would be interested, sir," he added, "to see Scots come there sometimes and sit on the stoop and shed tears about Carlyle." I should indeed have been interested to see that, and I wondered what Carlyle's ghost thought about it. But there were other places to see; so inventing some polite excuse I moved on, and soon met with another delightful bit of London courtesy. A man who seemed to be a common laborer had pointed out across the street the locality of Turner's house, but I could not find either the number or the memorial tablet. Observing my puzzled movements, he crossed the wide muddy street and pointed out the tablet hidden under the overhanging ivy.

But I was not yet through with the name Cheyne Row. At the dinner table I was telling my experience with the policeman, the 'bus man, and the postman, and asked, "How do you call it, Mr. Hamilton?" He was a retired Indian civil-service official whom we all found most agreeable and well informed. "Why, I should say *Chā-ne* Row," he answered. The maid, who was waiting at the table, was evidently disturbed and

uneasy, which was all explained when she knocked at my door after dinner, to say, "Mr. Hamilton does n't know, Sir; he's just back from India; we call it *Cheene Row*."

Mr. Hamilton's pronunciation is the one given of the name (though not of this particular street) in the *Century Dictionary*, and the postman's is that given by Carlyle, — "pronounced *Chainie Row*," he writes to Mrs. Carlyle (see *Froude's Life*, ii, p. 249), — but certainly London is not agreed on the way to call it.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN EUPHEMIST

THERE never was a greater fallacy, as there never was a more famous one, than that of Shakespeare: —

"That which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet."

For part of the rose's sweetness is its long lineage of other roses, with rings and rhymes and moonlight and fair women. Calling a rose a cowslip or a cabbage would so alter the suggestions as to destroy the imaginative pleasure which the actual smell merely serves to call into being.

It must be by a converse reasoning upon this principle that many people speak of their own cabbages as if they were roses. So much does aristocratic association count for! Calling the spade a spade is no such simple matter, — our own spade. If one only chooses with a judicious regard for fineness the phrases in which he speaks of his life, how its dull gray commonplaceness grows opal-bright! Even one's miseries afford a doleful pleasure, when they are mentioned respectfully. A man may belong to the class of Blunt Truth-tellers upon all other subjects; but show me the man, much less the woman, who, in speaking conversationally of his own possessions or his own business or his own ailments, does not by the same token pick and choose his way with the punctilious daintiness of a lady on a muddy crosswalk, and

you have found the hundredth man and a woman in a thousand. For there is an endearing intimacy about our own affairs that excuses their pettiness and glorifies their shabbiness. They are ours, to us all-important, however insignificant to others; and it is by a natural and pardonable impulse that we treat them tenderly.

This *euphemy* of one's affairs is nothing so gross as exaggeration; it is rather a nice choice of terms, a conveyance of the exact shade of sentiment felt. There is a whole vocabulary of euphemism in common use, — a currency of conversation, depreciated to be sure, but at a well-understood ratio, so that nobody is deceived, and its use is hardly at all restricted. Many men and most women, without falsifying by a hair's breadth, yet manage by some subtle and delicate art to give the impression that theirs is an enviable lot. In this vocabulary a man's unpretentious house-and-lot, incidentally mortgaged, becomes a "place," and his back yard a "garden," while his "lawns" and his "grounds" are invariably plural. In like manner he refers to his "piazzas," or even, if sufficiently versed in the demands of the hour on such matters, to his "terrace," or his "loggia," or his "summer-room." Such a common affair as the "stoop" or "porch" has long since been relegated to the farmhouses of our forefathers and the dialect stories. Why is it that one no longer hears of "folks" or of "sitting-rooms"? It is among the possibilities that some of these good old terms have been cast upon the rubbish-heap of vulgarities of speech that all good Americans are striving to avoid.

The euphemistic temperament, indeed, decorates all its pathway with the little flowers of speech. I know a charming woman who is so much an artist in this kind, that, not by her words alone, but by expressive tones, glances, gestures, the most humbly commonplace experience is tinged by her in the telling with the glamour of romantic adventure. It is

a gift that places her somewhat uneventful and inconspicuous life upon the plane of glory, in her own thoughts: and I am not sure but that it gives her friends as much pleasure as it does herself.

A colloquy between the Euphemist and the Blunt Truth-teller is always productive of interesting contrasts. The Euphemist patiently modifies his vocabulary to meet the statistical intelligence of his audience, gently conceding this and that to the narrow spirit of exactitude, but preserving to the last the deliberate kindness and sunny self-content of his class; while the other, more in anger than in pain at the laxity of conscience which can permit such verbal indulgences, speaks a truth more and more unvarnished in tones ever more acidly unpromising.

matter of words, but of the soul, — a kind of optimism. It is a feeling, a sentiment rather, that springs from heart to lips. What we love, that we would speak well of. Fortunately for us, it is the beauty and peace and the joys of home that we recall in absence, and not its shabbiness or its monotony or its family jars. The fittest survives in Memory, as in Natural History. We recall our happiness, not as a confused whole, checkered with petty annoyances and marred with the inevitable imperfections of the finite, but as an emotion simple and clear. Not the pleasure itself do we remember, but a gracious Symbol that suggests the flitted form of Joy herself. What wonder that we euphemize?

THE DICTIONARY BROMIDE

At least amusing to the interested observer, is the art by which these pleasant effects are produced. The tricks vary according to the impressionability of the hearer and the tact of the speaker. A fondly derogatory air, like that with which one mentions a favorite and spoiled child, or the tone in which the incorrigible New Yorker talks of his "little old town," suggests much, but is, somewhat of the too obvious. A more certain and at the same time more delicate method is the clever use of *chiaroscuro*, placing the undeniably-to-be-praised in the high lights, and letting the questionable slip back into the shadowy spaces. Vagueness hath its uses, too; the mild mystery, the avoidance of detail, the immeasurable epithet, convey a foggy sense of bigness.

Men as a rule speak euphemistically of their affairs of business, women of their *affaires de coeur*. But in what touches personal vanity we are all euphemists alike. We prefer not even to think of ourselves as growing fat, or bald, or elderly; so we turn the mirror at a flattering angle, put pink shades on the candles, and drape the distasteful facts in tissues of goodly words.

After all, this euphemism is no mere

It is a gain to our Mr. Gelett Burgess. "Bromide" and "Sulphuric Acid" with additional illustrations be overlooked, he is in the scientific disrepute, his is only a and not established.

Most of his bromides are earlier called platitudes, disputed things said though by no means your Bromide by no self to them. He is serious that he is a phile — will be w question, and rather in question, that view, *à la reine*. Am The typical Bromide "I don't like. That such a very bad vie

One is not quite the absolute division Bromides and Sulphuric Acid might be either, and their Bromine or t only on occasions, enough to say that a human nature in the

ing semicircumferences, they overlap sometimes at the junction, and a Bromide appears as a Sulphite or *vice versa*. Bless the dear man! of course they do, and he himself, who evidently swells with Sulphitic pride, treats us to an expression of opinion as purely Bromidic as any that he satirizes. His tastes lead him to prefer the Gothic architecture, art and spirit generally, to those of the Renaissance. The former are with him a glorious burst of Sulphitic originality; the latter a mere echo of Bromidian classicism and conventionality. His views may be represented by the dictum, "The Mediæval mind was free in its operations; the Renaissant was restrained." Well, what of it? *Après*? What a truly Bromidian disposing, labeling, pigeon-holing of a subject. Does Freedom or Restraint throw everything into the rank of good or bad, higher or lower, spiritually attractive or repellent? It is the great trouble of the Sulphites that they embrace unconventionality so closely that it becomes a conventionality with them, and they are absolutely ignorant — or say they are — that there are beauty and truth of the highest order whose essence is restraint.

The fact is, both Bromides and Sulphites owe much of their effect to the bases which enter into their composition. Bromide of potassium is blissfully soothing; but Bromide of silver, exposed to the sun, makes a dirty stain on paper, which men may manipulate into the spectres called photographs. One particular species I have in mind is probably Bromide of Lead; but we know it as the Dictionary Bromide. The Dictionary Bromide values information highly; indeed, to be well informed is his *cachet*; but the information must have been derived from some Lexicon, Vocabulary,

or Word Book, or, with more caution, Encyclopædia. Most Bromides have one favorite book of this class to which they cling, as Islam to its Koran; a few more expansive ones are not averse to examine several on disputed points. But as a rule, such Bromides swear by "The Dictionary."

Everything in "The Dictionary" is true; nothing out of it exists. Pronunciation, etymology, spelling, meaning, usage, are all settled forever by going to the big book, taken from the chair which elevated his child at dinner. To dispute any of its statements is heresy, or rather absurdity. It is vain to appeal to independent reading, research, study of original sources, even personal experience; if any of these things had developed any facts bearing on the question, they would be in "The Dictionary;" and not being there, they do not exist. It is equally useless to represent that these books must, from their very size, have omissions; that from their cost, they cannot be, except for some slight revision, in the hands of men of profound minds or wide knowledge, but that a lexicographer is pretty sure to be what Johnson defined him, "a harmless drudge;" to point out that these writers copy one from another to an incredible amount; in short, that while a Dictionary may be for ordinary purposes a very useful book, it is impossible to look upon it as a finality, and that more than any other book, being in the most general use, it needs the most constant criticism. All this is to shake the foundations of the Bromide's existence. There is just one answer for the Sulphite — or the plain scholar — to make, when the Dictionary is thrown at his head, — "Yes, I find the Dictionary a very interesting book to read, but I should never think of it as a final authority."